JEAN MICHEL JARRE
THE RETURN OF SYNTH ROCK'S SUN KING

LET'S DANCE!
BOWIE'S AUSSIE ODYSSEY

MOJO

24 PAGE SPECIAL!

The Beatles
JOHN Vs PAUL: THE TRUTH!

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KING CRIMSON

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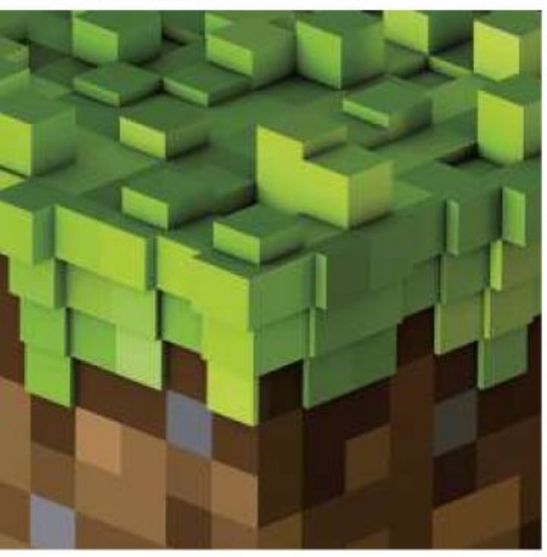

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THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS INCLUDE

Jon Savage
An original MOJO contributor, Savage is the legendary scribe of England's Dreaming and Teenage. This month he writes about The Beatles' 1966 Number 1s (page 72) prior to November's publication of his 1966: The Year The Decade Exploded (Faber) and attendant compilation album (Ace).

Paul Du Noyer
"It is our confirmed intention to pitch a wang-dang-doodle." With these words, and this picture, MOJO's founding editor welcomed readers to the new magazine in 1993. Now, on page 66, Paul writes about The Beatles and shares an extract from his latest book, Conversations With McCartney (Hodder & Stoughton).

Lois Wilson
Lois Wilson first played Georgie Fame on her gran's gramophone as a young teen and has been smitten ever since; she is currently putting together the *Soul For Dancers* series for Fantastic Voyage – a collection of R&B, the kind Georgie would have heard at the Flamingo. Her interview with him starts on page 46.

Polly Becker, Mick Hutson, Danny North

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THE DEAD WEATHER

DODGE AND BURN

FEATURING: DEAN FERTITA | JACK LAWRENCE | ALISON MOSSHART | JACK WHITE

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songs THE BEATLES taught us

MOJO presents 15 tracks covered by John, Paul, George & Ringo All original versions! Shout, Money, Please Mr. Postman, Some Other Guy, A Shot Of Rhythm And Blues and more...

1 The Isley Brothers
Shout (Part One)

✹ Fabs' version recorded April 1964, available on *Anthology 1* (Apple, 1995)

Formed in Cincinatti in 1954, The Isley Brothers relocated to New York. There, Shout, one of their first self-penned tunes, released in '59, only reached 47 in the Billboard 100, but sold a million copies and has since been endlessly reinterpreted. The Isleys followed this track with Twist And Shout – another hit which The Beatles also covered.

2 Little Richard
Hey-Hey-Hey-Hey (Going Back To Birmingham)

✹ Fabs' version recorded October 1964, available on *Beatles For Sale* (Parlophone, 1964)

The flipside of 1958's Good Golly Miss Molly, this Little Richard track is no less of a stormer. The Beatles saw Richard perform live and watched him pair this tune with Leiber & Stoller's Kansas City. They used the medley in their own set and issued a version on their fourth album. Oddly, the track did not appear on the US LP, *Beatles '65*, released the same month.

3 Larry Williams
Bad Boy (Junior Behave Yourself)

✹ Fabs' version recorded May 1965, available on *Past Masters Volume One* (Apple, 1988)

The Beatles turned their hand to a number of New Orleans R&B legend Larry Williams's tunes, including this 1959 track, the B-side of which was She Said Yeah (in turn covered by The Rolling Stones). Having played Bad Boy live in 1960, they returned to the song, delivering a manic version ostensibly for inclusion on the US album, *Beatles VI*, but the track didn't make the final cut.

4 Chuck Berry
Rock And Roll Music

✹ Fabs' version recorded October 1964, available on *Beatles For Sale* (Parlophone, 1964)

Another track included in the band's live set, The Beatles turned to Chuck Berry's immortal 1957 tune for their fourth album at a point when material was in short supply. The resultant cover was sung by John Lennon in a hard-driving version of the song. The band's familiarity with the tune meant that it was essentially cut in one take under the watchful eye of George Martin, who helped with the piano overdub.

9 Richie Barrett
Some Other Guy

✹ Fabs' version recorded June 1963, available on *Live At The BBC* (Parlophone, 1994)

Philly-born singer, songwriter and producer Richie Barrett helped shape New York street-corner rock'n'roll by discovering the likes of Frankie Lymon And The Teenagers and Little Anthony And The Imperials. He also cut this tune in '62 which The Beatles discovered lodged in the NEMS rack. Despite the fact that Lennon loved the tune, strangely they only recorded it for radio sessions rather than in the studio.

10 Ray Charles
Hallelujah I Love Her So

✹ Fabs' version recorded early 1960, available on *Anthology 1* (Apple, 1995)

Ray Charles's 1956 hit fused the church and the secular in both its title and its arrangement. The song was instantly covered by a number of artists, including a young bunch from Liverpool known as The Quarrymen. As they morphed into The Beatles, they played the tune at The Star-Club in '62, but the only officially released version is from a home recording at McCartney's house two years earlier.

11 Arthur Alexander
A Shot Of Rhythm And Blues

✹ Fabs' version recorded August 1963, available on *Live At The BBC* (Apple, 1994)

Arthur Alexander cut across soul and country territory, recording You Better Move on at Fame Studios in 1961. That track was widely covered – notably by the Stones in 1964. The Beatles covered its B-side, but never released a proper studio take, playing it three times for various BBC broadcasts. Here, the original finds Arthur in more robust form than his usual ballad style.

12 The Coasters
Searchin'

✹ Fabs' version recorded January 1962, available on *Anthology 1* (Apple, 1995)

Penned by Leiber & Stoller, Searchin' was written expressly for LA R&B quartet The Coasters and released in '57. McCartney loved the song and it became a staple of the band's set at The Cavern. Recorded at their Decca audition, they never returned to it in the studio, the version that appeared on *Anthology 1* dating back to that ill-fated session. McCartney's fondess for the song is such that he named it as one of his Desert Island Discs in '82.

Alamy (11), Getty Images (3)

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WHETHER IT WAS THE FIERCE COMPETITION among Merseyside bands, or it was simply a good ear for a damn fine tune, when it came to cover versions The Beatles went out of their way to unearth material that sounded fresh. As with every other band, their earlier career saw them covering a multitude of tracks by artists they admired. However, unlike every other band, such was their meteoric rise that they managed to introduce those artists and those songs to a vast audience. This bespoke MOJO compilation is a reflection of those early days and the material which The Beatles drew on and brought to the world. Welcome, then, to *Songs The Beatles Taught Us* – 15 tracks that John, Paul, George and Ringo made their own.

5 Carl Perkins
Everybody's Trying To Be My Baby

✹ **Fabs' version recorded October 1964, available on *Beatles For Sale* (Parlophone, 1964)**

"If there were no Carl Perkins, there would be no Beatles," said Paul McCartney in 2007. Indeed, such is the impact of the man who wrote Blue Suede Shoes on the Fabs, that they played a vast number of his tunes live, before recording three of them. Again, their familiarity with the track meant it was another one-take wonder, with George Harrison's convincing lead vocal.

6 Barrett Strong
Money (That's What I Want)

✹ **Fabs' version recorded July/September 1963, available on *With The Beatles* (Parlophone, 1963)**

Famously used in their failed audition for Decca on January 1, 1962, The Beatles first heard the song in manager Brian Epstein's NEMS shop on its release by Barrett Strong in '59. Written by Motown founder Berry Gordy and songwriter Janie Bradford, it became a beat standard. The band returned to it for their second album, needing several takes to nail it.

7 The Shirelles
Boys

✹ **Fabs' version recorded February 1963, available on *Please Please Me* (Parlophone, 1963)**

The B-side to New Jersey girl group The Shirelles' US chart-topper Will You Love Me Tomorrow, Boys was an odd choice of cover due to its lyrics. Yet The Beatles had played it prior to Ringo joining the band and Starr had sung it in previous outfit Rory Storm And The Hurricanes. Hence, it became his vocal spot live, and his first recorded vocal with The Beatles – original girl-group lyrics and all.

8 The Marvelettes
Please Mr. Postman

✹ **Fabs' version recorded July 1963, available on *With The Beatles* (Parlophone, 1963)**

Michigan high school pals The Marvelettes provided Motown with a Number 1 US single with this, their cutely infectious debut 45 in 1961. The Beatles incorporated it into their live set almost immediately and returned to it at Abbey Road in the summer of '63, John Lennon's vocal adding a certain grit to the youthful exuberance of the original.

13 The Cookies
Chains

✹ **Fabs' version recorded February 1963, available on *Please Please Me* (Parlophone, 1963)**

Brooklyn-based three-piece girl group provided back-up vocals for Little Eva (on The Loco-Motion) and Mel Tormé (Comin' Home Baby) before scoring a US hit with this Gerry Goffin and Carole King song in 1962. The track remained obscure in the UK but The Beatles inserted it into their set and recorded it for their debut album during the fabled 13-hour Abbey Road session at which the LP was recorded.

14 Buddy Holly
Crying, Waiting,Hoping

✹ **Fabs' version recorded July 1963, available on *Live At The BBC* (Apple, 1995)**

Essentially a home recording made by Buddy Holly before his death on February 3, 1959, this track was rebuilt by producer Jack Hansen and released five months after his death. The track's sentimentality proved popular among Merseybeat groups and The Beatles attempted a version at their Decca audition, before returning to it while recording a set for the BBC at The Paris Theatre in London 18 months later.

15 Anita Bryant
Till There Was You

✹ **Fabs' version recorded July 1963, available on *With The Beatles* (Parlophone, 1963)**

Originally written by Meredith Wilson for the 1957 musical The Music Man, Till There Was You was widely covered almost immediately. Former Oklahoma beauty queen Anita Bryant enjoyed a US Top 30 hit with this sugary version of the song. McCartney, however, drew on Peggy Lee's version for inspiration and added it to the band's set. Yet again, it was played at the Decca audition – and revisited for their second album.

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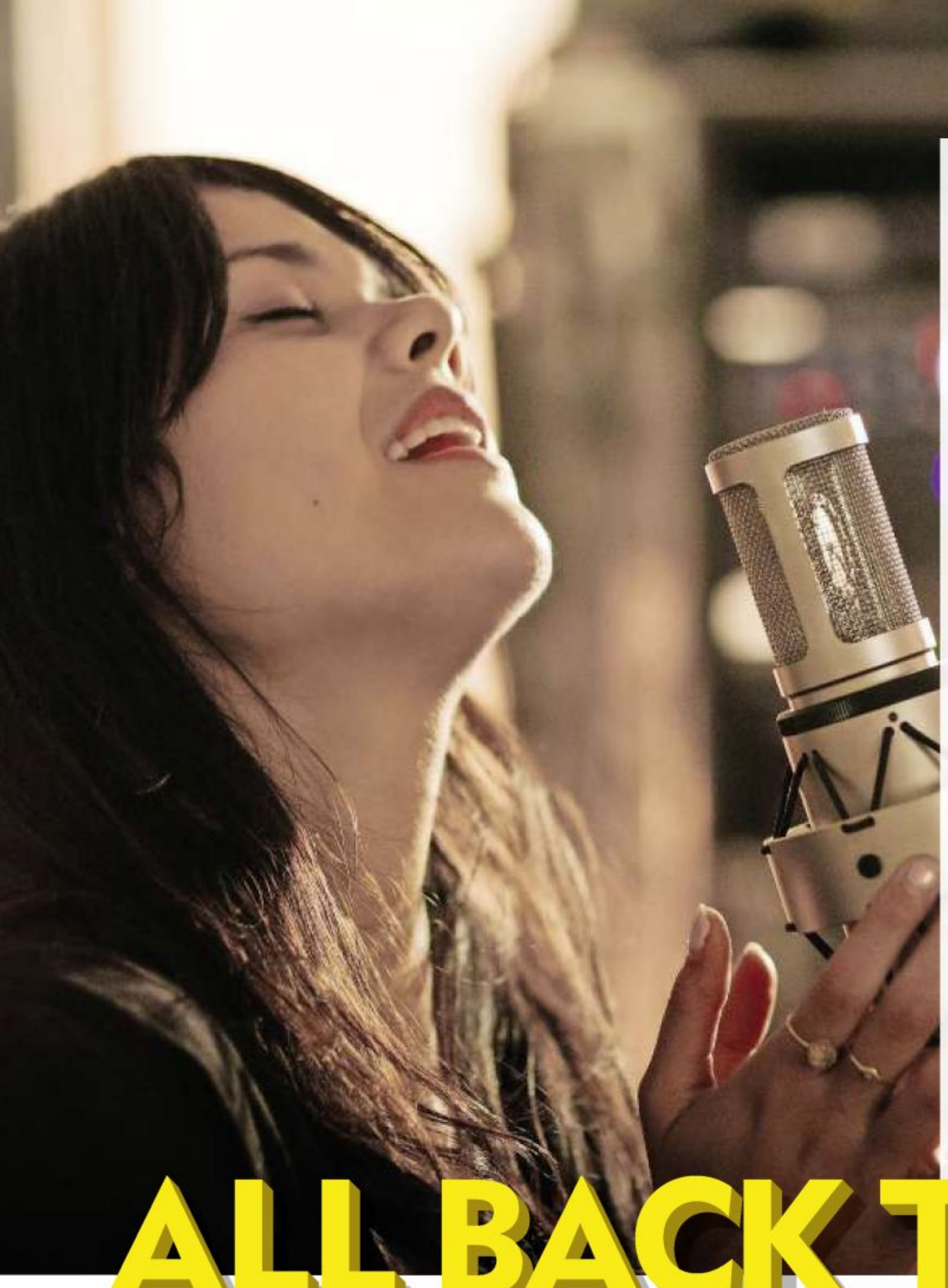


Sexwitch

AKA NATASHA KHAN, AKA BAT FOR LASHES

What music are you currently grooving to?

I just went to see **Sufjan Stevens** play at the Royal Festival Hall, and I cried a lot! *Carrie & Lowell* is one of my favourite albums in recent years.

What, if push comes to shove, is your all-time favourite album?

I'd have to say **Kate Bush**, *Hounds Of Love*. It just has everything in there, including Waking The Witch – it changed me when I was 12 years old, expanded my mind for the better.

What was the first record you ever bought? And where did you buy it?

I think it was **Madonna**'s True Blue single on 7-inch. My mum took me, so it was probably in WH Smith on Rickmansworth High Street.

Which musician, other than yourself, have you ever wanted to be?

I wanted to be **Elvis**, just to experience the madness I could create with my crotch alone! Ha ha! More seriously, before we did the Sexwitch record I remember standing on the side of the stage when **Tame Impala** were playing Laneway festival and thinking, I wish I was that whole band – grooving like a giant orgasmic caterpillar. **Dan** [**Carey**, Sexwitch collaborator] would say Jimi Hendrix, but with acces to all the electronic instruments that emerged in the '70s.

What do you sing in the shower?

Nina Simone, Nobody's Fault But Mine, from her *Nina Simone And Piano!* album. I like to feel bad ass when cleaning my bits.

What is your favourite Saturday night record?

Anything that gets played at Dan's house after a few glasses of wine. Skeng by **The Bug** is perfect for a dark Saturday night dance.

And your Sunday morning record?

Darondo – Didn't I? It's a soul song from 1972, so mellow and beautiful. Life is good when you listen to this, with a cup of tea.

Sexwitch's debut album is released on September 25.

ALL BACK TO MY PLACE

IN WHICH THE STARS REVEAL THE SONIC DELIGHTS GUARANTEED TO GET THEM GOING...

Dave Edmunds

ROCK'N'ROLL LIFER

What music are you currently grooving to?

This guitar player, **Johnny Hiland**. He's just phenomenal. He's legally blind but you see him performing perfectly naturally. It's quite something. Also **J.D. McPherson**, he's given me faith in rock'n'roll again. Cracking stuff.

What, if push comes to shove, is your all-time favourite album?

I was never album orientated. They have a couple of hits and the rest are fillers. There's the *Dance Album Of* ***Carl Perkins***, that's the best rockabilly album I've heard. I don't like every track though – there's dips, curves and bumps.

What was the first record you ever bought? And where did you buy it?

It was a **Merle Travis** album, *The Merle Travis Guitar*. I was only about 14/15. I got it at Spillers Records in Cardiff, the first record shop in Britain.

Which musician, other than yourself, have you ever wanted to be?

I always wanted to be able to sing harmonies like **Brian Wilson**. He's excellent. He reminds me of **Mozart**, he'll construct chords that you've never heard before and you probably won't again.

What do you sing in the shower?

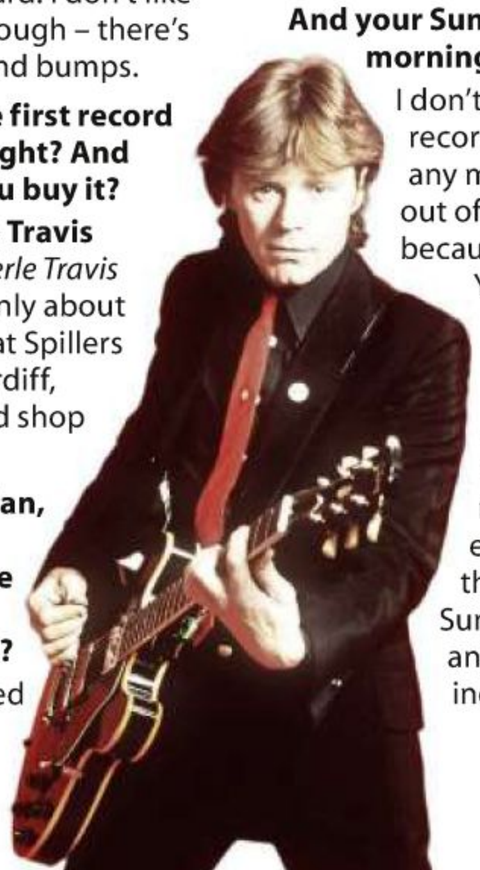
I don't actually. If I'm on tour, when I get to the hotel I put the shower on full heat, make a steam room, and do vocal exercises before every gig. Why sing in the shower when that's what I do for a living?

What is your favourite Saturday night record?

In the music business, all the days run into each other, especially if you're on tour. I've often had to ask someone what day it is. Weekend or weekday, there's no distinction really, so I couldn't tell you.

And your Sunday morning record?

I don't even have a record player at home any more. I've bailed out of playing albums because iTunes and YouTube are so convenient. With that predictive thing one track will lead on to the next, I find that exciting. I can do that any day; Sunday morning and Saturday night included.



PA, Dan Medhurst, John Rogers

NOW PLAYING

- Sexwitch, aka Natasha Khan, spends Saturday nights with her collaborator listening to The Bug's Skeng, as heard on 2008's *London Zoo* LP.
- Dave Edmunds can't praise any albums unequivocally – but, from '57, the *Dance Album Of Carl Perkins* does him pretty well.
- Ever since he was eight, Robert Glasper's been bewitched and enthralled by Michael Jackson's superwonderful 1979 LP *Off The Wall*.

Robert Glasper

PIANIST, BLACK RADIO MAN

What music are you currently grooving to?

Right now I've been really checking out **Kendrick Lamar**'s *To Pimp A Butterfly*. He's just an amazing MC able to speak consciously and politically but he doesn't beat you over the head with it and it's not obvious. I love the fact that he loves real music and real instruments.

What, if push comes to shove, is your all-time favourite album?

Michael Jackson's *Off The Wall*. I remember being eight and unfolding the album, putting it on the floor and listening to it over and over at my aunt's house. I love how warm it sounds and the instrumentation. It has one producer [**Quincy Jones**] and one vibe. I love Fender Rhodes and it's very prominent.

What was the first record you ever bought? And where did you buy it?

Alive by the **Chick Corea Akoustic Band**. I was 13 years old and bought it from some store in Texas.

Which musician, other than yourself, have you ever wanted to be?

To be honest I never wanted to be another musician but there

were musicians I idolised: Chick Corea and **Herbie Hancock**. Those are probably the two biggest piano idols I have.

What do you sing in the shower?

Probably a lot of random '80s songs, like Boys Of Summer by **Don Henley** (*starts singing the riff and the chorus in a high pitched voice*). What a joint!

What is your favourite Saturday night record?

Honestly, it would probably be *Off The Wall* again. It's a disco album but at the same time it's not. Also any **James Brown**. Any record of his, Funky Drummer or Pass The Peas [by **The JB's**]. There are so many.

And your Sunday morning record?

[Gospel singer] **Kim Burrell**'s *Try Me Again* from 1995. It was her first album and is very low key. Gospel music is important to me – I grew up in church, it's where I played my first gig.

Robert Glasper's new album Covered is out now on Blue Note.

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TRACING THE BEATLES' HISTORY VIA

their UK and US Number 1 singles provides us with an alternative history of the band, and a view of the changes in popular culture in the 1960s. As well as the music, their promotional films reveal their charm, creativity, ambition and emotional state. These have been beautifully restored in a project whose full details appear on page 78 of this month's cover story. The audio has also been remastered by Giles Martin to stunning effect, eclipsing the misguided stereo mixes of old. The Beatles' *1* package will be reviewed in depth in the next issue; for now lose yourself in 24 pages of Beatlemania, soundtracked by this month's raucous bespoke CD of the music that drove John, Paul, George and Ringo from the start.

PHIL ALEXANDER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Look, lads – the band

So, Dave Davies bought his first record at Les Aldrich in Muswell Hill… (MOJO 263). I too lived in Muswell Hill (my dad taught Dave and Ray and Pete history and quite possibly the trumpet) and gave up visiting Les Aldrich because they had a rather elitist attitude to "popular music". Their stock of such ephemeral music was minimal although they always offered to order whatever one wanted. Most of us bought our records at Tudor Records who stocked all the latest singles and LPs and even had a listening booth. However, they were great for musical instruments, sheet music and they sold me my copy of A Tune A Day for guitar which I still have, complete with Les Aldrich stamp.

Prior to writing, I took a trip down Memory Lane courtesy of Google Maps Streetview and was astonished to discover that Les Aldrich still exists at the self same address and what's more, it has a website in which it states that they supplied The Kinks with their first guitars. For some reason they fail to mention that they also sold me my first guitar.

Julian Marsh, Penton Grafton

We've got a request

Thank you so much for the *Horses* special last month (MOJO 263). Not only was much revealed about that amazing album, I was pleased to see you quizzing Patti about her love of TV detectives, though I fear she was being modest.

I remember attending a Q&A she gave in London a few years ago, where not only did she reveal her immense love of crime fiction, but admitted the music had gotten in the way of her pursuing a career in that field herself. She went on to reveal that she was in the middle of writing a detective novel of her own that would start in the churchyard of London's St Giles-In-The-Fields, declaring the book was 68 per cent done.

As much as I enjoy her poetry, I hope she gives the verse a rest and finishes the crime.

Rachel Emmanuel, via e-mail

We make it better as it goes on

I've been a reader since issue one, and I'm impressed that you've managed to maintain the quality of the magazine for 263 issues now. I loved the Patti Smith feature last issue, however… in the reviews sections I counted 36 four or five star ratings for new releases. Really? Assuming this was an average month, extrapolated over a year, are we really meant to believe that over 430 excellent albums are released each year now, ie, more than one outstanding album coming out every single day? There were barely that many great albums released in all of the 1960s, or the '70s. And how many of these supposedly brilliant works, I wonder, will people still be listening to in 40, 50, or 60 years' time, as we still listen today to the classic albums of the '50s, '60s, and '70s, rock's premier eras? Very few, I would wager. Rock isn't so much dead, as it's reached its saturation point – how can anyone possibly keep up?

Bruce Paley, Haverfordwest

It's so complicated now

I think you were a little mean to Cilla Black, giving her such a short obituary (MOJO 263). After all, she had credibility through her link with The Beatles, and the fact that she was the only female in Brian Epstein's stable.

Also, is it true that Bennett and Tepper's ➢

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◄ Glad All Over was "covered by The Beatles"? Certainly it was the Tottenham Sound of The Dave Clark Five which took it to Number 1 in the UK.

Tim Mickleburgh, Grimsby

Tim, you are confusing your Glad All Overs. The Beatles covered Tepper & Bennett's song, originally done by Carl Perkins, on BBC radio sessions. The later Glad All Over was written by Five members Dave Clark and Mike Smith.

Shall we try it like this?

First off I love your mag, better than anything we have here in the States! I was reading your recent MOJO '60s magazine with the 20 Great '60s US Folk Albums. The caption on Dave Van Ronk's *Folksinger* claims House Of The Rising Sun was on this LP/CD and it was not. As the story goes, it was supposed to be on this LP but didn't make it 'cos Bob Dylan (your cover star) stole the Van Ronk version and recorded it on his first LP. This is one of my favourite albums of all time but wanted to point out the misstatement in this issue in a publication that generally has its facts straight.

Mike Sakolsky, Illinois

Just got a belt there

Hats off for another excellent MOJO, top shelf and as eclectic as ever. Really enjoyed Phil Alexander's interview with Jimmy Page. Been a long time but I'm sure my mate Mark and I checked out Zep's last gig with the four original members at the Eissporthalle in what was then West Berlin in July 1980. I suspect the Knebworth gig Phil referred to was actually 1979. Slipped past Jimmy too. Keep on keeping on though.

Dave Jenkins, via e-mail

Er, OK

Thank you for confirming that Savages' producer, a certain Mr Johnny Hostile, has cloth ears with your recent progress report from the studio (MOJO 263). I felt the band's debut album, which he also produced, sounded incredibly flat compared to how vivid the are live, and so clearly he couldn't have heard properly your photographer's calls to "get out of the way" when you were photographing band.

Inverting some sage advice, Hostile might like to consider that producers should be heard and not seen in future.

Brian James, Hemel Hempstead

Whatever it is that will please you

As pleasing as it's been to know a New Order album is on the way, Andrew Male's marvellous interview with Bernard Sumner (MOJO 262) was tinged with sadness for me. Possibly one of the few, I've loved Electronic's records and had always hoped that Barney and Johnny Marr might fill a few idle studio hours at some point to do another record. So I was gutted to read him say "I think it reached its conclusion". Consider this a public appeal Messrs Marr and Sumner, there is work to be done… please.

Neil Jones, via e-mail

We should have said

The review on page 103 of MOJO 262: Pere Ubu *are* [rather than were] extraordinary.

David Smallwood, via e-mail

I hope we pass the audition

What a great CD comp attached to issue 261. I know most of the bands feature on other comps but it's unusual to find Mike Cotton Sound; USA's Sons Of Adam and New Zealand's Larry's Rebels among them. Sterling work, boys and girls.

Lindsay Williams, via e-mail

It's very wrong, that

Good to see Pettibon getting credit for SST tour art (MOJO 263) but how about a mention for Savage Pencil who was responsible for both the Blood On Brighton Beach shirt being worn by Kim Gordon on the opening spread and the Death Valley 69 label art (and cover) for Blast First on the following page?

Jill Tipping, London

Real good people

This month's CD David Gilmour And Friends (MOJO 263) is stunning with the varied artists all giving their best, but track one [David Crosby & Graham Nash's Don't Dig Here], wow, where did that come from? If it had been played to me "blind" I would've never guessed it was Crosby & Nash. They have proven they are still relevant with more to offer if this track is anything to go by. Also please interview the "living legend" that is Stan Webb, 50 years performing and fortunately still with us.

Pete Clinick, via e-mail

I'm all in favour of it

1984 grabs all the plaudits normally for Orwellian reasons, so great to see 1985 finally being celebrated for something in your October issue! In all seriousness, I really enjoyed your shining of the light on "the year that noise" broke, as in the post-Nirvana world, the contribution many of those mid-'80s, underground bands made to rock is overlooked… as was Swans by you! Surely if you're going to "break noise", the loudest band in town has to be in the list. Bar this noisy oversight, keep up the deafening work.

Christopher Wright, via e-mail

We'll do it again, then

Greetings from Hamburg and keep it up! I need you guys really express a praise, the playlists on Apple Music are awesome! Thank you for good music.

Philipp Weinberg, via e-mail

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BUSHHOUR

DOWN UNDER PRESSURE

New Bowie in Australia mini-doc gets UK premiere. Plus, is new music approaching?

A global hit in March 1983, David Bowie's Let's Dance was also acclaimed for its striking promo clip. Heavily rotated on the newly launched MTV, the Australian-shot video began with Bowie playing in an outback bar to sunburnt drinkers and two Aboriginal dancers, before moving on to become what Bowie called "a very direct statement about integration of one culture with another."

Film-makers Rubika Shah and Ed Gibbs realised the video, and Bowie's wider engagement with Australia, needed documentary analysis while they were driving through the outback listening to his music in 2012. The result is their short film Let's Dance: Bowie Down Under, which gets its UK premiere at the BFI South Bank on October 10, with a special showing at Brixton's Ritzy cinema (a short walk from Bowie's old home at 40 Stansfield Road) on October 12.

"Our starting point was the Aboriginal couple in the video, Joelene King and Terry Roberts," explains Gibbs. "We couldn't find a single trace of them – nothing had ever been written about them. We were surprised, and saddened, that no one had ever sought them out. Six months later, we tracked down Joelene King."

Their interview is just one that features in Bowie Down Under: director David Mallet and video producer Ross Cameron reflect, as does Aboriginal academic Professor Marcia Langton, film-maker Julian Temple, former MTV anchor Kurt Loder and several inhabitants of Carinda, the New South Wales town where the video was shot (Geeling Ng, who appeared in Bowie's China Girl video, also appears). At one point, Cameron recalls how they didn't tell the patrons of the Carinda Hotel that King and Roberts would be playing the roles they did, to better capture their surprise: the scene where Roberts pulls two tonnes of machinery down a three-lane highway is also examined with documentary footage. "He made a remarkable observation on race and integration, several years before others followed suit," states Gibb. Joelene King says of the video's continuing relevance, "It lets the world know that Australia's got a black history, and this history's alive."

Gibbs adds that he and Shah are working on a longer version of the film – "the short is a small taster, in a sense, of our bigger story" – and that "Bowie's team has been very helpful to us. We haven't asked yet whether the man himself has seen it or not – but his people seem to like where we're coming from and what we'd like to do with the project. We are hoping he, and Iman, might read about it."

There will be more certain Bowie activity on November 18, when Lazarus – an adaptation of The Man Who Fell To Earth, which he co-wrote with playwright Enda Walsh and stars Michael C. Hall as Thomas Jerome Newton – opens at the 200-seat New York Theatre Workshop. Excitingly, it's expected to feature rearranged versions of songs from the canon and four new Bowie compositions. No less thrilling, last month the Nickleodeon network announced that Bowie would be among those writing songs for a summer 2016 Broadway musical based on undersea cartoon optimist SpongeBob SquarePants.

Let's Dance: Bowie Down Under can be seen at the BFI Southbank on October 10 and the Brixton Ritzy on October 12. The V&A's touring exhibition David Bowie Is opens at the Groninger Museum in The Netherlands on December 11.

Modern love: David Bowie embraces Joelene King on the set of the Let's Dance video, Sydney, February 1983 (can of Toohey's Draught, model's own); (left) being filmed in the Carinda Hotel, Carinda, New South Wales.

"IT LETS THE WORLD KNOW THAT AUSTRALIA'S GOT A BLACK HISTORY."
Joelene King

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THE HOT NEWS AND
BIZARRE STORIES
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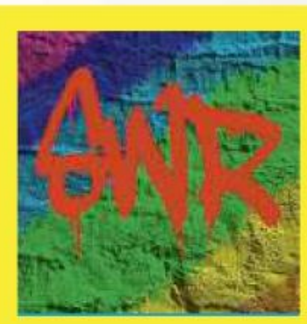

MOJOWORKING

SHAUN RYDER

X goes it alone. Plus! Newies from Happy Mondays and Black Grape, too.

Double mellow music: Shaun Ryder channels the geezer in the garage; (inset) producer Sunny Levine getting the right beats.

"There's no one better with second chances than me," says Shaun William Ryder down the line from north Manchester. "I'm on to about my tenth… I always manage to get lucky, or get on with it."

A new album's due, 12 years on from his first solo set, *Amateur Night In The Big Top*, and eight from Happy Mondays' fitful *Uncle Dysfunktional*. He doesn't seem that convinced with either. "It has been a fucking long time since 'Amateur Night At The Controversial-Trying-To-Do -Something-Ridiculously-Weird'," he says. "And, *Uncle Dysfunktional*, I wrote all the tracks on that one after the other, 10 days on the run. This one, the writer's block's definitely gone. I'm really putting some thought into it."

He started recording two years ago with producer Sunny Levine, in keyboardist Dan Broad's Manchester studio and in Levine's Venice Beach facility. "Sunny's been in the studio, tea-boying, since he was two. His dad [Stewart Levine] did *Love Wars* with Womack & Womack, and his granddad's fucking Quincy Jones!" says Ryder. "If someone knows how to produce it's him. We do get along so well."

Tracks unveiled so far are funky and minimal with Mondays-style mutant guitars and the kind of warped Ryder verbiage his admirers have missed. But, he stresses, it's more than treading old ground. "[Lead single] Pop Stars Daughters is a Joe Strummery type thing," he reckons, "and there's one on there that's sort of Prefab Sprouty… with Shaun Rydery lyrics. The subject matter is always whacky and madnessy, I can always put on the BBC news or the History Channel or go and chat to the geezer in the garage. I get my crap from everywhere. Production-wise, we wanted something that stands out. It isn't under-produced, it's just well produced. Tunes now are all pretty much produced in the same way, but I'm a big fan of mono and the first Rolling Stones LP."

"THERE'S ONE THAT'S SORT OF PREFAB SPROUTY… WITH SHAUN RYDERY LYRICS."

As well as working on his TV career – this year's ventures touch on UFOs, recording with Amazonian tribes and something with comic character Mr Poppy ("Fucking mega! But I can't talk about it…") – there are also new albums in preparation from Ryder's first band Happy Mondays and his '90s vehicle Black Grape. "Me and Kermit [Black Grape MC] have already had a little blast when we've been rehearsing," says Ryder, who adds that he and both bands are now managed by Alan McGee. "We're gonna start writing hopefully at the beginning of next year. Youth's gonna do some production, we'll give Danny Saber a go… that's dead easy 'cos it's just me and Kermit, and we've got a great band together. The Mondays is always difficult because you've got too many cooks… but it will happen."

Ian Harrison

Happy Mondays play the 25th Anniversary Tour of Pills'N'Thrills & Bellyaches in November and December

FACT SHEET

Title: TBC ("I used to be mega at coming up with titles, but I'm shit at it now.")
Due: TBC
Producer: Sunny Levine
Songs: Clubbing Rabbits To Death, Pop Stars Daughters, Honey Put The Kettle On, Monsters [to change], Close The Dam, Electric Scales
The Buzz: "I've just wrote shit loads of stories. Which is what I used to do when I used to enjoy doing it. That had really drained out of me. Now I don't find it hard, especially when I've got the right beats there."

ALSOWORKING

…**WARPAINT** bassist **Jenny Lee Lindberg** (right) has a solo album coming. "Originally I booked the studio for 10 days," she reveals. "I came out almost three months later. My songs came to life, in all the ways I had imagined." Tracks include Boom Boom, Riot and White Devil: she produced it with **Norm Block** at Happy Ending Studios in Silverlake, Los Angeles… **SUEDE**'s new long-player *Night Thoughts* is coming next January. Recorded in London and Brussels with returned producer **Ed Buller**, songs include When You Are Young, Tightrope and When You Were Young… **BRITISH SEA POWER**'s new one *Sea Of Brass* has been recorded with the Cheshire-based Foden's Band, who were founded in 1900, and presents newly arranged versions of BSP faves from the back catalogue… **MAX ROMEO** has plans to record a new album using original gear from **Lee Perry**'s Black Ark studio and reggae musicians including trombonist **Vin Gordon** and saxman **Glen DaCosta**. "The idea is to start where Max's *War Ina Babylon* left off. Deep and heavy Black Ark-style roots songs," says producer **Daniel Boyle**, who envisages a double vinyl set, with a dub version. Help the cause at his Kickstarter site, tinyurl.com/qent3uk… in August **LAIBACH** (vocalist Mina Špiler, left) played their versions of songs from The Sound Of Music during dates in totalitarian North Korea. Sadly, spokespersons could not confirm if they'd be recorded so us gangsters and delinquents in the west could hear them too…

Joerund F Pedersen, Wenn

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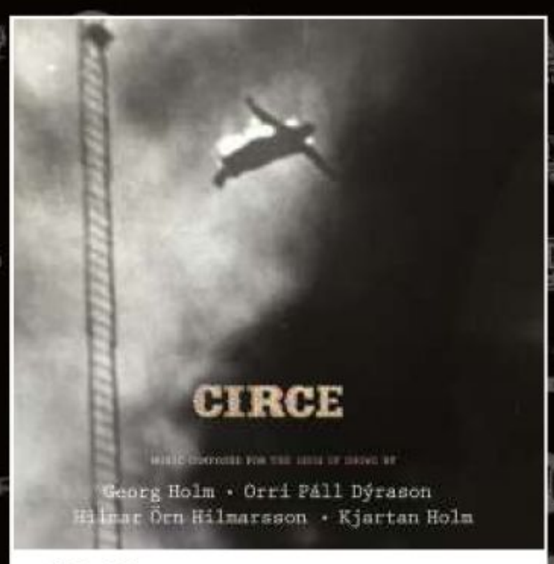

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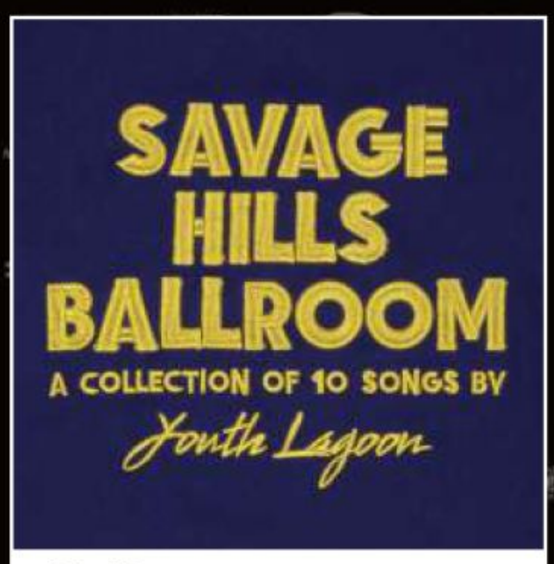

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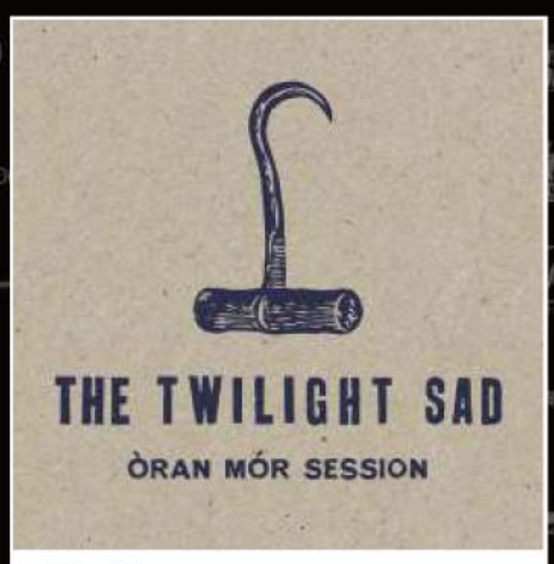

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WHAT GOES ON!

MOJOPLAYLIST

Who's up for a safari into the future? Better take some psych-soul, dream pop and jazz-trance for the journey…

1 BILL RYDER-JONES
TWO TO BIRKENHEAD

Taken from his November-released new album *West Kirby County Primary*, the former Coral man is in reflective but ultimately uplifting mood – "Where do you go when you don't know you've done wrong?" he wonders – on this imaginative tour round the places that loom largest in his life. A touching yet noisy, Pavement-influenced track with squally guitars and an eye for the romance of the mundane, it recalls his recent production work on Hooton Tennis Club's *Highest Point In Cliff Town* (taken with the local references, could this be the breaking of a hitherto unknown Wirral/Chester scene?).

Find it: *YouTube*

2 THE ARCS OUTTA MY MIND

From Dan Auerbach's new garage blues band, a soulful and psychedelic lament for the loss of marbles and the unexpected benefits that can bring. And is that a scrap of The Jam's Start?

Find it: *YouTube*

3 THE PRE NEW PHOTOGRAPHED

Like the *Dare!*-era Human League held hostage in a basement, synth-rock's stenographers of absurdity contemplate selfies and observe "anything can happen round here, but it doesn't". Also includes OTT house diva yowling and voice by The Gun Club's Romi Mori.

Find it: *theprenew.com*

4 FREDDIE MERCURY, ESTHER TROUSDALE AND STUART LEATHEM
LITTLE FREDDIE GOES TO SCHOOL

Where Belfast composer Leathem portrays the young, rock'n'roll crazy Farrokh Bulsara heading to boarding school in India. Freddie appears in excerpts from sessions for his *Barcelona* album: proceeds will go to The Mercury Phoenix Trust.

Find it: *YouTube*

5 SIOUXSIE SIOUX AND BRIAN REITZELL
LOVE CRIME

From the finale of murder-thriller serial Hannibal, Siouxsie returns from her splendid isolation with this gothic-Giallo, orch-pop spine-chiller, declaring, "I will survive, live and thrive/Win this deadly game." More, please.

Find it: *SoundCloud*

6 VIET CONG BUNKER BUSTER

Tightly coiled, mercurial post-punk from the Calgary four-piece (two of whom are formerly of Women) whose stark, brittle guitar shapes come accompanied by a suitably unsettling, Cronenbergesque video of urban, sci-fi dread.

Find it: *YouTube*

ROKSAN MOJO listens to all its music on Roksan equipment

Mama, Wirral crazy now: (above) Bill Ryder-Jones thinks about leaving the house; (below) Siouxsie Sioux, criminal of love.

"SIOUXSIE RETURNS WITH AN ORCH-POP SPINE-CHILLER."

Rex, Rachel King

7 TEETH OF THE SEA
ANIMAL MAN SERVANT

There's an evil creature theme to the London experimentalists' new LP, *Highly Deadly Black Tarantula*, as the beats and anguished synths of this single attest.

Find it: *SoundCloud*

8 THOM YORKE IMPOSSIBLE KNOTS

Filmed getting his groove on with Nigel Godrich at the Hostess Club All-Nighter in Chiba, Japan, in August, Yorke brings leftfield techno funk with high-pitched voice and psychotropic visuals.

Find it: *YouTube*

9 ROY ORBISON
WILD HEARTS RUN OUT OF TIME

From 1985, a late manifestation of The Big O's unmatchable genius: a dramatic, now-or-never song of wild love, delivered with heart-rending intensity.

Find it: *YouTube*

10 JULIA HOLTER SEA CALLS ME HOME

The latest video from Julia Holter's five-star *Have You In My Wilderness* sees our hero in Katherine Hepburn trousers, swirling and whistling across a shoreline as dramatic and beautiful as her meticulous dream-pop visions.

Find it: *YouTube*

11 PANDA BEAR NO MAN'S LAND

This track's squidgy, awkward disco leads a charge of new material, as the Animal Collective frontman presents his Crosswords EP.

Find it: *YouTube*

12 METRIC THE SHADE

Having not released a single in two years, Emily Haines and co have returned to herald their new album *Pagans In Vegas*. With shining bleepery and verging-on-goth synths, this is the pick.

Find it: *YouTube*

13 CHICO HAMILTON M S P

From the jazz drumming great's 1968 album *The Gamut*, a remarkable Afro-Latin-easy trancer – in dub! – with serpentine sax and brass.

Find it: *YouTube*

14 SUPERGO KID BUH MÁ NOVÉ RIFLE

Kicking off a vinyl comp of contemporary Czech psych bands, these fellas channel Mogwai's deep noise intensity with admirable commitment. High-grade sleeve stock will make vinyl heads purr.

Find it: *Various: Psychedelic Umami 1* (PSYCHEDELIC UMAMI)

15 UNLOVED GUILTY OF LOVE

The stylish, swirling grooves we've come to expect from David Holmes (a member of this new project) combine with *femme fatale* vocals on a *très chic* debut single.

Find it: *YouTube*

16 GARY'S GANG LET'S LOVEDANCE TONIGHT (DANNY KRIVIT EDIT)

Rebooting this song's pop-disco original, the veteran NYC jock takes the 12-inch intro, strips it down and keeps it rolling.

Find it: *YouTube*

17 VALLEY MAKER ONLY FRIEND

Rather than use his own name, Seattle's Austin Crane borrows one from a Smog song to ply his own atmospheric, articulate acoustic songwriting.

Find it: *When I Was A Child* (BRICK LANE)/*YouTube*

18 THE SWINGLES LA CATHEDRALE ENGLOUTIE FT. JOHN TAYLOR & WARD SWINGLE

The latest incarnation of the celebrated vocal ensemble reinterpret Debussy, with spoken interpolations from their late founder and improvisations from recently departed piano great Taylor.

Find it: *SoundCloud*

19 HAMILTON LEITHAUSER & PAUL MAROON
HOW AND WHY

Gathered round the trusty upright for a rousing croon, this lung-burster is one of the few digital samples from the Walkmen pair's joint, vinyl-only album *Dear God*.

Find it: *SoundCloud*

20 BOGSHED FAT LAD EXAM FAILURE

From the northwest awkwardists' Peel-approved '85 EP Let Them Eat Bogshed, here is grimy effervescence with surrealistic overtones and a falling-off-cliff chaotic midsection. Did the Fat Lad do resits?

Find it: *YouTube*

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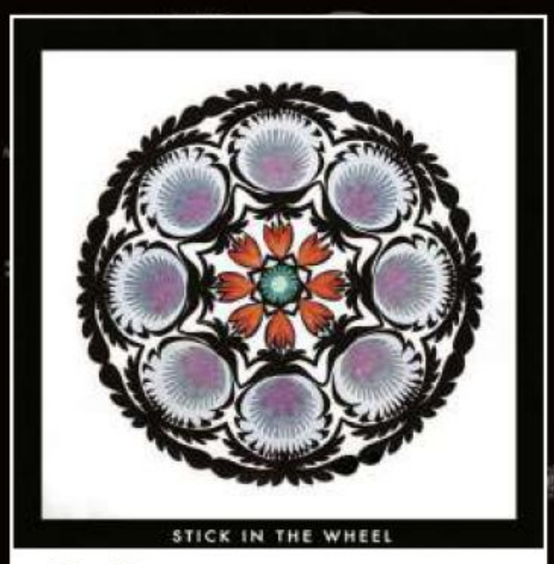

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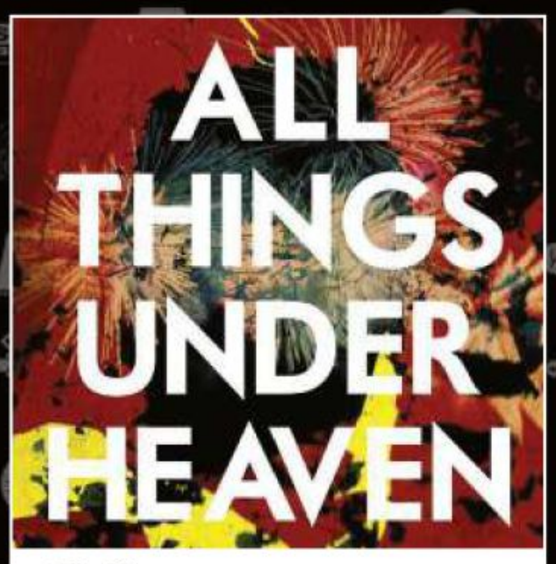

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SELFPORTRAIT

ROBERT FORSTER

The solo Go-Between in his own words and by his own hand.

I'd describe myself as… a little bit reclusive. And it's difficult, songwriting or writing or even thinking in a crowd. I'm also a family man. I take that seriously, the responsibility my wife and I have put into raising our children. I think being Australian too, being able to work with different influences and take that to the world.

Music changed me… when I was around 18 or 19. I started songwriting and was obviously not ready, in terms of music. I was a confused, knotted teenager, writing bad poetry. I started playing chords on the guitar, and it allowed me to divert those feelings somewhere else. I could state my feelings, no matter how quirky or mad. So songwriting changed me.

When I'm not making music… I'm washing up, some cleaning, reading, writing, shopping. Life itself. If I had my wish I probably wouldn't do most of those things. I'd love to be in a castle, in a bed, reading or going for long walks and being with my family.

My biggest vice is… Raisin toast would have been, aged 25, but they change through life. I love my toffee. I don't eat it all the time, because I have to watch what I eat. But it's very good.

The last time I was embarrassed was… Someone showed me a photo of Alexander Gow, who's in a band, Oh Mercy. He was making funny poses. I ran into him later at a festival, and said, "I've seen a photo of you," and the look on his face… I thought, That was the wrong thing to say. But he's OK with it.

My formal qualifications are… I think working with Grant McLennan in The Go-Betweens qualifies as a qualification – I learnt so much from him. He taught me everything I know about film and he led me to poetry. You gained a lot from being around him.

Vinyl, CD or MP3… Definitely vinyl. I love the crackles. The crackles make everyone's music sound better.

The last time I cried was… I'm not a crier generally. I can make myself cry, I'll be driving in the car and I'll think of a story that I'll purposely make moving and it makes me cry.

My most treasured possession is… A Guild acoustic guitar from the mid '70s. I bought it second-hand in the mid '90s at Matt Umanov's guitar shop on Bleecker Street. Every song I've written since the mid '90s, I've written on it.

The best book I've read is… Pride And Prejudice by Jane Austen. It's light and entertaining but it goes to deep places. The scene in the middle where she rejects Mr Darcy's proposal and he gives her the letter is probably one of my favourite scenes. You've seen everything through her eyes, and then like her you have this revelation that you've read the situation wrong.

My biggest regret is… I had two dreams in the late '80s. One was David Bowie, sat in front of me having a drink. And he played me a song that was very similar to All The Young Dudes but it was *better*. I was watching his hands, and I was telling myself in the dream to remember it, then I woke up and it was gone. About two months later I was sleeping again, in comes Bruce Springsteen. He starts playing guitar and it was incredible. I was telling myself, You missed the Bowie song, remember this. But the song ended, I woke up, and it was gone again.

When we die… There's all that turning back into the earth, and a new tree is born someday. I don't think there's anything more – I think that's enough.

I'd like to be remembered as… I know I'm 58 years old, and it's perhaps foolish, but it's a core belief that the thing I'm going to be remembered for I haven't done yet. I feel that strongly.

Elementary: Robert Forster by Robert Forster; (below) RF sans Holmesian deerstalker.

"THE THING I'M GOING TO BE REMEMBERED FOR I HAVEN'T DONE YET."

MONDOMOJO

…to celebrate the 45th anniversary reissue of **TRADER HORNE**'s prog-folk album *Morning Way*, key members **Judy Dyble** and **Jackie McAuley** will reunite to perform the LP at London's Bush Hall, on Sunday November 29. Says Dyble (right), "because I left Trader Horne suddenly, there is a sense of unfinished business… there will be a sense of closure, unless of course, we get a huge offer from someone to play it again." Tickets from judydyble.bigcartel.com …anyone awaiting the long-promised new **KRAFTWERK** LP will have to keep waiting. But chief mechanischen-Menschen **Ralf Hütter** has been preparing a visuals-heavy, 3-D Blu-ray of their live Catalogue shows. It's expected this autumn …out next month, Chicago's **NUMERO GROUP** release *Eyes Of Love* by **Edge Of Daybreak**, which label co-founder **Rob Sevier** calls, "the best and most accomplished album recorded in prison by prisoners" (it was made in 1979 at Virginia's Powhatan Correctional Centre) … they said Fare Thee Well in June, but it seems **GRATEFUL DEAD**'s reunion isn't totally over: from October the Dead And Company will see three remaining members and **John Mayer** tour the US …in August **TYLER, THE CREATOR** (left) was banned from entering the UK, as his sometimes screwed up lyrics constituted "a threat to public order". Will this reasoning extend to parent-upsetting metal bands and, yes, religious groups who might have the potential to offend?…

Stephen Booth, Alamy, Getty Images

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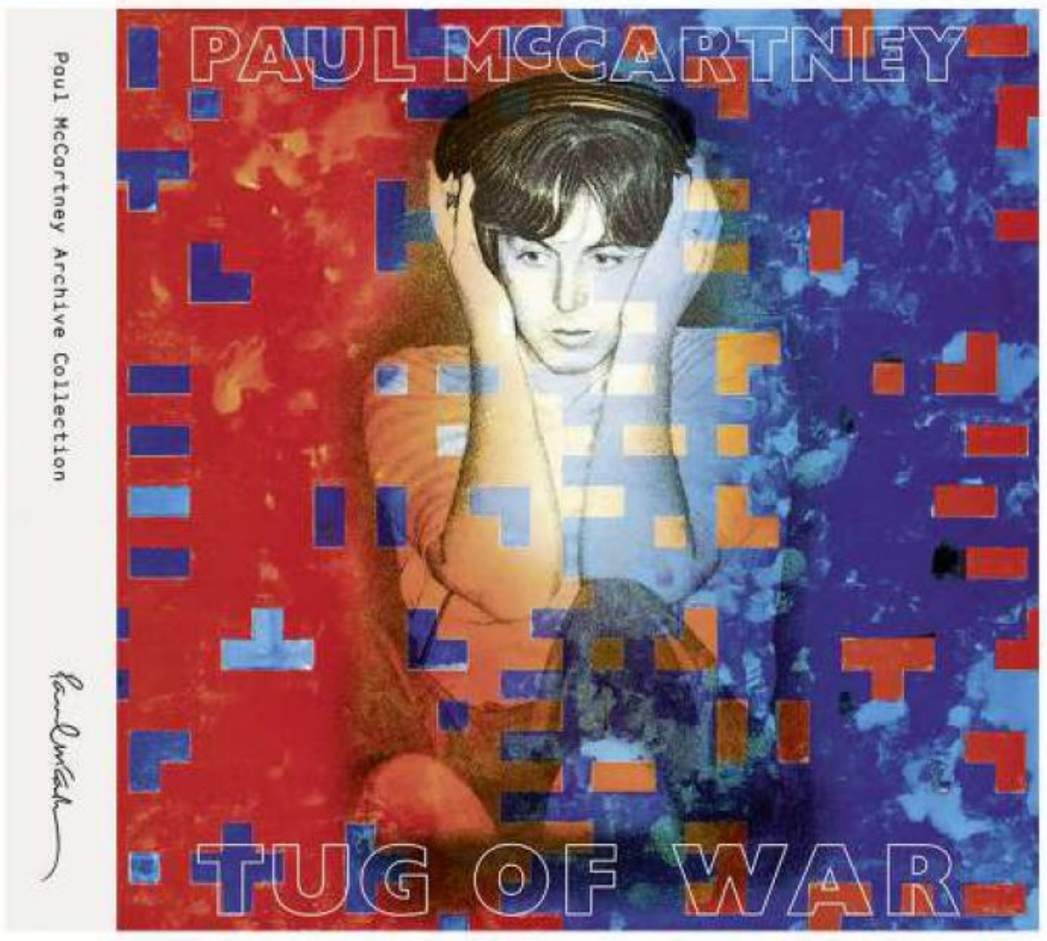
The newest releases in the Paul McCartney Archive Collection…



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MOJORISING

KAMASI WASHINGTON

Jazz warrior saxophonist unveils his epic musical vision.

"The area where I grew up, Inglewood, was pretty rough," says 34-year-old Los Angeles saxophonist, composer and arranger, Kamasi Washington, recalling his time as a teenage N.W.A fanatic. "There was pressure in my neighbourhood to go down a negative path and I was definitely headed down that way."

But the trajectory of his life changed, he says, when an elder cousin handed him a cassette featuring Art Blakey And The Jazz Messengers: "Something about Art Blakey just really spoke to me and that got me into jazz."

As it turned out, Washington's father was a saxophonist and "had been grooming me to play jazz all my life." After stints on drums, piano and clarinet, Washington, at 13, got his hands on his dad's tenor sax and felt an immediate affinity. From that point he was a serious jazz-head whose only focus was creating music with like-minded confrères. "We were practising eight hours a day," he says. "Going to jam sessions, playing in bars at 16 years old. Music was everything to us."

The story of Washington's early years forms part of the narrative on his astonishing debut for the Brainfeeder label. *The Epic* is a sprawling triple set whose meld of exploratory cosmic jazz with bebop, lush orchestrations and a full choir has been the talk of the jazz world. "The whole album is about the transformation that we underwent in high school, becoming jazz warriors," explains Washington, who cut *The Epic* in a marathon 30-day studio session that yielded 45 songs that were eventually whittled down to 17. It was still almost three hours of music. Fortunately, Brainfeeder's boss – the electronic/jazz/hip hop polymath Flying Lotus – let the saxman indulge himself. "He started laughing," Washington recalls, "and said, 'I knew you were going to do something like that'."

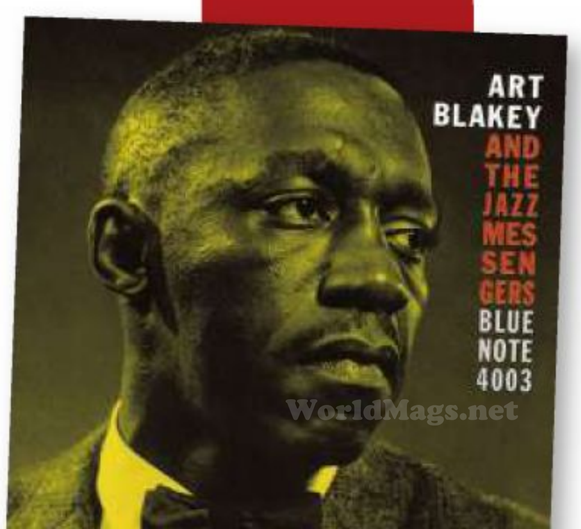
Washington is part of a long-running LA jazz collective, The West Coast Get Down, who appear on *The Epic* and whose members include Thundercat and drummer Ronald Bruner Jr. He says his main aspiration for *The Epic* is for it to touch someone in a similar way to how jazz affected him. "Art Blakey opened my eyes and mind to new possibilities and I'm hoping people will give my album a listen and it will do the same to them," he explains. "I don't want to sound grand but I just feel if you can expand people in their musical endeavours you can expand their minds in general. I'm making music from my heart to help express my experiences and who I am, and if you listen to *The Epic*, you can't help but feel it and understand it."

Charles Waring

Kamasi Washington performs at the Barbican Centre on November 14 as part of the EFG London Jazz Festival.

Wild is the woodwind: rampant reedsman Kamasi Washington prepares to expand minds; (below) vital Art Blakey wax.

"SOMETHING ABOUT ART BLAKEY REALLY SPOKE TO ME AND THAT GOT ME INTO JAZZ."



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FACT SHEET

- For fans of: Sun Ra, John and Alice Coltrane, Art Blakey And The Jazz Messengers, Kendrick Lamar, Flying Lotus.
- UCLA-educated Washington's first gig was with Snoop Dogg. He's also performed with Lauryn Hill, Chaka Khan, Raphael Saadiq and Stanley Clarke, and more recently appeared on Flying Lotus's *You're Dead!* and Kendrick Lamar's acclaimed *To Pimp A Butterfly*.

KEY TRACKS

- Change Of The Guard
- The Magnificent 7
- The Message

MINDBLOWERS!

KEVIN MARTIN

The Bug/King Midas Sound deep bass diabolist's five bad trip sonic cryptogams.

1 23 SKIDOO SEVEN SONGS

(Fetish, 1982)

"I first saw them at the Futurama 3 festival [Stafford, 1981] with bands like Bauhaus, Theatre Of Hate, everyone wearing black and 23 Skidoo came on in Hawaiian shirts and rockabilly flat-tops and just played this mentally psychedelic set. At that time I was listening to Crass and Throbbing Gristle, anarcho-punk, Discharge, and I didn't know what had hit me. I might have heard *Seven Songs* around the same time I heard PiL's *Metal Box* and their impact on me was almost biblical. It is the most tripped-out mind assault, incredibly well produced, funky as hell, madly experimental, with this dystopian ambience that runs all the way through it. It's as fresh and uncategorisable now as the day it was made."

2 CREATION REBEL STARSHIP AFRICA

(4D Rhythms, 1980)

"They were Adrian Sherwood, and Roots Radics. The first On-U Sound record I heard was by African Head Charge. It terrified me. I'd taken massive hits on a bong and run out of the house terrified because I heard chainsaws and didn't know whether it was in my head or on the record. Sobered up, I needed to know more about this label. This is the most insane dub album. [Sherwood's 4D Rhythms partner] Chris Garland said he dropped acid, asked Adrian to drop acid, and they turned the original tapes upside down, back-to-front, inside out, [used] massive reverbs and delays. It's hugely experimental and out-there, a testament to how illogical dub can be."

3 THE NECKS SEX

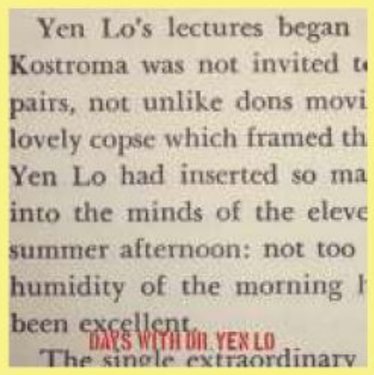
(Spiral Scratch, 1989)

"They were recommended to me by Paul Schütze, a composer who released stuff on Virgin the same time I did. I told him I loved Alice Coltrane and Pharoah Sanders' and he directed me to The Necks. It's an hypnotic whirlpool. They start with this madly simplistic motif that by the end has twisted itself around into something equally simplistic, somehow related, but you don't know how they got there. It's sub-aquatic jazz, a record I'd be happy if it lasted a week instead of just over an hour. It's a total immersive experience, and feels like I'm being dragged into another world where I'm totally lost and disorientated. It ticks all my boxes."

4 BELONG OCTOBER LANGUAGE

(Carpark, 2006)

"I don't know much about this but it's been a mainstay on my iPod for the last two or three years. It has the swooning romanticism of My Bloody Valentine and the outsider dronal stillness of Thomas Köner or something and it sounds incredibly lonely and melancholy and at the same time romantic and beautiful. They're a duo from New Orleans but I couldn't work out whether the sounds were made by a band or they were doing it electronically. I tried to get in contact with them to do a collaboration and they just said they were busy. I heard the album they made after this and it was quite different, quite post-punky, but this album is really bewitching. I play it non-stop."



5 DR. YEN LO DAYS WITH DR. YEN LO

(Conscious, 2015)

"As far as I'm concerned, music is always about the next thing. This is an MC called Ka, from New York, who's made two or three really good albums but this just a whole other level. It's a concept album based around The Manchurian Candidate. It's either beatless or the beats are so removed you hardly feel them and it has the noirish nightmare paranoia of very early Mobb Deep but with this lush, dronal quality that I have never really heard on any other hip hop record before. It has what all these records have, a question mark, something I don't really understand, that keeps me going back to try and get closer to its untouchable essence."

Interview by Andrew Male, Pic: Fabrice Bourgelle

The King Midas Sound And Fennesz album Edition 1 is out now on Ninja Tune

"All these records have a question mark": Kevin Martin seeks the untouchable essence.

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ROCK'N'ROLLCONFIDENTIAL

FRANKIE VALLI

The 4 Seasons king talks jazz, Dylan and James Brown.

In the wake of a round-Britain tour this summer, 81-year-old Frankie Valli spoke to MOJO about aspects of a long and successful career that left the runway via 1962's million-selling Sherry by his influential vocal group The 4 Seasons – with his soon-to-be trademark falsetto to the fore.

Under the aegis of the production and songwriting team of Bob Crewe and Bob Gaudio, further triumphs of the same persuasion followed, among them Big Girls Don't Cry, Rag Doll, December, 1963 (Oh, What A Night), and 1976's Silver Star – as well as Valli solo favourites such as Can't Take My Eyes Off You, You're Ready Now (a much-requested Northern soul spin) – and the Grease film title theme. There was even a one-off US smash with a pseudonymous scoring of Bob Dylan's Don't Think Twice, It's All Right.

Of more recent import is the jukebox musical Jersey Boys about the rise of The 4 Seasons – still running in London's West End – as well as the associated movie, directed by Clint Eastwood no less, that reached cinemas last year.

When was the last time you helped load the equipment after a concert?

At least 50 years ago. The 4 Seasons were a self-contained band then. We were an instrumental as well as a vocal outfit. I played drums. We had to set up, break down and pack the gear into a station wagon and another car ourselves. Back then too, we didn't have a sound or lighting system of our own. We were at the mercy of whatever was at the venue.

Suits you sir: "I'd have been a clothes designer." Frankie Valli had an alternative career made to measure.

HAPPY VALLI
Fine of Frankie's fave raves

1 **Frank Sinatra** *One For My Baby* (FROM … *SINGS FOR ONLY THE LONELY*, CAPITOL, 1958)
2 **Chuck Jackson** *Any Day Now* (SCEPTRE 45, 1962)
3 **The Edwin Hawkins Singers** *Oh Happy Day* (BUDDAH 45, 1969)
4 **Marvin Gaye** *What's Going On* (TAMLA MOTOWN 45, 1971)
5 **Lauryn Hill** *Can't Take My Eyes Off You* (RUFFHOUSE 45, 1998)

What exercises or precautions do you do to maintain your voice?

It's the same principle as bodybuilding. You have to try to sing every day for at least an hour. However, I've never had a voice coach. My theory boils down to this question: who taught the first guy to sing? Charlie Calello – who became The 4 Seasons' arranger – introduced me to his high school music teacher, who was also a vocal coach. He thought my vocal apparatus was entirely unique, and advised me not to take lessons from anybody.

Were you bothered by the respective successes of The Walker Brothers' The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore or The Tremeloes' Silence Is Golden?

Because they'd been recorded originally by either me on my own, or with The 4 Seasons? Well, one reason why it never bothered me was that the 4 Seasons organisation

Warner Bros Records, Tonje Thilesen

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also published those songs. Also, it was a compliment in a way that those acts copied our arrangements almost note for note. When The Walker Brothers got to Number 1 in Britain, I felt I was on the right track musically, and I hoped my record company – with whom I was having problems – would think the same and work harder on promoting both The 4 Seasons' and my solo output. Incidentally, whenever we covered a song, we tried to make it different from all other versions.

The most "different" is probably your 1965 hit adaptation of Don't Think Twice It's All Right which you released under the 'nom de turntable' The Wonder Who?

That was just clowning around when the studio engineer was getting a level on my voice. I was doing an impression of a black jazz singer called Rose Murphy. We were attempting that song absolutely straight, but Bob Gaudio reckoned we ought to do it like that too. When I was in a shop in Beverly Hills a couple of years later, Bob Dylan was there too, and told me he was very happy with the way I'd sung it.

You share the same birthday – May 3 – with Machiavelli and James Brown. Do you believe in that astrology stuff?

I find that we Taureans are a little bull-headed, but we have a strong work ethic and are loyal. I crossed paths with James Brown many times, and we were very friendly. We also shared the same attorney.

Were you aware that Frank Zappa spun Grease when a guest disc jockey on BBC Radio 2 in 1980?

No, I wasn't. Frank was one of the most incredible guitarists who ever lived.

What are your feelings about the Jersey Boys musical?

It revealed much about The 4 Seasons that had hitherto been unknown to the public, but a lot was left out too – because it's hard to tell the whole story in two hours. For example, it didn't touch on my friendship with Frank Sinatra – or my long recording career before The 4 Seasons.

Tell us something you've never told an interviewer before.

If I hadn't become a professional singer, I'd have liked to have been a clothes designer. As it was, I dressed The 4 Seasons right from the beginning. We had a tailor, and I'd go to his workshop and together we'd come up with ideas of what the group would wear. Also, I wanted to be a jazz rather than pop entertainer, but when I was growing up, it was a dying art in every sense, considering how many of them died from drugs or ended up broke. It wasn't a sustainable kind of career.

Alan Clayson

LAST NIGHT A RECORD CHANGED MY LIFE

JULIA HOLTER

Gibbous Los Angeles enigma hails Joni Mitchell's *Court And Spark*.

Welcome to her wilderness: Julia Holter (below) "I connected to every song, even that annoying jazz one at the end."

"IT SEEMED ADULT LIFE COULD BE LIKE THIS."

I was probably 15 or 16, in high school in LA. It's very spread out, and my friends lived all over the place. There wasn't a kind of centre, it wasn't very glamorous, somehow. People think living there should be exciting, but I wasn't the kind of person who took advantage of that.

I'd started listening to classical music, and I'd always listened to pop – *The White Album* was important, and TLC's *CrazySexyCool*. This older girl had been playing Joni Mitchell songs on guitar, and my mom had *Court And Spark* on CD, so I listened to it. It was really good, classic, beautiful and deep, orchestrated and jazzy with the '70s production and arrangements. Everyone always liked *Blue*, and people were singing folky songs in high school, so *Court And Spark* seemed removed from my reality – it wasn't the hippy-look thing, and a lot of kids at school were like that, hippies. It was this secret world I had access to.

I opened up to it and connected to every song, even that annoying jazz one at the end. I loved the way she analysed characters' minds and captured psychological states. It felt like a view into an older person's exciting, exotic city life, in New York or somewhere in Europe, even though an American was singing and she was in LA, often. I imagined some hip lady walking through the city, in some cool coat.

I'd say it's definitely not at all a musical influence, directly, 'cos I didn't write songs until 10 years later. I did start playing piano and singing songs that I loved, like her's, or Billie Holiday, Tori Amos, Fiona Apple… hearing a woman sing about these kind of situations and having stylish arrangements was pretty important without me necessarily being aware of it, in the same way reading Virginia Woolf was important to me when I was in college. I think that argument comes out of A Room Of One's Own, that there's a lack of women's voices in literature, or music. Having that perspective changes things.

Looking back, things I was drawn to, the psychology and characters, were really what I was going through in high school. The things I imagined – weird scenes of cool people at a Laurel Canyon party, or in New York, that's really a stupid fantasy, that had nothing to do with the record. But the actual substance of the record is real.

Ian Harrison

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MOJORISING

DAWES

Everymen in harmony, the Los Angeles rockers who want to be *your* favourites…

If nice guys finish last, then Taylor Goldsmith might just be a man to break the mould. So polite is the singer, guitarist and songwriter of Los Angeles country rockers Dawes that he could be cast as Ned Flanders to Dave Grohl's Homer Simpson.

A bundle of positive LA vibes, even the two words that dog his band wherever they go – Laurel and Canyon – cannot crack Goldsmith's demeanour. It was a pigeonhole born in their earliest days thanks to the signature breezy mid-tempo songs of debut album *North Hills*, named for the suburb he and drummer brother Griffin grew up in. That and the fact it was recorded in then-producer Jonathan Wilson's Laurel Canyon home after he invited the band there to jam with the likes of Heartbreaker Benmont Tench, The Black Crowes' Chris Robinson and Jackson Browne.

"People think we live in the Canyon or something," Taylor tells MOJO on the eve of his 30th birthday, "but those two weeks recording were the only real association we have with the area."

Quickly, just in case anyone should take offence, he adds: "I mean, I understand fans need a catch-all, and hey, I'm psyched *anyone* is talking about us."

Dawes – Taylor and Griffin plus Wylie Gelber (bass) and Tay Strathairn (keyboards) – formed in 2008. They released *North Hills* in 2009 (although it came out in the UK after second album *Nothing Is Wrong*), and now their fourth, *All Your Favorite Bands*, has debuted at Number 1 on the US Billboard Folk Chart. It's another pigeonhole that baffles Goldsmith, who prefers to think of Dawes as a simple rock band. At least until last night, when a Gentlemen Of The Road show with good pals Mumford & Sons gave him some perspective.

"We thought we played a pretty fast and loud set, but Foo Fighters came on after us. Against that, I can see why people might think of us as more of a folk band."

Even so, Dawes *are* a rock band in a very traditional sense: the gang of brothers. Obviously, it's a bond that especially exists between Taylor and Griffin. Where other band siblings notoriously rub each other wrong, there's no such friction between the Goldsmiths.

"We're kind of changing the narrative on that," Taylor laughs. "We could not get along better. We had a hard time getting along when I was 17 and he was 12, but ever since this band started we've had our backs in a very deep way."

Such a deep way, in fact, that if the band ever threatened to disrupt his relationship with Griffin, Taylor declares he'd walk away from it.

"I'd rather sweep floors or serve coffee," he concludes, before catching his possible slight. "Not that sweeping floors or serving coffee isn't an OK way to earn money…"

Andy Fyfe

Dawes' All Your Favorite Bands is out now on HUB Records.

Brothers gonna work it out: Dawes (from left) Tay Strathairn, Wylie Gelber, Taylor Goldsmith, Griffin Goldsmith head out of the Canyon.

"AGAINST FOO FIGHTERS, I CAN SEE WHY PEOPLE MIGHT THINK OF US AS MORE OF A FOLK BAND."

FACT SHEET

- For fans of: Crosby, Stills & Nash, Steely Dan, Midlake.
- Dawes evolved from the ashes of Simon Dawes (after the middle names of Taylor Goldsmith and co-songwriter Blake Mills), who split after one album.
- Three years ago Jackson Browne flew to London just to perform at Dawes's Borderline gig.

KEY TRACKS

- God Rest My Soul
- Somewhere Along The Way
- I Can't Think About It Now

ALSORISING

Eilon Paz

So far, the solo releases of Athens-born singer **MONIKA** (left) have combined melancholic minimalism and orchestral rock'n'roll – both went platinum in Greece. Now, *Secret In The Dark* moves her into more transatlantic areas, via neo-disco soul and dance pop animated by her deep, emotive vocals. Recorded at the Daptone label's analogue studio in Brooklyn, with **Dap-King** drummer **Homer Steinweiss** producing, the singer adds that elements from the Greek popular style rebetika influence her. "I believe this combination of Homer's Motown groovy sound, and the strange tunes I brought from my country, is what brought *Secret In The Dark* together," she says. *Clive Prior*

"We didn't put much thought into it," shrug all-guy group **GIRL BAND**, quizzed about their choice of name, "it was just a silly joke." Strange humours and absurdism can also be detected on the Dublin band's noisesome new album *Holding Hands With Jamie*, where dice-rolling (turn-of-'80s) **Fall** fans try to play techno, and make gargoylesque but vigorous avant rock which variously namechecks Nutella, Sudocrem and Um Bongo fruit juice, and commands you to "lick your own deodorant" (their freakily hilarious videos also fit with the distorted aesthetic). "We never really wanted to be a straight punk band or noise band or whatever," they offer. "We're all very polite lads." *Ian Harrison*

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WHAT GOES ON!

MOJO EYEWITNESS

CHRISSIE HYNDE HITS THE LONDON PUNK SCENE, 1975

Before the filth and fury went national, punk was a handful of ambitious delinquents plotting in the capital's pubs and boutiques. One of them flew in from Ohio and went on to front The Pretenders – but first she had to navigate scraps, bands and a shop called Sex. But what really went on there?

"NICK KENT WENT AT ME WITH HIS STUDDED BELT – I STILL HAVE A SCAR."

Rude health: (main image) Vivienne Westwood and Malcolm McLaren's King's Road shop Sex, summer '76 (from left) Pistol Steve Jones, unknown, shop assistant Alan Jones, Chrissie Hynde, Jordan, Westwood; (bottom, from left) shop exterior; Westwood and McLaren; Chrissie with Mick Jones and David Johansen; Rat Scabies; Nick Kent.

PART 1 "WOW, THESE ARE ANARCHISTS"

Chrissie Hynde on McLaren's inspirational vision, and almost being in the Sex Pistols, Clash and Damned.

"Moving to England was the most impactful thing I ever did. For me, London in the mid-'70s was like a sci-fi writer's fantasy of what beat cities might be like in the future. You could sign on the dole and squat, there was free healthcare, and with public transport you could go anywhere without a car, it was a miracle!

Nick Kent was an important link. He was a great guy. I carried around an NME article he'd written on Iggy, and then I arbitrarily met him at a student party in Acton. I'd wander with Nick down the King's Road, and that's when I first encountered Malcolm [McLaren] and Vivienne's [Westwood] shop. I really looked up to them, they were genuine English eccentrics, a bit like John Steed and Emma Peel. Something was definitely in the air, but [punk] wouldn't have happened the way it did without those two. It wouldn't have been mohair jumpers and brothel creepers. I liked Malcolm – he had a different sensibility to anyone else, and laughed a lot. I was there with him and Vivienne when the New York Dolls played at Biba's. We were all interested in where music was about to go.

I was offered a job in their shop, after it was called Let It Rock but before it changed to Sex. Its name then was Craft Must Wear Clothes But The Truth Loves To Go Naked. I'd met a French guy and Nick wasn't too happy. He went at me in the shop with his studded belt – I still have a scar on my arm – and the best thing was a local guy was sitting in the corner and got up and knocked Kent out. Years later I saw the same guy dressed as a Hari Krishna (*laughs*). After that I got the sack. Vivienne said, (*Derbyshire accent*) 'I think you'll have to leave, Chrissie. It gets very confusing when you're here.' I was like, Wow, these are anarchists and they find me 'confusing'?!

That was my cue to go back home, but I came back to London in 1975. Malcolm had written to me [in Ohio], asking me to get involved in a band, but by the time I got back the Pistols were already going. It was through me they met [producer] Chris Spedding – who was with Nora Forster, who Rotten later married. I hooked up with Mick Jones and we'd play stuff in his grandmother's flat, working on songs like I'm So Bored… and maybe a couple of mine too. Viv Albertine says in her book my guitar playing was too good but that was hardly the case. The whole thing was fantastic, though.

I knew, however, that [Mick's manager] Bernie Rhodes didn't want me working with him. Why? He was a fuckhead! I didn't like him and he didn't like me. He wanted to call us Big Girl's Blouse and have me standing in the back, not singing. He clearly didn't realise how awesome I was (*laughs*). Then one day Paul Simonon turned up with a sleeve he'd drawn for a Sensational Alex Harvey Band LP and that was the start of The Clash.

One day Malcolm and I met in Chinatown and talked about what sort of person I should be in a band with. We both described Nick Kent! We tried to get something together but it didn't work out. Then Malcolm told me he'd met this great kid drummer, Rat Scabies, at a party. We took the train to Hemel Hempstead to meet a guy called Dave Zero, who had a goth look and was going to be the singer. Scabies got his friend Ray Burns [Captain Sensible] to play bass, and we rehearsed a few times as Masters Of The Backside at a church hall on Bell Street off Lisson Grove, playing covers like Bo Diddley's You Can't Judge A Book By The Cover.

The showcase we did for the Sex shop people is best forgotten. I was never asked back, and a few weeks later, with Brian James, Masters Of The Backside became The Damned. Malcolm was always really supportive, but it would take another year or two, and getting in the papers with Moors Murderers [her punk shock band with Steve Strange] before I finally found the right people with The Pretenders."

Rex (2), Bob Gruen, Barry Plummer, Getty Images, Courtesy of Chrissie Hynde

TURN OVER! RAT SCABIES RECALLS CHRISSIE, MASTERS OF THE BACKSIDE AND DOWN-TO-EARTH MCLAREN

PART 2 "A KICK LIKE A MULE"

CHRISSIE HYNDE HITS THE LONDON PUNK SCENE, 1975

The Damned drummer on biker fashions, foiled ploys and an extraordinary voice waiting for its moment.

RAT SCABIES: "I went to see the Pink Fairies at Dingwalls and Malcolm was there. I think he knew who I was because I'd played with the London SS, who were Bernie's answer to the Pistols. I had short hair in among all these hippies. He said, 'Are you up for doing something?' I gave him the address of where I was staying, in St Stephen's Gardens in Notting Hill Gate. The next day he turned up with Nick Kent and Chrissie Hynde. I always thought Malcolm was a bit of a chancer. My dad used to sell a lot of what you'd now call vintage porn, Spick & Span, and that sort of stuff, and they turned up dressed like that. I thought what they wanted to do was interesting and long overdue; believe it or not, I found Malcolm very down to earth and straightforward. He was more like a fairground barker than any elaborate manipulator of punk rock.

Malcolm's thing was finding characters, and getting them to work together. Nick and Chrissie had been writing songs, and he wanted me to be involved. But nothing happened because Nick and Chrissie fell out. I asked Nick what went wrong and he said, 'She's got a kick like a mule.' Then Malcolm and Chrissie approached me again when they put together Masters Of The Backside. I was introduced to Dave [Vanian, aka Dave Zero] at [punk face] Helen The Dwarf's place. Then it got to the rehearsal stage with Chrissie, me, Dave and *another* singer called Dave, who was blond and camp with a huge personality. The idea was that Chrissie would pretend to be a boy, and stand at the back.

I remembered that Captain Sensible had a bass and amp, and he came along to a rehearsal in Paddington. We did a cover of The Spencer Davis Group's Gimme Some Lovin' and a few others. Did I see the germ of something spectacular? No (*chuckles*). I'd been playing with Brian James, whose guitar playing was fantastic, so it wasn't as exciting with Chrissie, who wasn't really in that league.

There was another thing, too: I didn't like the fact Chrissie wasn't singing. I'd heard her singing at a bus stop once, and it was quite obvious that she had something special. She also had a really bad attitude and wore a leather jacket. The only people at that time who wore leather jackets were Hell's Angels or bikers. Girls used to wear Laura Ashley dresses and hippy stuff, so with the winkle-pickers, tight jeans, leather jacket and fringe Chrissie really stood out.

In retrospect, there was only about 20 people on that early punk scene, with Malcolm as the catalyst – and Chrissie was one of them. We'd all go to Henneky's pub on Portobello Road on a Saturday afternoon, then go shoplifting in the market and see The Count Bishops or The 101ers in the evening. Some of those people never went on to do anything much, but thankfully Chrissie did."

Pat Gilbert

Chrissie Hynde's autobiography, Reckless: My Life, is published by Ebury Press. Tokyo Nights by Scabies' band The Mutants is available on Killer Tracks.

Giving up food for punk: (main image) Chrissie rehearses with Steve Strange's short-lived shock vehicle The Moors Murderers; (top, from left) Rat Scabies, Dave Vanian and Captain Sensible, Hynde's band-mates in Masters Of The Backside; (inset) the type of mag purveyed by Scabies Snr.

"THE IDEA WAS THAT CHRISSIE WOULD PRETEND TO BE A BOY."

Sheila Rock, Getty Images

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ON THE ROAD

MIRROR MAN

"Gap-toothed, greasy enigma" of indie yacht-rock Mac DeMarco stage-dives in London and Wiltshire, finds his own cool place.

Behind the Garden Stage at Dorset's none-more-bucolic End Of The Road festival, Mac DeMarco is discussing the hazards of crowdsurfing. At his exuberant London Roundhouse show five days earlier, for example, DeMarco was being carried aloft until he suddenly disappeared from view for several concerning minutes.

"It's always been fun for me, and it's a big spectacle," he grins. "But these days, especially in the front couple of rows, are the youngest and most excited fans, who probably haven't been exposed to many shows yet – and somebody has to know what to do! So I sank right down – I was laying on some kid, who was like (*strangled whisper*) 'I can't breeeathe…' Sorry, man! And they all wanna touch you, grab my cock, take photos… That's why nobody's holding me up; they're all trying to (*incredulously*) get a selfie!"

Still, the exponential rise of young fans is an enviable problem. One of the 6,000 attendees at his two sold-out Roundhouse shows has even penned a fan letter to what she calls her, "lovely, gap-toothed, greasy enigma". This is a new phenomenon too. Things started modestly enough for DeMarco, who grew up in Edmonton, Alberta ("like the Texas of Canada," he vouches) and moved to Vancouver at 18, where he and fellow Canuck Alex Calder made scuzzy art-pop as Makeout Videotape.

Next stop was New York and a series of self-played solo albums, starting in 2012 with *Rock And Roll Night Club* and then *2*, before 2014's breakthrough *Salad Days* and now a new mini-album *Another One*, a song-cycle concerning the vagaries of love

"It goes full circle," DeMarco explains. "It starts, 'Oh man I love her so much.' Then it's, 'Oh, she fucking hates me, uh oh, I'm the other man.' And then around to, 'I fucking hate her!'" He's been with the same girlfriend for years, but avers, "if you were always happy, then you wouldn't have balance. Happy people are sad too, and more than you think."

Maybe "balance" explains why these vulnerable songs are at odds with DeMarco's crowd-invading

On the razz: Mc DeMarco and his Yamaha keyboard, backstage at the Roundhouse, September 1; (below) Mac live at End Of The Road festival, Wiltshire, September 6, 2015.

" THEY WANT AN ENCORE? IT'S GONNA BE WAAAYY TOO LONG, REALLY LOUD AND STUPID!"

tendencies, as well as the music. It's an odd soft/yacht rock hybrid – he's jokingly self-labelled it as "jizz-jazz" – which seems both authentically DeMarco and a pastiche of the '80s. Either way, it's not the obvious backdrop for swathes of spindly-limbed teens going mad.

Certainly, you'd venture that only DeMarco's older admirers will have heard of his key inspirations: Harry Nilsson ("when I started writing real songs, he was big for me"), Jonathan Richman, Shuggie Otis and Steely Dan, whose name solicits the longest and strongest reaction.

"It's like fusion-cheeky-weird-jazz-guy music," declares DeMarco. "I mean, these guys shred! But that's different to listening to something that plucks the heartstrings, like Unfaithful Servant by The Band. I can't perfectly emulate anything but by trying, I think I've found my own cool place."

At the Roundhouse, DeMarco goes through his full repertoire of zippy licks and tender ballads, flanked by guitarist Andy White and bassist Pierce McGarry, with drummer Joe McMurray perched behind and keyboardist Jon Lent stage right. *Another One*'s intro, The Way You'd Love Her, fulfils the same gliding function here, with DeMarco and White's guitars decorating the pretty, lissom melody with an almost Hawaiian-influenced

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Feeling Vancouvery: (clockwise from top) the view from the Roundhouse stage; the band in-tent (from left) Mac, Joe McMurray, Pierce McGarry, Jon Lent, Andy White; End Of The Road fans; Mac at EOTR; festival decor; the band at EOTR; and its stage; Mac leads the band to the EOTR stage; setlist and Roundhouse rider; (below, right) Mac beckons you into his dressing room.

lilt, while *Salad Days*' title track is more of a country-fied dream.

By comparison, I've Been Waiting For Her gets a tougher, faster treatment than the home-baked original; *2*'s gentle highlight Still Together is an especially amped-up finale that sees newest member Lent sent out by DeMarco for an inaugural bout of audience mingling while White and Pierce swop guitars by hurling them high across the stage. Still, only the band anticipated an encore that conjoins Metallica's Enter Sandman and Deep Purple's Smoke On The Water – for 15 guitar-shredding minutes.

"Encores are ridiculous," DeMarco frowns afterwards. "They want one more? OK, they're going to get one, and it's gonna be waaayy too long and it'll be really loud and stupid! Plus I get to enjoy myself."

By the time Mac reaches End Of The Road, after an eight-hour trip from Dublin, he's in a calmer mood. We meet in the dressing room, where he opens a gift of a miniature wooden pinball machine, plus three packets of Marlboro Reds – though tonight's version of Ode To Viceroy confirms this smokeaholic's chosen brand. Alcohol, however, is banished to after-shows; Mac won't be repeating incidents such as his infamous drumsticks-up-the-rectum routine, performed while playing a screwy cover of U2's Beautiful Day in Montreal in 2012, that did the rounds via a fan video and helped establish his reputation as the king of goofballs.

"I was so drunk, I don't remember anything about it," he shrugs. "But I'm happy someone taped it – that's the whole point of performing."

Tonight's performance as the sun sets behind the trees is more jubilant than psyched, with an encore-free set completed instead by a rousing Happy Tenth Birthday to the festival and a cake fight. Notes of Orange Juice and Boz Scaggs percolate through Cooking Up Something Good and Just To Put Me Down, while Steely Dan's Reeling In The Years is a suitable cover.

However, in the wee small hours it's business as usual when a skunk-drunk Mac is carried into the Cider Bus Disco, to a mass chant of, "Mac! Mac! Mac!" As a shoe comes off, a fan kisses him full on the mouth and attendees start banging on the beams: the DJ appeals for calm, security is called and Mac is borne out of the room, still held aloft.

The young fans have, finally, got the hang of it.

Martin Aston

SOINVITED

Why Mac wants *you* to come round for a cuppa.

Starting with his album *2*, DeMarco began to leave messages at the end of his albums. *For Another One*, he gave his address, way out by the Atlantic in Far Rockaway, Queens: "6802 Bayfield Ave, Arverne, New York, stop on by, I'll make you a cup of coffee."

MD: "I like to put a little something in, like, 'Hey guys, well, that was that, thanks for tuning in,' but I already did that on *Salad Days*, so I went a bit further. About 500 people took me up on it! The way I was thinking was, the album wasn't coming out 'til August 7, by which time we'd be on tour until January, so I'd have been gone. But I forgot that my albums always leak a month early – which to tell you the truth, I like because the kids that really want it will download it, and then I'll get their actual feelings before some review site tells them how to feel about it. So people got to come down, if I'm there, I'll say, What's up? I started leaving a note up, saying, 'I'm not here, but go to the beach, it's great…' No, I really don't know what I was thinking."

Mick Hutson (13)

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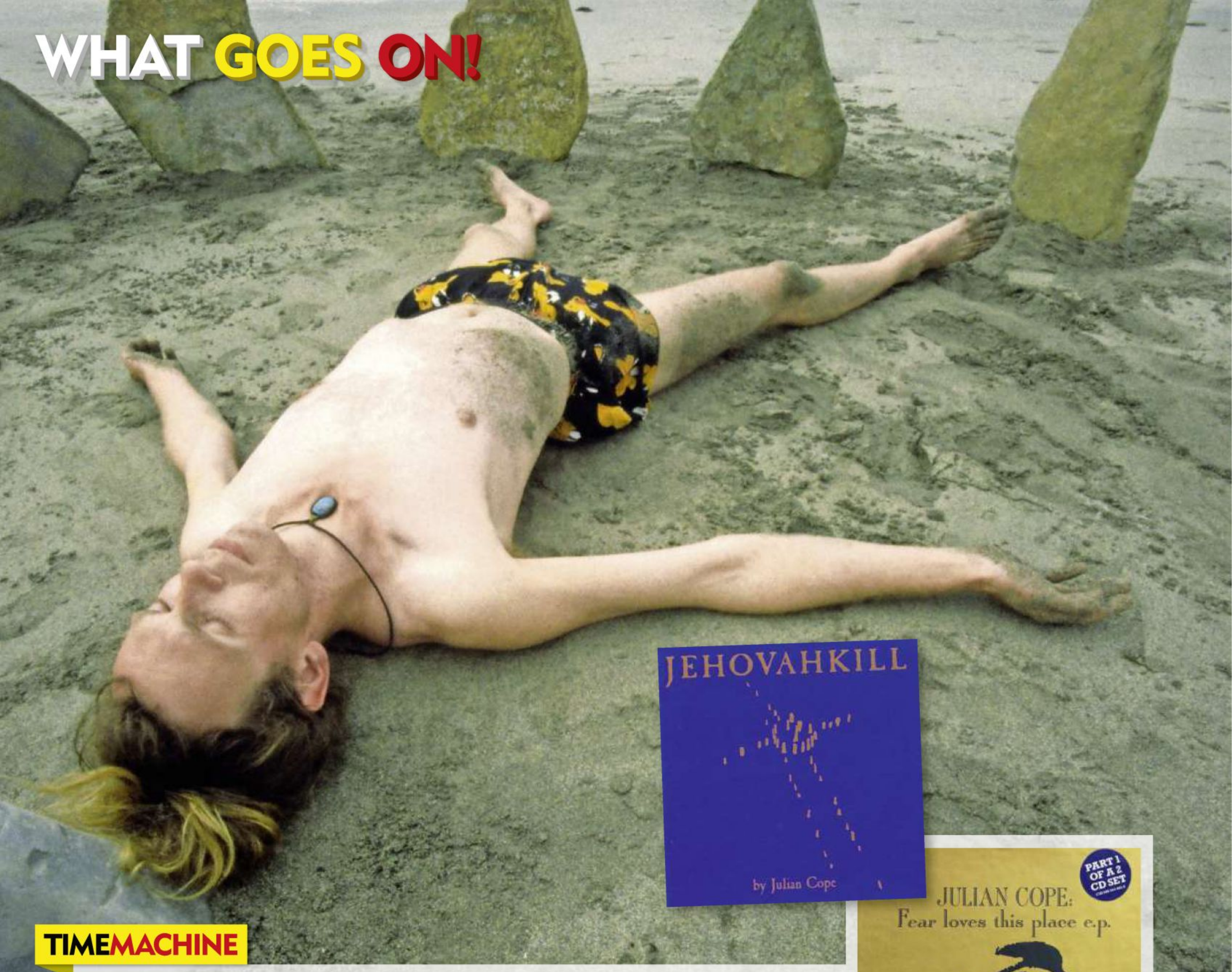


TIMEMACHINE

OCTOBER 1992 ...JULIAN COPE LASHES OUT, GETS DROPPED

OCTOBER 5 Julian Cope was becoming a touch testy. Presumably because Island Records had been causing him problems regarding his cosmic, Neolithic-to-the-future LP *Jehovahkill*. The album, his sixth solo release, had run into trouble at pressing plants where workers refused to deal with it due to its controversial title: it was further reported that the Wessex Arch-Drude's self-penned sleevenotes were also causing friction, one music weekly reporting that they contained "vitriolic attacks on Axl Rose and U2 among others".

Hopes that things might be smoothed out were soon dashed, when a full-page ad for Cope's Fear Loves This Place EP appeared in the music weeklies, heralding the imminent arrival of *Jehovahkill*. The ad, also penned by Cope, was not designed to win friends among those who perceived themselves as guardians of the record industry. For it quesitioned both Axl Rose's duet with Elton John on the Freddie Mercury tribute concert, and U2's commitment to the anti-nuclear lobby.

"Island hated those ads," Cope later claimed. "But I don't feel bad about slagging U2 off since everybody else is licking Bono's arse." The ad was withdrawn from a number of magazines due to fear of possible libel action. Others printed edited versions of the announcement, one that Cope had headed, "No mystical gush, no cheap new age fix."

In the event, those who picked up Fear Loves This Place would have been under no illusions about Cope's opinions. The sleevenote declared Axl Rose's band as, "poor dupes, saps, knobshines in their smug LA rebellion. They think the louder they get, the more rebellious it is. Well, then, the greatest rock'n'roll would be made by the USAF or the Red Army – they are truly heavy metal – not some homophobics (sic) in Puff gear. They don't even have the guts to print the word 'Fuck!' Forgive their Judeo-Christian hang-ups…"

Drude boy outta jail: Cope, in Daffy Duck undies, prone in home-made stone circle; (insets) the instruments of his destruction; (below) Cope in 'I'm mad, me' mode.

As the smoke cleared, on October 19, *Jehovahkill* finally gained a release. A 16-track affair, described by Cope as "a Darwinist rock'n'roll album with a strong Krautrock influence", it appeared on CD, cassette, and three-side vinyl, all pressed in a specific shade of blue. It was also announced that dates boasting "two and a half hours of performance, 2000 years of music" would commence at the Liverpool Royal Court on October 27. The first three shows at London's Town And Country Club proved immediate sell-outs.

The first reviews of the long-player were generally positive too, and after full-page ads, thankfully free from

controversial comment, appeared in the press on October 24, the album clambered into the lower reaches of the Top 30 a few days later.

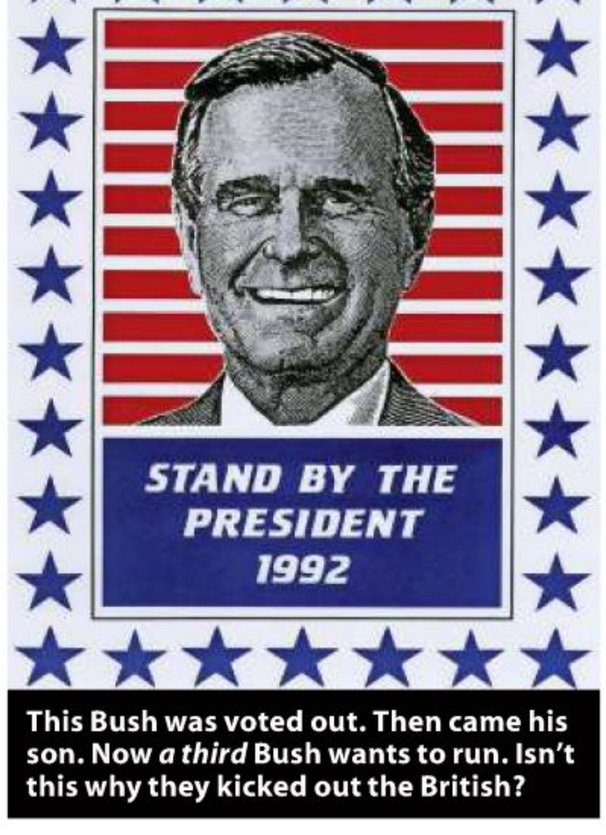
That said, Island MD Marc Marot allegedly deemed *Jehovahkill*, "The most sonically unappealing album I ever heard." And within a month, Island threw in the towel. A report stated: "The label has decided to sever its working relationship with Julian Cope after the release of four albums and the double LP compilation *Floored Genius*." Those close to Cope claimed that the then 34-year-old singer was deemed too long in the tooth and too uncommercial by Island, one spokesperson stating: "It's ironic that he should be released from his contract at a time when he's at his creative peak and his work is more popular than ever. I wonder whether the same view would apply if Neil Young or Van Morrison came knocking at the door?" Cope seemed confused. "It was funny really," he said in a conversation with writer Stuart Maconie. "Having tried at various times to pull stunts that would get me dropped from Island, I'd decided to stop thinking like that because I had two albums to do and there's no point in viewing it like a prison sentence."

The period which should have been one of triumph for Cope ended in further disillusionment as what he termed "the mighty Head On tour", featuring old and new material, had to be pulled after just five dates, due to a throat and chest infection. "It's pretty serious," announced one of the Drude's aides. "He had to go to hospital – he wasn't malingering."

"Cope's Career In Runes" read one headline as November arrived. At Avebury, a recovered Julian Cope wandered out in the early morning mist that enveloped the ancient stones. What do mere mortals know? he mused as he gazed up at Silbury Hill. There would be more to come – much more.

Fred Dellar

AD ARCHIVE 1992



This Bush was voted out. Then came his son. Now *a third* Bush wants to run. Isn't this why they kicked out the British?

Camera Press/Steve Double (2), Greg Allen, Press Association, Camera Press/Ed Sirrs, Getty Images, The Advertising Archives

ALSO THIS MONTH

GUY TIMES

4 **Buddy Guy** (above) wins in five categories at the annual W.C. Handy Blues Awards in Memphis. "Next time you need something, just call me and I'll bring my band down," Guy announces after being named Entertainer Of The Year.

KENDRICKS DIES

5 In Birmingham, Alabama, former Temptation **Eddie Kendricks** dies from lung cancer, aged 52.

JOOLS GOLD

8 BBC2 launch Later With **Jools Holland**, a weekly TV series hosted by the ex-Squeeze keyboardist. Guests on the first night include **Paul Weller** and **The Neville Brothers**.

MADGE OF THE DAY

15 **Madonna** holds her Sex party at Manhattan's Industria Superstudio. The event, attended by 800 guests, is to promote her upcoming *Erotica* album and book, Sex.

BIG 'O' POSITIVE

20 **Roy Orbison**'s posthumous album *King Of Hearts* is released. It includes a duet on Crying with k.d. lang, the hit I Drove All Night and Wild Hearts Run Out Of Time, first recorded for Nic Roeg's '85 film Insignificance.

ROGER & OUT

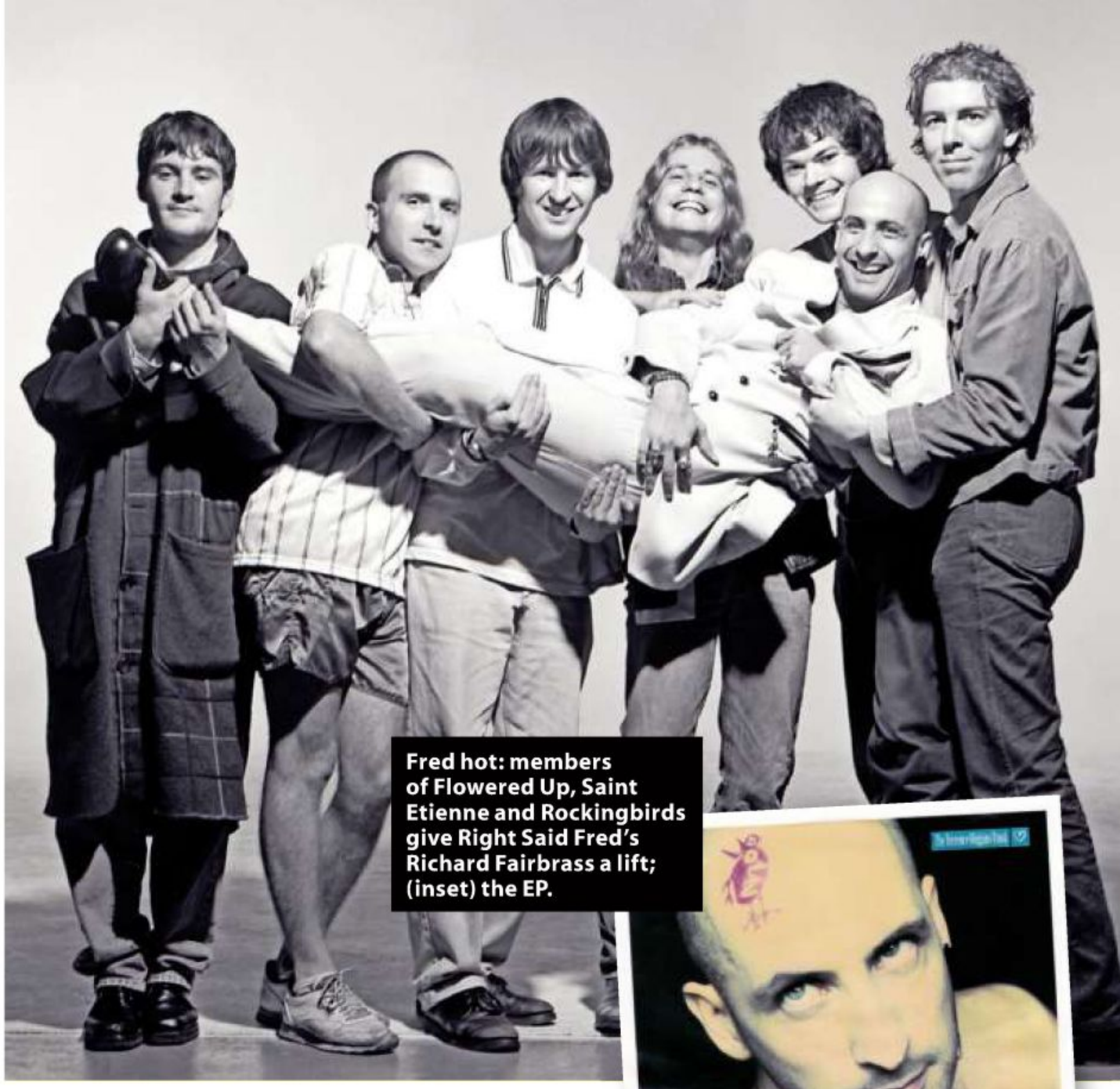
25 **Roger Miller** dies from throat cancer in LA's Century City Hospital, age 56. An 11-time Grammy Award winner, his best-known hit was 1965's King Of The Road.

THOMMY RUN

30 At Edinburgh's Venue, **Radiohead** are special guests on the first date of a tour headed by **Kingmaker**, after receiving much acclaim for their Creep single.

TEARY MARC

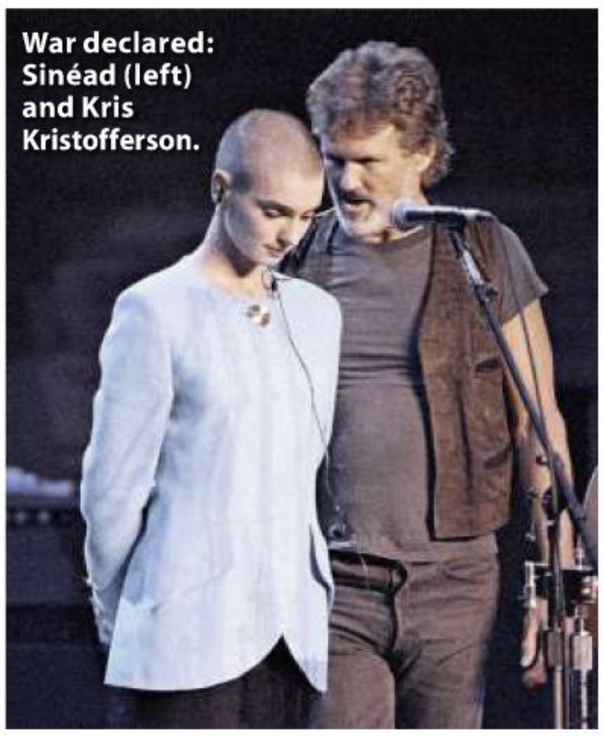
30 **Marc Almond** appears at the Royal Albert Hall in his 12 Years Of Tears show, a career-spanning set which features The Tenement Symphony Orchestra and dancers.



Fred hot: members of Flowered Up, Saint Etienne and Rockingbirds give Right Said Fred's Richard Fairbrass a lift; (inset) the EP.

RIGHT SAID FRED COVERED

OCTOBER 26 Saint Etienne, The Rockingbirds and Flowered Up release cover versions of Right Said Fred songs on the Heavenly label's The Fred EP, profits from which are to be donated to the Terrence Higgins Trust AIDS charity. Saint Etienne's acid house'd up version of I'm Too Sexy takes particular liberties, incorporating lyrics about Shakin' Stevens and Heavenly boss Jeff Barrett, and adding elements of Man 2 Man's tune Male Stripper and the theme to 1979 TV series Kidnapped.



War declared: Sinéad (left) and Kris Kristofferson.

SINÉAD BOOED

OCTOBER 16 Sinéad O'Connor is booed off-stage at Madison Square Garden, where Columbia Records are presenting the Bob Dylan 30th Anniversary Concert. Also on the bill are Lou Reed, Neil Young, Stevie Wonder, Eric Clapton, George Harrison, Johnny Cash with June Carter, Kris Kristofferson and others. O'Connor was to have sung Dylan's I Believe In You but instead recites the lyrics of Bob Marley's War before making a tearful exit. Earlier in the month, appearing on Saturday Night Live, she tore up a picture of the Pope and screamed, "Fight the real enemy!" to a surprised audience.

TOP TEN

UK ALBUMS OCTOBER 10

1. **AUTOMATIC FOR THE PEOPLE** R.E.M. WARNER BROS
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6. **BACK TO THE LIGHT** BRIAN MAY PARLOPHONE
7. **THE BEST OF BELINDA VOLUME 1** BELINDA CARLISLE VIRGIN
8. **BACK TO FRONT** LIONEL RICHIE MOTOWN
9. **BOSS DRUM** THE SHAMEN ONE LITTLE INDIAN
10. **GREATEST HITS** THE POLICE A&M

Oh, The Shamen: Mr C (top) and Colin Angus.

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THE LEGACY

The album: *Bob Dylan, Nashville Skyline* (Columbia 1969)

The sound: "Is it rolling, Bob?" Dylan asks his producer at the start of To Be Alone With You, and the answer's yes. Johnston captures the lot: uncomplicated backporchers (Country Pie), classic love songs (Lay Lady Lay; I Threw It All Away) and the tender, peerless Girl From The North Country.

1932-2015

IS IT ROLLING, BOB

Producer Bob Johnston, who made magic with Dylan, Cohen and others, left us in August.

Look up "one of a kind" and there'll be a picture of Bob Johnston: a wiry Texan with red-brown hair and beard and, as Bob Dylan noted in Chronicles, "fire in his eyes". Anyone who knew Johnston can attest to how fiercely that fire blazed and what kept it burning: an unassailable belief in artists and creative freedom and an unshakeable resistance to authority. "He was born one hundred years too late," wrote Dylan. "He should have been wearing a wide cape, a plumed hat and riding with his sword held high… Johnston was unreal."

He was born in central Texas into a musical family – his mother, Diane Johnston, penned songs for Gene Autry, among others. Johnston began co-writing with her in the '50s – rockabilly, some of which he recorded as Don Johnston – and in the '60s, with his songwriter wife, Joy Byers.

But most famously, Bob Johnston was a record producer. Some of the greatest American albums of the last century bear his name. Among them are Dylan's six albums, from *Highway 61 Revisited* to *New Morning*, each a revelation and a testament to Johnston's ability to put the right musicians together, block interference, cheer it along and roll the tapes.

Johnston produced Simon And Garfunkel's classic *Sounds Of Silence* and *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary And Thyme*. He told me once, laughing, how he would work with Dylan until midnight and Paul Simon until dawn. Both wanted to know what he'd been doing with the other. He had 27 artists during that period, including The Byrds, Patti Page and Johnny Cash. We can thank Johnston for *At Folsom Prison* and *At San Quentin*, both initially blocked by Columbia. Then Johnston became head of Columbia Nashville. Despite angry calls from Clive Davis threatening to drop them both, the albums were enormous hits. It was also Johnston who brought Cash and Dylan together, when he tricked Columbia into allowing their duet Girl From The North Country to appear on *Nashville Skyline*.

Unshakeable resistance to authority: (from left) Bob Dylan, Johnny Cash, unknown and Bob Johnston at the recording of The Johnny Cash Show, Nashville, Tennessee, May 1, 1969.

Had it not been for Johnston, Leonard Cohen might never have made a follow-up to the hellishly-recorded *Songs Of Leonard Cohen*. Johnston lured him to Nashville by renting him a log cabin and promising to make the album that Cohen wanted. The unadorned *Songs From A Room* was followed by the masterful *Songs Of Love And Hate*. Johnston then joined Cohen's touring band: he'd just quit Columbia, and celebrating with a trip around Europe, all expenses paid by his former employers, struck him as a fine idea. Another fine idea was persuading Cohen to ride on-stage at a French rock festival on a horse.

The last time I saw Johnston, at his home a year or so back, he had plans to make a movie, produce a young woman singer he'd discovered, write his memoirs and work on a project too elaborate to go into here. We drank a little tequila and sang Leonard Cohen songs. He died in a hospice ward in Tennessee on August 14. He was 83 years old.

Sylvie Simmons

"HE WAS BORN ONE HUNDRED YEARS TOO LATE... JOHNSTON WAS UNREAL."
Bob Dylan

Al Clayton/Sony Music Archives

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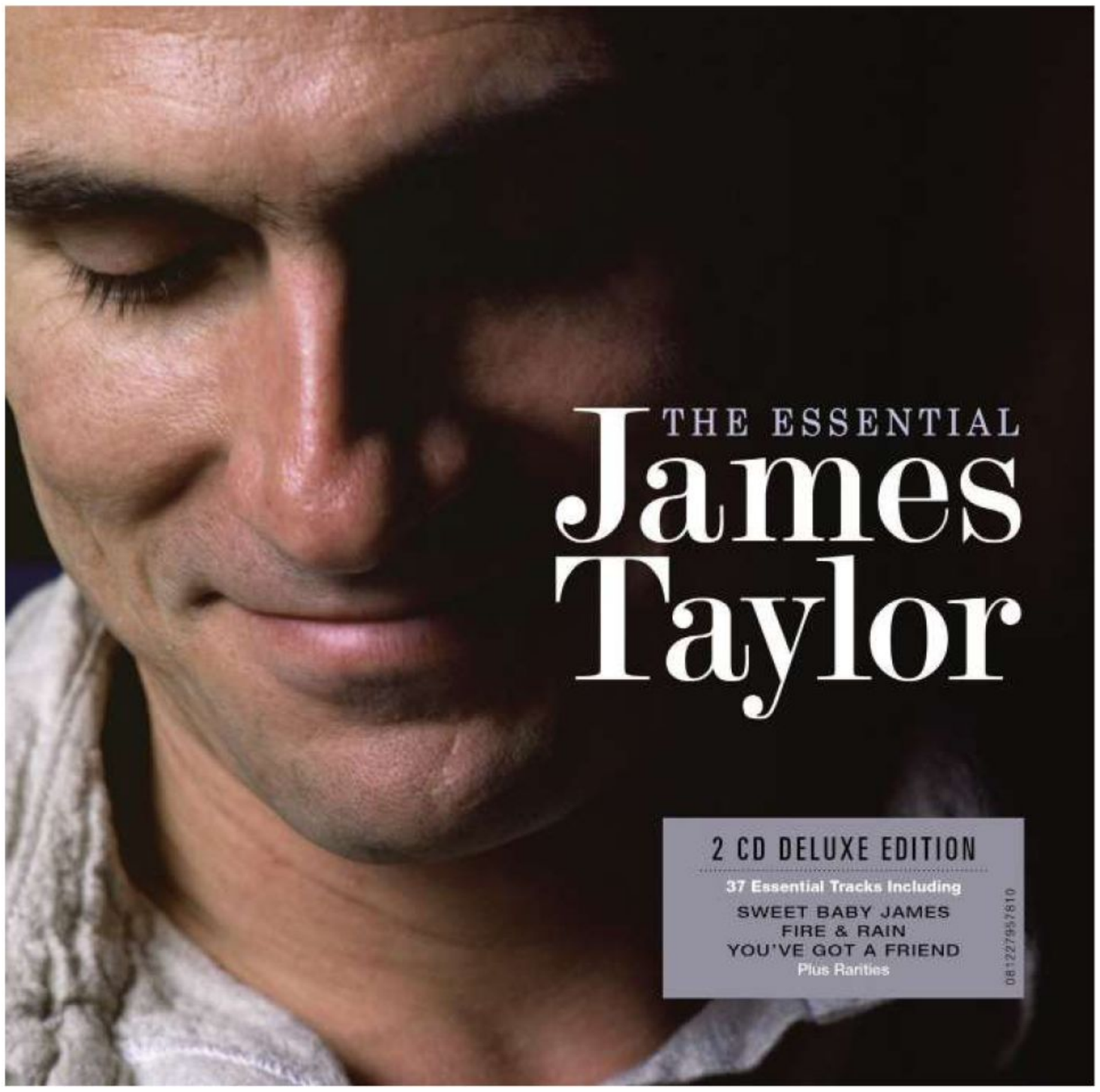

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REAL GONE

Always where the sufferers were, Rico Rodriguez.

RICO RODRIGUEZ

REGGAE TROMBONE ACE

BORN 1934

Tutored by Don Drummond at the famed Alpha Boys School, trombonist Rico Rodriguez played for Kingston's top producers before coming to London in 1962. As part of Georgie Fame's Blue Flames he helped establish ska in Britain, while in 1967 he played on Dandy Livingstone's hit Rudy A Message To You. In 1977, his ground-breaking reggae/jazz masterpiece *Man From Wareika* led to support slots for The Wailers, and brought him into The Specials' orbit: he would play on the band's first two albums and the Number 1 single Ghost Town, contributing a stunning, evocative solo to the song's 12-inch version. He later worked in Switzerland and Japan before joining Jools Holland's band. Awarded an MBE in 2007, he remained resolutely humble. "I am always where the sufferers are," he told me. "Maybe that's where I get my good musical buzz from, to see people suffering, and living it myself."

David Katz

JAZZ SUMMERS

MANAGERIAL HEAVYWEIGHT

BORN 1944

Jazz Summers – never his given name, Gordon – played several parts: in his twenties and thirties he spent time as a British army radiographer, a session drummer on Top Of The Pops covers LPs and, briefly, a revolutionary communist. But, spurred by punk, he would find his true calling as a single-minded, spirited and ambitious manager. His first high profile clients, co-managed with Simon Napier-Bell, were Wham!: success in the US and, uniquely for the mid '80s, China, followed. In 1986 he would found the Big Life management company and label, the latter soon to be the home of hits by De La Soul, Lisa Stansfield, The Orb and Yazz, who Summers married. In later years he served as chairman of the Music Managers Forum and handled the affairs of acts including Scissor Sisters, Snow Patrol, Boy George, The Verve and London Grammar; in 2013 he published a vigorous, uninhibited memoir, also called Big Life, which featured fulsome endorsements from past clients, recalled the "savage, immoral piss ups" of the '80s music business and detailed triumphs and disasters with equal candour.

Ian Harrison

THEY ALSOSERVED

MANCHESTER punk totem **JON THE POSTMAN** (aka Jonathan Ormrod, (b.c.1956) found local fame by invading other groups' stages at the end of their sets, and delivering an a cappella version of garage favourite Louie Louie. With his group **Puerile**, he'd support **Joy Division**, **The Fall** and **Buzzcocks**, and issue 12-inchers Jon The Postman's Puerile (1978) and, as **Jon The Postman's Psychedelic Rock'N'Roll 5 Skinners**, Steppin' Out Of Holts' Brewery (1979).

LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT voice **JOY BEVERLEY** (b.1924) was, with her twin siblings Babs and Teddie, the elder of harmonising trio **The Beverley Sisters**. The Bethnal Green-born act made their professional debut singing in broadcasts for allied soldiers in 1944: in the following decade, they hosted their own BBC TV series and scored novelty hits with I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus and Little Drummer Boy. In 1958 she married the England football captain Billy Wright. The group performed until 2009; along with her sisters, she was awarded an MBE in 2006.

DJ **COLIN FAVER** (b.1951) worked at Walthamstow record shop and indie label Small Wonder in the late '70s: he also promoted shows by **Joy Division**, **The Pop Group** and others. After being let go from Moorfields Eye Hospital radio for playing the **Sex Pistols** rather than patients' MOR requests, he would become known as an eclectic, electronically-minded DJ at venues including the Marquee and, from 1982, the Camden Palace. Always approachable, he came to wider notice with the late-'80s acid house explosion: a regular DJ at Heaven, the Haçienda, The Orbit and elsewhere, Faver also played at raves including Sunrise and Raindance, co-ran London techno night Knowledge, A&R'd for the Rabbit City label and hosted influential house, techno and beyond shows on Kiss FM from 1991 to '97.

PEDAL STEEL maven **BUDDY EMMONS** (b.1937) played with country stars including **Little Jimmy Dickens**, **Ray Price** and **Ernest Tubb**, with whom he developed his 'split-pedal' technique. Later he introduced his instrument to jazz audiences (see 1963's *Steel Guitar Jazz* LP) and the West Coast rock world, with his contributions to recordings by **Gram Parsons**, **The Carpenters** and **Judy Collins**. He later returned to Nashville and toured with **The Everly Brothers**.

BASSIST **COLIN DREDD** (b. Colin Masters c.1956) played with Harlow's revolution-fermenting punks **The Newtown Neurotics**, best known for their bracing 1981 single Kick Out The Tories. They released three albums – amending their name to The Neurotics for 1985's *Repercussions* – toured communist East Germany with **Billy Bragg**, and split in 1988, after Dredd contracted pleurisy. He was later employed in youth work, and made guest appearances when Neurotics leader **Steve Drewett** reconvened the band with a new line-up in 2005.

SONGSMITH **ERNIE MARESCA** (b.1939) began his career singing with New York doo woppers **The Monterays**: his song No One Knows was turned into a hit by **Dion And The Belmonts** in 1958. Maresca then co-composed the group's 1961 smash Runaround Sue with Dion, and wrote their follow-up hits The Wanderer, Lovers Who Wander and Donna The Prima Donna solo. In 1962 he scored his own Number 6 single with Shout! Shout! (Knock Yourself Out). He also sang as **Artie Chicago (From The Bronx)**, and worked as an executive at New York label Laurie.

PIANIST and songwriter **EDDIE HARDIN** (b.1949) replaced **Stevie Winwood** in **The Spencer Davis Group** in 1967, but left the following year to form **Hardin & York** with drummer **Pete York**. Hardin would rejoin the band in 1973 and 2006: he would also record with **Axis Point**, make solo albums including *Wizard's Convention* and *Wind In The Willows* (featuring **Zak Starkey**, **Jon Lord** and **Donovan**) and published a 2004 memoir ALAB (Ain't Life A Bastard).

SONGWRITER and producer **BUDDY BUIE** (b.1941) was the road manager for **Roy Orbison** before co-writing '60s chart entries including the **Classics IV**'s Spooky, Traces and Stormy, **Sandy Posey**'s I Take It Back and **Tommy Roe**'s Party Girl. In 1970 he formed Southern rockers **The Atlanta Rhythm Section**, and would manage, produce and write for them until 1982, including their biggest hit, 1977's So Into You. He was inducted into the Alabama and Georgia Music Halls Of Fame.

DANCEHALL voice **RED DRAGON** (b.1966) performed as **Redman** with Kingston soundsystems from 1981. He changed his name in 1984, and a decade later reached UK Number 2 with Compliments On Your Kiss, produced by **Brian and Tony Gold**. He also worked with **King Tubby**, **Harry J, Winston Riley** – with whom he cut the reggae hit Hol' A Fresh in 1987 – and more.

ACTOR, activist and singer **THEODORE BIKEL** (b.1924) sang in 21 different languages, and recorded 20-plus albums of global folksong for Elektra from the mid-'50s. He also acted in the original production of The Sound Of Music and co-founded the Newport Folk Festival in 1959, where he joined **Bob Dylan**, **Pete Seeger** and others to sing We Shall Overcome and Blowin' In The Wind in 1963.

Clive Prior

Joy Beverley: the best of British.

Rex (2), Kevin Cummins, Getty Images

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Schooled by **Chet Baker**, The Who and ***musique concrète***, he was the **synth rock** mogul hit by **"crazy" fame**, space **tragedy** and **'80s darkness**. Now he favours the human side: **"Artists aren't a luxury,"** insists **Jean Michel Jarre**.

Interview by **MARK BLAKE** • Portrait by **TOM SHEEHAN**

JEAN MICHEL JARRE'S STUDIO CAN BE FOUND TO the west of Paris near the small Seine-side town of Bougival, once renowned as the cradle of French Impressionism. Indeed, the scene that greets MOJO this afternoon could have come from a Renoir or Monet. Outside a ramshackle townhouse, presumed to be Jarre HQ, sits an elderly woman, eating lunch in the overgrown front garden. Chewing slowly, she stares silently as MOJO bangs on the front door waiting for the godfather of electronic music to let us in.

As we soon discover, Jarre's studio is actually downstairs. This front door belongs to the building's long-standing tenant whose al fresco meal we've just interrupted. "Don't worry," Jarre's assistant reassures us. "It happens all the time."

Inside the studio complex, sonorous drones can be heard whenever the door of the master's lair is opened. Jarre is hard at work. Meanwhile, an adjacent antechamber doubles as a working museum of electronic gadgetry: an ARP synthesizer here, a Mini Moog there, random keyboards everywhere.

These are the machines on which Jarre crafted 1976's multimillion-selling *Oxygène*, and a further 15 studio releases including 1981's sampler-pioneering *Magnetic Fields* and *Zoolook* ('84). It's here, too, that Jarre planned those grand concerts in which he performed solo amid lasers and fireworks – the forerunner of today's superstar DJs – to record-breaking audiences in the Champs-Élysées, London's Docklands and the Sahara Desert.

Now a youthful-looking 67, Jarre is acknowledged as a pioneer of electronic music and something of a cultural ambassador. In 2011 he was awarded France's distinguished Légion d'Honneur. Today, he's preparing the release of his sixteenth studio set, *Electronica 1: The Time Machine*, which celebrates four decades of electronic music with collaborators including Air, Little Boots, Fuck Buttons, Moby, Pete Townshend and Massive Attack. *Electronica 2* follows in spring 2016. The project has taken four years, as Jarre insisted on recording in the flesh with his guests rather than swapping soundfiles in cyberspace. "I've had no private life," he says. "All I've been doing is travelling and collaborating."

Electronica is also dedicated to Tangerine Dream's founder Edgar Froese who died in January this year. The track Zero Gravity is Froese's last recording, created during a rare summit between Jarre and the giants of German synth rock.

Jarre has been surrounded by music since birth, and retains a restless curiosity about the new and the now ("I'm not a fan of nostalgia. These are the great days") and, it seems, a schoolmasterly desire to educate. "This whole project is about covering 40 years of electronica," he says carefully. "Because in America some people think it started with Avicii." He offers a hint of a smile. "And that's not exactly true." ➢

WE'RE NOTWORTHY

Vince Clarke on JMJ the prophet of synth pop.

"When I first heard *Oxygène* in 1976 it was the first time I realised music without vocals could be emotional. Jean Michel was on the cutting edge of tech – just listen to the sequencing on Équinoxe Part 7. But his genius is his understanding of melody. It was an honour to collaborate and have him in my studio."

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Your father, Maurice Jarre, was a world famous composer. What impact did your family have on your musical tastes?

My parents split when I was very young, and my father moved to America. My mother [France Pejot] was a great figure in the French Resistance, and had been in a concentration camp with a woman [Mme Ricard] who later opened the most influential modern jazz club in Paris, Le Chat Qui Pêche – The Fishing Cat. She had Coltrane, Don Cherry, Chet Baker playing there. We visited my mother's friend on Sunday afternoons, and while the girls talked I watched these guys making this strange music.

What do you remember most from that time?

On my eighth birthday, Chet Baker sat me on an upright piano and played the trumpet to me. I can still feel the air on my chest. It made me realise how organic sound is. As musicians we're dealing with nothing – we're just vibrating air. But by vibrating air in different ways we can create happiness, sadness, boredom, sexual excitement…

After your parents' split, you lived for six months a year with your grandparents. Your grandfather, Andre Jarre, was another musician.

My grandfather was an oboist, but also interested in music technology. He created an ancestor of the iPod – a portable turntable that ran off batteries and had a speaker built into the cover, and gave me my first tape recorder.

Was there conflict when you discovered pop music?

No conflict for me, but there was for my grandfather. I'd been studying classical music and learning piano, when all these British groups, The Beatles, the Stones and The Who – I was a real Who guy – opened the door on this virgin territory. In classical music, people were almost like scientists. Rock music had this street approach. I thought the balance was healthier.

You played guitar in a group called The Dustbins who appeared in the 1967 film Des Garçons Et Des Filles. It looks like you were having a great time.

It was fun – and what a ridiculous name. The Dustbins? It was our vision of punk before punk. But it was their drummer who saw me experimenting with a tape recorder, speeding up and reversing my guitar solos, and told me I should go to Groupe De Recherches Musicales [a *musique concrète*/electronic music collective in Paris]. That's where I discovered the Moog synthesizer and met [French composer] Pierre Schaeffer, who changed the world of electronic music.

What did you learn from Schaeffer?

He was the first person to say, "Music is just sound." It can be a recording of the rain, a train, a door closing… He taught me that the difference between noise and music is in the hands of the musician. I feel privileged to have been at the beginning of *something* – this mix of classical and rock and electronic music. It was the late '60s, there was rebellion in the air in Paris and we felt rebellious making music with these crazy machines.

You spent the early '70s writing music for French pop stars. You also recorded two albums, *Deserted Palace* and the soundtrack to the Alain Delon movie, Les Granges Brûlées [The Burned Barns]. Was this all a trial run for *Oxygène*?

By that time I had a studio in the kitchen of my flat [near the Champs-Élysées] and was experimenting with synthesizers and tape machines. But nothing was happening. Writing for Françoise Hardy or Patrick Juvet was a way of making a living. I think those first two albums sold about 100 copies… (*laughing*) which might be considered a reasonable figure nowadays.

***Oxygène* was recorded in your kitchen and went on to sell over 15 million copies. But before being released on the French label, Disques Dreyfus, several record companies turned it down…**

I remember Charlotte [Rampling, Jarre's first wife], the mother of my kids, saying, "I have never heard anything like this. It's either going to be nothing or everything." She was right. But everybody turned us down, including [Island Records founder] Chris Blackwell.

What did they object to?

Blackwell said, "What is this? No drummer, tracks that last for 10 minutes, it's never going to be played on the radio… and on top of all that, he's *French*!"

At the time, did you feel any affinity with what your German electronic contemporaries were doing?

I thought we had opposite visions of electronic music. Tangerine Dream and Kraftwerk had a very robotic, mechanical approach. I had a more impressionist vision – a Ravel/Debussy approach. I was obsessed with the idea that no two sounds on *Oxygène* should ever be exactly the same. I wanted a heartbeat feel, something human. I also wanted music that had its own European identity, without blues or African roots. When I first heard Kraftwerk, I thought they were an American band singing in German.

Really?

Yes, I thought it was very cool. But *Autobahn* made me think of an electronic Beach Boys. I didn't know any different because I was in my cellar in France and Tangerine Dream and Kraftwerk were in their cellars in Germany and neither of us knew much about the other.

Your third album, *Magnetic Fields*, was the first to use a Fairlight CMI sampler, and was released within months of Brian Eno And David Byrne's *My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts*,

A LIFE IN PICTURES

Jean Michel: a Jet Set scrapbook.

1 With composer father Maurice and Resistance heroine mother, Francette. They opened the doors to music.

2 With *amour* (later, wife) Charlotte Rampling in 1977. On hearing *Oxygène* she said, "It's going to be nothing or everything."

3 With muse Arthur C. Clarke: "He always said that it was logical for my music to go into space."

4 Jarre in China, 1981: "It was a culture shock on both sides."

5 Recording *Oxygène* in his kitchen studio, 1976: "We felt rebellious making music with these crazy machines."

6 Playing guitar, aged 19, in The Dustbins, in Etienne Périer's 1967 film, Des Garçons Et Des Filles. "It was our vision of punk before punk."

7 One of Jarre's iconic live shows, at Gdansk shipyard, 2005: "I wanted to bring this music to as many people as possible."

8 Receiving the Légion D'Honneur from Président Sarkozy, 2011.

9 Performing in Dresden, Germany, 2011. "I love the idea of hijacking a place for one night."

10 Stars (or rather, knobs) in his eyes, 1981. "I used to say to synth manufacturers, Why do you make such ugly stuff?"

Courtesy Jean Michel Jarre (4), Alamy (2), Getty Images, Corbis, Rex, Thanks to Jean-Baptiste Mardouin

in 1981. Was there some sampling one-upmanship going on?

I knew them both, but I wasn't aware of what they were preparing at that time. But when Eno and Robert Fripp said they'd discovered [the tape looping technique] Frippertronics [used on their 1973 album, *No Pussyfooting*], it had been created 20 years before by Pierre Schaeffer. Peter Gabriel and I had the first two Fairlights. For me, it wasn't a revolution, it was a relief. I'd been sitting here for years, thinking, I wish had a machine that does what that thing does (*points to the Fairlight*).

After *Oxygène* and 1978's *Equinoxe*, you'd become the first electronic music pop star. Was that always your ambition?

I wanted to bring this music to as many people as possible. But I had to think about how to present it in a live show. I'd always been interested in opera as an art form because of the way it gave the music a more visual appeal. I remember talking to Edgar [Froese] about this. I said, "Edgar, staying behind your synth for two hours on-stage was never the sexiest of things." Guitars and violins are sensual objects. Stradivarius used to keep a new violin in his bedroom for a month. Who wants to sleep with this hardware (*gestures around the studio*)? I used to say to synth manufacturers, "Why do you make such ugly stuff?" Which is why I performed with lasers, mirrors and lights.

Your 1979 Bastille Day concert in Paris drew an estimated one million onlookers and put you in the Guinness Book Of Records. How much of a turning point was that?

It was *the* turning point. After *Equinoxe* I wanted to stage something outdoors that used giant projections. But we'd planned it as an underground event and there'd hardly been any publicity. At sunset, my manager and I went on stage and saw what looked like a sea of black ink on the Champs-Élysées. We thought it was the reflection of the sun. We didn't realise it was actually people. It took me one year to recover from that show.

Why was that?

Because it was so surreal and crazy… I had so many technical problems but at the end of the concert a guy with a long beard, like Fidel Castro's, said to me, "Man, I never saw anything like that in my life before." Later, someone told me it was Mick Jagger. I hadn't recognised him. At that time, the Stones and most rock bands were on-stage with no real lights, going like this (*mimes playing guitar*). Suddenly I started to have an influence on how those bands presented themselves on-stage.

> "On my **eighth** birthday, Chet Baker played the trumpet to me. I can still feel the **air** on my **chest**."

You've said before that street performers you saw as a child made a big impression on you. Were your live shows an extension of that?

They were a major influence. As a kid I was fascinated by a circus that used to arrive in gypsy caravans and set up on the street outside my grandparents' apartment. There would be this wonderful performance, and then they'd disappear the next morning. There was something poetic and Fellini-like about it. I love the idea of hijacking a place for one night and inviting people to share an experience.

In October 1981, you took the idea further when you became the first Western musician to play in China. What were you hoping to achieve?

Chairman Mao had died [in 1976] and China wanted the West to believe they were opening the door, letting people listen to music other than the 10 pieces written by composers paid by the government to celebrate Mao's glory. The British ambassador gave the Chinese authorities copies of my first three albums. So suddenly the people were listening to music from another planet. It was like they'd gone to the moon. But China was confusing.

In what way?

We never worked out who actually invited us there. Perhaps they were scared of being put in jail. We were told we could only bring a small number of people, and there was also a BBC crew making a documentary about the trip. Because China is very respectful of family, we invented all these 'brothers' and 'cousins' that had to come with us, so we could get the crews in. It was fun, it was extraordinary and it was a culture shock on both sides. The Chinese have a special way of appreciating music. Instead of clapping, they pick up their neighbour and throw them in the air. I'd never seen that before.

Was having your music performed on the Space Shuttle the obvious next step?

My friend Arthur C. Clarke always said that it was logical for my music to go into space. I'd agreed to perform a concert in Houston, which was then linked to the 25th anniversary of ➢

Jean Michel Jarre in his studio near Paris, August 19, 2015: "Musicians are quite isolated. We think we're not because of the internet, but we are."

"The **'80s** was an era of **excess** when we thought we could do **anything** and **everything**. But there was a **dark side**."

the NASA Space Centre. Ronald McNair, one of the astronauts on the Challenger mission, played sax, so I wrote a piece for him using his heartbeat as the rhythm. We planned to film him playing in space, which we'd show during the concert. He was in training at NASA for weeks before the shuttle launch, and the only way we could speak was for me to ring the public phone in a corridor at the space centre at two o'clock in the afternoon, when he'd be walking past. We rehearsed like that. But then the Challenger exploded [seconds after launch on January 28, 1986]. We were all in tears, hysterical, and I wanted to cancel the concert.

What changed your mind?

The astronaut Bruce McCandless called and said I should do the show as a tribute to those guys. So we went ahead and it had the biggest audience for a concert in America, something like 1.3 million. But I think people thought I was obsessed with playing to big crowds, and that was not my goal at all.

Two years later, the Destination Docklands concerts in London's East End in September 1988 again saw you playing to over a million people. Was there a point when it all became too big?

Yes. The '80s was an era of excess when we thought we could do anything and everything – 40 trucks on the road, and travelling with 300 people but you don't know their names. There's a positive side to all that success but a dark side in your personal life, because your relationships become twisted.

When did you have this realisation?

In the early '90s. Success attracts sharks and even though you're convinced it won't happen to you, it does. You discover you've signed bad deals and made wrong moves. I had to change, but it's like trying to turn the wheel on a huge ship, it takes time.

You made a bold statement with 1983's *Music For Supermarkets*: pressing just one copy and then publicly burning the masters. What message were you sending?

I was sad about the beginning of the CD era and seeing music sold in supermarkets. So I recorded an album and auctioned the one copy. The album was played once on the radio where it could be pirated and then the lacquers were burned in public. The heads of almost every major record label insulted me, sending messages saying I was destroying the industry. But I wanted to send a signal about what was going on.

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Were you ever a fan of the CD?

No. We were sold the idea that it was some Holy Grail of sound quality. Early on, I realised it was a total fake, total crookery.

You went back to making music with analogue equipment in the 1990s. Was that a reaction to an over-reliance on digital technology?

It probably was. After [1990's] *Waiting For Cousteau*, I thought it would be great to go on stage and do the reverse of what we'd done before – and play entirely live. That's what we did with [1997's] *Oxygène 7-13*. We toured without computers, like a jazz or classical group. (*Laughing*) It was a nightmare.

Dance was a huge development in electronic music in the late '80s. Did you feel a kinship?

I felt very close to it. I love house and techno. Some styles I love much less. What we were doing in the late '70s was rave before rave – bringing people together to share a common experience. At one stage I was involved with organising raves here in France. I loved the mystery of driving someplace in the countryside and not knowing where you were. I'm sad that in these days of the internet that's gone.

Tom Sheehan

Can you see a link between you alone on stage surrounded by lasers and today's superstar DJs 'playing' to huge crowds?

Yes. It's one of the reasons [Dutch trance DJ/producer] Armin Van Buuren is on this album. He told me from day one that he was massively influenced by my music and my shows. I can see it. These DJs are the rock stars now and they're using the same techniques we did. That's the natural way of things. If someone has a new idea, you steal it, and on my next tour I'll do the same and steal from *them* (*laughs*).

You recorded *Electronica* by physically meeting and working with your collaborators. Were you consciously bucking the trend?

Yes. Musicians are quite isolated. We think we're not because we're connected through the internet, but we are. Usually with a project like this, you'll send the file through space to someone on the other side of the world, without ever meeting them. This was the reverse of that. I travelled the world to see all of these different people and to explain my concept.

Did you have some idea of how you wanted these collaborations to sound?

I prepared some demos with music I liked but also my fantasy idea of what I wanted from them. I composed music with these people in mind. In some cases what you think is Tangerine Dream or Moby is Jean Michel Jarre, and the reverse. The Tangerine Dream track especially is a real enigma.

The most surprising collaborator is Pete Townshend. What made you approach him?

From the beginning Pete was high on my list. He was the man who introduced sequencers to rock music with Baba O'Riley in the days [1970] when nobody else was doing this. But Pete was also the inventor of the rock opera, and has always had this overwhelming vision. He still has this fresh, untouched rebel punk attitude and pure British humour. We spent an afternoon in his kitchen in Richmond, and just clicked. We decided to do a three-part mini-electro rock opera. Travelator Part Two is on this album. The next part will be on the next *Electronica* album and the third part will appear when the whole electro-opera is released as a package before Christmas.

With several younger musicians on *Electronica*, including Air, it's tempting to think of you as a mentor to the next generation of electronic musicians.

I've always said there's a lot of *Oxygène* in Air. But it's mutual. We both share this impressionistic vision of electronic music. The track we did together [Close Your Eyes] revisited all the equipment from the 1950s to the modern day – an old synth, the first beat I made with a tape loop, a Moog Modulator, Fairlight, a plug-in… The last sound you hear on the track is an iPad.

What's next?

I'll be touring this project and hopefully playing outdoor festivals. Glastonbury and Coachella would be great. I'm looking at new visual themes and thinking, "How can we be relevant at festivals in 2016?"

As someone who was unsettled by the CD in 1983, how optimistic are you in the era of free music?

Since 2013 I've been president of CISAC [Confédération Internationale des Sociétés d'Auteurs Et Compositeurs], representing authors' and composers' rights. I think everyone in the music industry should stop whining and stop considering the giants of the internet as the enemy.

But can you understand why musicians might feel threatened?

Of course. But we are the virtual shareholders of these giant companies. When you see Taylor Swift make Apple change their policy, it's proof that we can find solutions – and we will. We need to recognise that artists aren't a luxury; they're one of the fundamental elements of our society.

The future's bright(ish) then?

We should approach this the way we approached ecology 30 or 40 years ago. Back then we said we should look after the planet and take care of the environment, and politicians dismissed us as crazy. Now it's become something everybody is concerned about. Eventually everyone will realise intellectual property is part of our basic human rights. Musicians and creators existed before electricity, and they will still exist long after the internet.

ELECTRICDREAMS

Jean Michel Jarre's three key albums. By **Phil Alexander**.

THE LANDMARK!

Jean Michel Jarre
Oxygène
(DISQUES DREYFUS, 1976)
★★★★★

Recorded in his apartment in Rue De La Trémoille on an 8-track Scully recorder in the summer of '76, Jarre's debut was his conscious attempt to unite the worlds of avant-garde, electronic, classical and progressive music. A suite in six parts, its dynamic, warm sound is intoxicating, the composer's pop sensibilities evident on Oxygène Part IV – an unlikely UK Top 5 hit from what remains an elegant cornerstone of electronic music.

THE FOLLOW-UP!

Jean Michel Jarre
Equinoxe
(DISQUES DREYFUS, 1978)
★★★★

Catapulted from relative obscurity to global superstardom following the huge success of *Oxygène*, Jarre regrouped and expanded his sound on his second album, introducing sequencers. Influenced by abstract art as well as the classical works of Debussy and Ravel along with film composer Nino Rota, Jarre attempted to trace the human experience from morning to night across eight tracks on an album that is sensual and, in places, deeply melancholic.

THE POP DETOUR!

Jean Michel Jarre
Zoolook
(DISQUES DREYFUS, 1984)
★★★★

Ever in search of new sounds, Jarre embraced sampling and recruited the likes of Adrian Belew (guitar), Marcus Miller (bass) and Laurie Anderson (vocals) to create this richly textured fourth album. Cutting up snippets of 25 languages, Jarre's rumination on internationalism also boasts a deliberate melodic focus that acknowledged the influence of synth pop, while pointing the way forward to greater experimentation – both in his own work and that of others.

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LOOK

GEORGIE

SHARP!

After a teen-pop apprenticeship with **LARRY PARNES**, and gigs backing **BILLY FURY**, **GENE VINCENT** and **EDDIE COCHRAN**, **GEORGIE FAME** became the Hammond-hip gatekeeper of '60s R&B cool, until light entertainment cramped his style. **LOIS WILSON** discovers how **VAN MORRISON**, live music and life away from the spotlight made everything right again.

Rex Features

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T'S DECEMBER 1962, THREE SHARP-DRESSED GIs ARE HEFTING A HAMMOND organ down the icy steps of the Flamingo, a tiny jazz club on Wardour Street in London. The instrument's owner and club's resident bandleader, Georgie Fame, a 19-year-old blues and jazz fan who has already backed Gene Vincent as a member of the Larry Parnes stable, is inside, tuning in to the hep sounds of Jimmy Smith, Richard 'Groove' Holmes and Booker T emanating from a Dansette turntable by the side of the stage. Crammed in with Fame are US airmen, gangsters, pimps, society club showgirls and the cream of the West Indian music scene: Prince Buster, the Jamaican ska singer and producer, Rico Rodriguez, the Rastafarian trombonist, and Count Suckle, the soundsystem operator, are all regulars.

Once the Hammond is on-stage, Fame takes his seat behind it and launches into a blistering version of James Brown's Night Train. The crowd erupts.

"I learned a hell of a lot in those early years at the Flamingo," says Fame, who recorded his 1964 debut album *Rhythm And Blues At The Flamingo* there. "There were only a handful of white people there in the beginning, hip people like the great record producer Denny Cordell and Ronan O'Rahilly, who'd go on to found Radio Caroline. The first time I went, they had three or four rows of seats in front of the bandstand and I sat down and I was wondering what the hell was going on behind me, but when I started working down there, these guys became my friends. They were coming in from different bases asking me if I'd heard this or heard that and giving me albums they'd got from home to listen to; they'd give me clothes too. I absorbed as much as I could from them. It felt like I was playing a club in a ghetto in America."

Back then, Fame was the epitome of cool, the Mod archetype, both musically and stylistically. He was playing hip jazz and R&B for dancers dressed in Ivy League uniform: US button-down shirt, Bermuda jacket, fitted shoes from Austin's. At 72, he's little changed, still living to play jazz and R&B at the weekend. Just back from performing in Croatia – "had a great time" – he's still immaculately turned out in jeans, loafers and cream shirt, with short, neat grey hair. He's still handsome too. His memory is razor sharp, although he claims Van Morrison's is better. Like Morrison, he has a reputation for being a difficult interviewee, but during the next hour-and-a-bit of conversation, he's genial, charming, utterly beguiling, as he casts himself in the role of educator and historian with an acute attention to detail and a disarming humility.

"There was a bit of trouble [at the Flamingo]," continues Fame. "Someone got stabbed and it became off-limits for the GIs. The word went around, the GIs had gone, so it was OK to go now. Overnight everything changed. It became Mod central. I stayed on playing there, but I missed those GIs."

EVERYTHING FIRST CHANGED FOR Georgie Fame, born Clive Powell in Leigh, Lancashire in 1943, when he heard Johnny Parker's boogie woogie piano on Humphrey Lyttelton's Bad Penny Blues in 1956. But he supposes 'it' really began in his parents' front room, where the house piano was, when he was 10 and his sister and her boyfriend were canoodling on the sofa. "I was disturbing them so the boyfriend taught me a boogie woogie. Then when I heard Johnny Parker some years later, it made perfect sense."

He discovered rock'n'roll soon after. Buddy Holly was his first 45 purchase, "bought with my mother in a household goods store"; Fats Domino his first LP. "I remember having flu and laying in bed for three days playing Fats' album over and over again on a little Dansette record player I had borrowed. I gravitated to the pure New Orleans sound, I was fascinated by the sax, not just the solos but the rhythms, how they were playing on sax what Fats was playing on the piano."

He doesn't know if his first band, The Dominoes led by Ronnie Carr, were named after Fats, but "they needed a piano player and asked me. We played rock'n'roll and when I left secondary school at 15 the options were coal mine or cotton factory. I chose the cotton factory, but I was getting more fun at the weekend playing with The Dominoes. There was no money but the sheer excitement of being involved in a band drew me in."

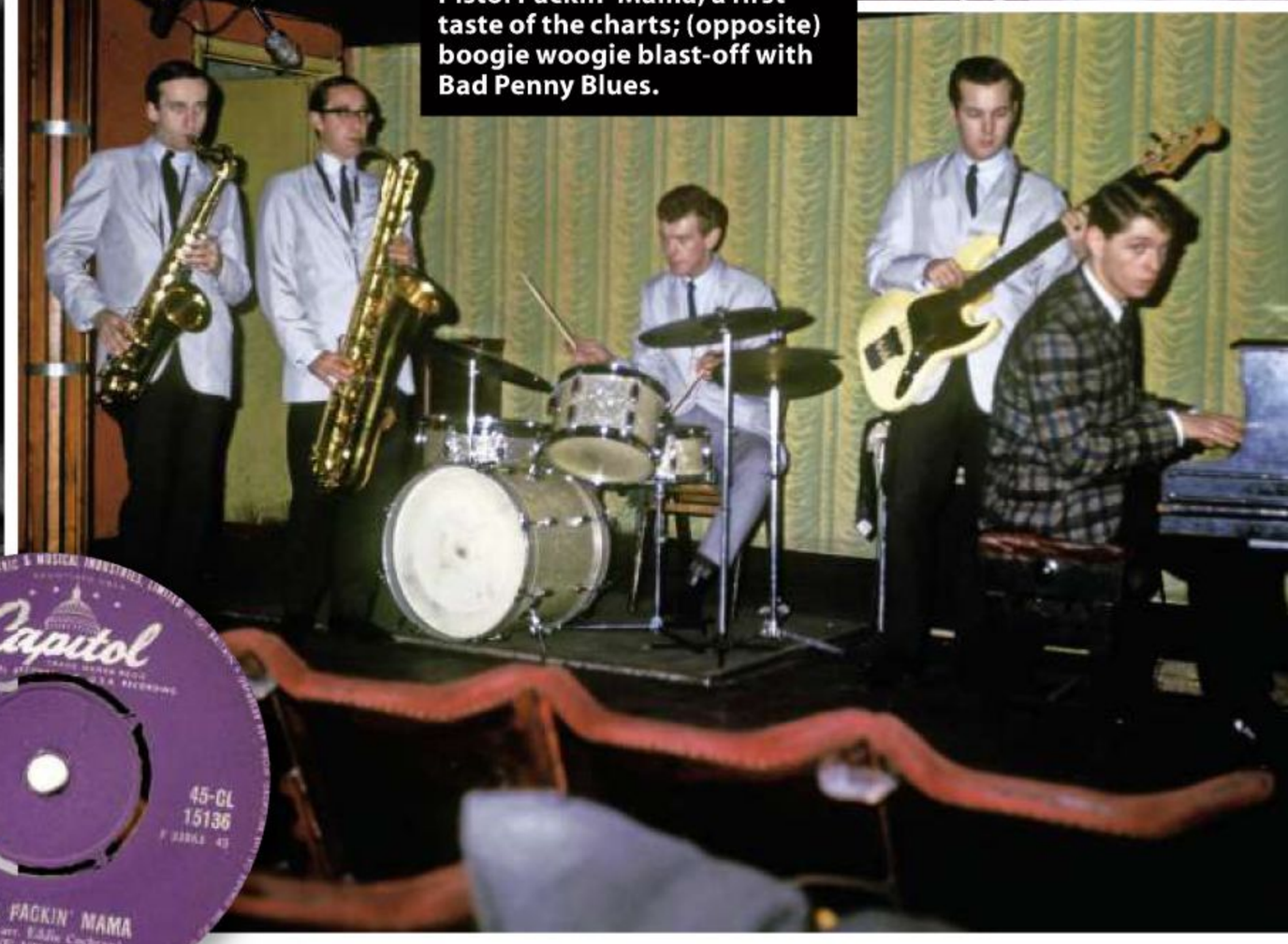
> "PARNES WAS A COLD FISH, RUTHLESS, INTIMIDATING. I WAS 16, HE HAD THE MONOPOLY ON THE SCENE. HE TRIED TO SEDUCE ME."

At 16 he moved to London, playing to dockers at the Essex Arms in Canning Town after Rory Blackwell, the singer and drummer in early rock'n'rollers The Blackjacks, discovered him performing in a talent contest at Butlin's and found him a job. "I was star struck and I had to take three buses to get to the pub. In the end the landlord said, 'You're only 16, why don't you stay here? You'll be much safer.' My parents were like, 'Why'd you want to go gallivanting to London? What about a proper job?'"

Blackwell also led Fame to his pal, the composer Lionel Bart, who in turn took him to pop impresario Larry Parnes. In 1959, Parnes was reaping rich rewards from his stable of teen idols with exotic stage names – Billy Fury, Vince Eager, Dickie Pride, Lance Fortune, Johnny Gentle. After a live audition at Lewisham's Gaumont Palace where Marty Wilde was headlining a package tour, Fame landed the job, first as in-house piano player, then as a singer in his own right.

"When I got one song at the beginning of the show," says Fame, "I had to have one of his awful names. He said, 'If you don't use my name, I won't use you in my show.'"

Fame describes Parnes as "a cold fish, ruthless, intimidating. I was 16, he had the monopoly on the scene, it was like, Anything you say, boss. He actually tried to seduce me, and he



Lighting the Flame: (clockwise from main) Fame at the Hammond; with agent Rik Gunnell; the agency's roster of Flamingo regulars; first manager Larry Parnes (left) with Billy Fury; Fame and Flames at the Flamingo, February 1964; Pistol Packin' Mama, a first taste of the charts; (opposite) boogie woogie blast-off with Bad Penny Blues.

probably tried to seduce all the other singers too. Homosexuality was illegal then and I was terrified, so I never said anything about it. I whacked him across the wrist and got the hell out of there."

Between 1960 and '61, Fame, as part of Billy Fury's backing band the Blue Flames, performed around the country with Gene Vincent and Eddie Cochran on their UK dates. "It was riotous, at Caird Hall in Dundee, [guitarist] Jim Sullivan was throwing audience members off the stage two at a time, in Glasgow they pulled the curtain down after 16 bars of Rocky Road Blues. Everyone was going wild." He made his recording debut in Abbey Road on Vincent's Pistol Packin' Mama 45 as one of The Beat Boys. "I was just 17, it was amazing, I was on a hit single."

By the time he scored another hit single with his own Yeh, Yeh in '65, everything had changed again. A falling out with Fury's roadie had led to the Blue Flames' dismissal from the Parnes operation and a residency at the Flamingo with Fame as leader of the Blue Flames beckoned.

"I went from backing Gene Vincent to no work and sleeping on the floor of my friend Mike O'Neill's apartment in Old Compton Street. He was in Nero And The Gladiators and took me to see [Flamingo owner, soon to be Fame's manager] Rik Gunnell at the Flamingo, we did an audition on the Sunday afternoon and stayed there for three years." They were exciting times. Fame, at Soho's creative hub, was "living and learning" while playing opposite the Johnny Burch Quartet, who featured Ginger Baker on drums, Jack Bruce on string bass and Dick Heckstall-Smith on sax. Speedy Acquaye brought his congas down one night and sat in. "We gave him the gig after that." Then, in November 1962, after those Jimmy Smith, Groove Holmes and Booker T recordings, Fame became ➢

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Fame and friends: Georgie on-stage in '68; (right) with Van Morrison and Marianne Faithfull, 1995; (far right) recording with Alan Price, early '70s; (bottom, from left) Thelonious Monk and Ray Charles brought on the tears, Count Basie brought his band.

the second British musician to own a Hammond organ. "Graham Bond, he was a saxophonist but realised the popularity of the organ and bought one a couple of days before me and formed his trio. Then within a few months of me playing one at the Flamingo, every band wanted one."

In early '63 he contributed Hammond to Prince Buster's *I Feel The Spirit* on Blue Beat, widely acknowledged as the first ska album issued outside of Jamaica. "That was fantastic. We recorded the tracks in Olympic Studios, Rico was there." Then in 1964 came that debut album, *Rhythm And Blues At The Flamingo*. Produced by Ian Samwell with engineer Glyn Johns, its snappy jazz, Motown and R&B covers capture the illicit thrill of the 'at the club' experience.

Fame At Last, the same year's follow-up, was an extension of the first LP but recorded in the studio and took him into the Top 20 Albums. His singles did even better. 1964's smart cover of Jon Hendricks' jazz song Yeh, Yeh, and 1966's Get Away, penned by Fame for a National petrol TV ad, both got to Number 1.

"My manager Rik Gunnell had a successful office in Gerrard Street, all the bands were working out of it – The Animals, Chris Farlowe, John Mayall, Zoot Money – and suddenly I found myself the kingpin of the office because I'd had a Number 1 record. Suddenly I had another office on Old Compton Street just for the fan club and then I had a press officer and suddenly I had this and that and all these people come into your life and they want you to do this and that… and you get dragged away from the original concept by the industry. I tried not to let it go to my head. I tried to be cool, stay out of the spotlight."

This first wave of success, however, proved 'staying cool' and being in the spotlight were not mutually exclusive, when poor ticket sales for the 1965 Tamla Motown Revue resulted in Fame being added to the bill in a bid to widen the tour's appeal.

"That was an unbelievable privilege. It was a homely scene. One afternoon on stage before anyone had set up, Jack Ashford was playing a nice little ballad on his vibraphone. I said, What's that Jack? He said, 'Oh just a little tune I've written, it's called It's For Love The Petals Fall.' I said, That's beautiful, can I do it?" Ashford said yes and Fame's big band version is included on his 1966 *Sound Venture* album.

Fame also bonded with Little Stevie Wonder, who visited the studio while Fame was recording his third album, *Sweet Things*. "We did one of his instrumentals he wrote while on the tour, but we didn't put it on the album and the tape's sadly been lost," he rues.

Produced by Denny Cordell, the less jazz, more Detroit soul of 1966's *Sweet Things* provided Fame's biggest album hit when, peaking at Number 6, it remained on the chart for 22 weeks.

Despite that success, its follow-up, the aforesaid *Sound Venture*, Fame's collaboration with the Harry South Big Band and the best of British jazz – Tubby Hayes, Ronnie Scott, Dick Morrissey, Stan Tracey – was self-financed, Fame using royalties from Yeh, Yeh and Get Away. "My management weren't happy. They saw everything in strict commercial terms and *Sound Venture* was a revolutionary album for someone like me. It was totally non-commercial." Ironically, *Sound Venture* made the UK Top 10, but more importantly for Fame it led to an appearance at the Royal Albert Hall with Count Basie. When he took the stage on May 25, 1967, he addressed the sold-out crowd: "Welcome to my dreams."

"Count Basie was coming to the UK with Tony Bennett," he says. "We sent him a copy of *Sound Venture* and his management liked the idea, especially as I was flavour of the month, so we did a one-off at the Royal Albert Hall. It was amazing. I went to New York to rehearse, all the musicians were fantastic. I learned so much in three weeks with them, more than I would for two years with any other band."

"I WORE SILLY TROUSERS AND TIE-DYE STUFF, LET MY HAIR GROW. I DID MIND EXPANSION SONGS, BUT I WAS NEVER COMFORTABLE WITH IT."

Getty Images, Alamy (3), Rex

BUT TIMES WERE CHANGING and 1967 yielded Fame's last Top 10 hit with his third Number 1. The Ballad Of Bonnie And Clyde, written to tie in with the Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway movie, mixed ragtime with machine gun fire and skidding car sound effects. A musical anomaly in Fame's catalogue, it's his only US hit. The same year's *Two Faces Of Fame*, a straight jazz album, side one recorded live at the Royal Festival Hall in March '67, side two in CBS's studios, was a last hit album. He saw out the decade with a brief dalliance with psychedelia. "Because the industry dictated you had to do it if you wanted to stay alive. I wore those silly trousers and the tie-dye stuff for a while, I let my hair grow practically to my shoulders but no longer than that. I did a few semi mind expansion songs, but I was never comfortable with it. Then, with the '70s, the music scene changed, the management scene changed, the legal structure, the record industry, you were put under pressure to write your own tunes, that '60s R&B scene was seen as old hat. The '70s were a real downtime for me."

The decade had begun well when a March 1969 skit on the Lulu TV show with former Animals keyboardist Alan Price – the pair playing Back In The USSR on a shared piano, wearing black tails, and ending in a play fight – provided the catalyst for a Saturday night TV series, The Price Of Fame.

Fame and Price first met in 1963 at the Scene club where The Animals were playing their first London show. Fame snuck out on a break from the Flamingo to catch it. "Alan was sat at his Vox Continental, they were doing Big Boss Man. We got talking, we had a lot of common ground; we were working class, from the north, both loved Ray Charles, we started living out of each other's pockets, hanging out all the time, we spent several years not getting out of bed before lunch."

With the success of the TV series, Price and Fame were constricted by the light entertainer tag. Guest spots on The Two Ronnies in 1972 and the Morecambe And Wise Show in '73, "were fun, fantastically successful but we were a quick musical insert between the jokes and it all had to be fairly light." The partnership did yield Fame's last hit 45 with the truly awful Mike Snow-scribed Rosetta in 1971. "But there was no artistic satisfaction for either of us," Fame says dismissively. "We never got the chance to develop artistically and musically because of the commerciality of the project."

What did you want to do? asks MOJO.

He laughs. "Play I Got A Woman by Ray Charles all night long."

Fame spent the rest of the '70s and '80s, "getting on with the emotion of performing and sharing the emotion of a live performance with an audience." 1981's *In Hoagland*, dedicated to the songs of Hoagy Carmichael and featuring jazz singer Annie Ross, and *A Portrait Of Chet*, his 1989 tribute to Chet Baker, captured the artist as a fan in heartfelt, affectionate mood. 1989 also saw him join Van Morrison's band. As with Price, the pair immediately connected.

"He's one of the great music historians. When we'd come off stage while on the road, we'd sit up all night discussing the history of music, where we came from, where it came from, how we got into it. He can rattle off the names of people who play on records… I'd say, Who played piano on that record from 1952?, and he'd tell you immediately. When you come off stage fired up, you need to hang out for a while, either quietly or with friends. You don't want to go to the club where all the roadies are, you want to be in a quiet room where you can talk, laugh, joke. It was the same with Alan and me."

Unlike his previous collaboration with Price, this one was both commercially and creatively edifying, resulting in two Jazz Chart Number 1 albums for Verve. 1995's *How Long Has This Been Going On*, taped live at Ronnie Scott's and co-arranged by Pee Wee Ellis, places the pair in a jazz setting on a series of standards and a bop reworking of Moondance. 1996's *Tell Me Something: The Songs Of Mose Allison*, meanwhile, comprises effusive reinterpretations of Allison's songbook with Allison's then-producer Ben Sidran. Allison also provides vocals and piano on two of the tracks, I Don't Want Much and Perfect Moment.

"The first recording I did with Van, I went into the studio, the backing track was there, I put some headphones on and I said, OK, run this thing down. They ran it down and I started to feel my way through it and three minutes later at the end of the track I said, Put the light on, we'll take it, and the engineer said, 'We just did.' Van's one of the few musicians who has reduced me to tears emotionally on the bandstand. I was playing Hammond in Milan with him and he was singing his heart out and his ass off and I just couldn't believe it and there were tears running down my cheeks. The only other times I've cried like that was when I saw Ray Charles at Hammersmith Odeon in 1962 and when I saw Thelonious Monk."

Fame left Morrison's band in '97, took up with Bill Wyman's Rhythm Kings – "another great music historian, like with Alan and Van, I never got bored of talking music with him" – and focused on Three Line Whip, his trio with his sons Tristan Powell (guitar) and James Powell (drums).

In November, James will accompany him with the Guy Barker Big Band at Ronnie Scott's. "That might bring tears to my eyes," he says. "I took him to a Buddy Rich concert when he was 10 and he started practising."

Fame is "still learning", he says, and still trying to stay out of the spotlight. "I don't try and flash myself and say this is the great me, I just say, This is the way I like it, this is the way it's going to be."

Of the future, he says: "I'd like to end up in a quiet restaurant or a bar on my own, singing to a handful of people. That would capture the essence of this whole thing." Ⓜ

Georgie Fame's The Whole World's Shaking, 5 CDs including his first four albums with numerous rarities and outtakes, is released on October 9. Fame is on tour in the UK from October 17.

Fame game

Three of his best. By **Geoff Brown**.

Georgie Fame
Rhythm And Blues At The Flamingo

(Columbia, 1964)

TIRED of hearing "you shoulda been there" about the '60s? This great live set from a heavin' Wardour Street cellar takes you right there. Who knew young Brit R&B players could swing like this? R&B (Night Train, Let The Good Times Roll), soul (Do The Dog, Money), jazz (Work Song, Parchman Farm), blue beat (Humpty Dumpty), even samba (Eso Beso). Bluesy, brilliant.

Georgie Fame
Sound Venture

(Columbia, 1966)

RECORDED with the cream of UK jazz players in the Harry South Big Band, here is Fame at his expansive, risk-taking best: a beautifully paced Funny How Time Slips Away and Lil' Darlin'; frantic Lil' Pony; Lovey Dovey's swing; the jazzers get funky, too, on closer Papa's Got A Brand New Bag. Another five-star show.

Van Morrison With Georgie Fame
How Long Has This Been Going On

(Verve, 1995)

FRONTED by an in-form Van Morrison, this is nonetheless an excellent outing of post-Flame Fame too, his able arrangements for Cannonball Adderley's Sack O'Woe, Mose Allison's Don't Worry About A Thing, the title tracks and Annie Ross featuring Centrepiece all strong. Pee Wee Ellis, Guy Barker front solid horns/brass section.

www.vanhalen.net

SONS OF THE

Revved up and ready: Songhoy Blues outside the Bamako club that bears their name (from left) Nathanaël Dembélé, Oumar Touré, Aliou Touré, Garba Touré, Bamako, Mali, August 27, 2015.

DESERT

Refugees from their country's Islamist upheavals, SONGHOY BLUES are the latest heirs of Mali's extraordinary music culture, their blistering brand of Saharan R&B speaking to a new generation, worldwide. MOJO braves a biblical Bamako to discover four young men in a hurry. "Everything is an inspiration," they assure DAVID HUTCHEON.

Portrait by ANDREW COTTERILL

WorldMags.net

IN 2012-13, TENS OF THOUSANDS FLED NORTHERN MALI AFTER ISLAMISTS seized power. The tribes who co-exist in this great patchwork country abandoned their homes and any possessions they couldn't carry to make desperate journeys to safety – west to Mauritania, north to Algeria, south to Niger, and south-west to their capital: Bamako. Mandé, Tuaregs, Peul, Soninke, Songhai… all came looking for sanctuary and found the city in its own state of chaos and upheaval. Farmers, fishermen, camel drivers, soldiers, home-makers… oh, and a damn fine rock'n'roll band.

"We sing about the problems of the country," says Aliou Touré, singer with Songhoy Blues. "When the crisis hit Mali, it was chaos. People fighting, people leaving their homes. We wrote the song Petit Metier to tell people they had to keep going with their lives; you have jobs, you have to do them. War can't stop the river flowing."

Imagine Mali as an egg-timer lying at 45 degrees in the heart of West Africa; in 2012, Tuareg rebels demanding autonomy in the desert took control of the top half; discontent with the government's response led to a coup in the south; back in the Sahara, however, the Tuaregs had lost control of their rebellion to jihadists who imposed severe laws, including – a headline-grabber but by no means the ugliest of their commandments – the banning of music, with harsh penalties for those who ignored the law; the new government in Bamako called in the French army and the war swung in favour of the south. These are the conditions that fed one of the defining albums of 2015, Songhoy Blues' *Music In Exile*.

Two days previously, Songhoy Blues – Aliou plus the unrelated Garba Touré (lead guitar) and Oumar Touré (bass), and Nathanaël Dembélé (drums) – had returned from Britain, where they went down a literal storm as a deluge hit the Green Man festival. Ask Garba how long he has been in Europe and his answer is an all-too precise: "Three months, two weeks." There is a definite air of fatigue about the band right now – especially compared with a previous rendezvous 12 months before, when they were in London excitedly making a video for the track Al Hassidi Terei. But life on the road doesn't just define the band in 2015; it is the essence of both their existence and their survival.

"WHEN THE CRISIS HIT MALI, IT WAS CHAOS. PEOPLE FIGHTING, PEOPLE LEAVING THEIR HOMES. BUT WAR CAN'T STOP THE RIVER FLOWING." ALIOU TOURÉ

"CHAPEAU?" THE YOUNG MAN, tall, thin and wearing six felt trilbies piled high on his head, weaves through the traffic jam then leans towards the car window, a welcoming smile on his face. The rain is beginning to get nasty, however, and while the sombrero he carries among the collection on his right arm might do a job right now, in a few minutes even an umbrella won't be much protection. We decline, and he turns away, looking for more potential customers; his place is instantly taken by another beaming hawker, this one trying to force a Scrabble box through the window. This is Mali's capital in August 2015. Nobody could ever confuse it with, say, neat, orderly Switzerland, but in the past three years Bamako has become busier, more in-your-face and even more eager to separate a pale-faced, freshly arrived *toubab* from his money.

Six years ago, Aliou and Oumar met at a friend's house in the eastern city of Gao, "the Gateway to the Sahara"; the latter would soon meet Garba, the son of a former member of (the also unrelated) Ali Farka Touré's band, at a festival near Timbuktu. In 2012, Garba fled the Islamists on one of the buses that carried thousands south.

"Everybody there at that time was in danger. Real danger," he explains. "Everybody wanted to come south, but not all could afford to. We were lucky, but our families did not have enough money to come with us and are still there."

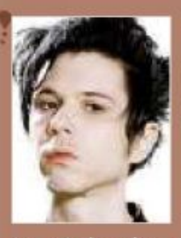
Music had been proscribed but the guitarist had no intention of having his instrument turned into firewood. At one point, a checkpoint operated by jihadis stopped the bus, but Garba had stuffed his guitar under his seat and it wasn't noticed in the tense search that followed.

Shortly after, the three refugee Tourés played together for the first time. "Aliou had family in Bamako and they were setting up a wedding," explains Garba, "and because they knew he was a musician they asked him to play. He called me and asked if I wanted to play with him; Oumar was already there with some other people. And so we did that, no rehearsals, and that was the first time we got together."

There wasn't much else going on – they are all graduates but, like countless other displaced young men, were relying on the hospitality of relations and doing anything they could to get by – so they decided to throw in their lot together. When their first drummer decided to go home to Timbuktu they recruited Dembélé. A southerner who had been studying at the conservatoire, the drummer cites Salif Keita as his favourite ➤

"THEY ARE AMAZING MUSICIANS"

Why SONGHOY BLUES have the X Factor, by their producer, YEAH YEAH YEAHS' NICK ZINNER.



"MEETING SONGHOY Blues at the Africa Express expedition to Bamako was a bit like an American Idol thing: all these different artists performed a song for our group and we got to pick who we would like to work with. We did one track with me acting as a producer, which was a disaster; then I heard them playing Soubour. I joined in and it fell into place in 10 minutes.

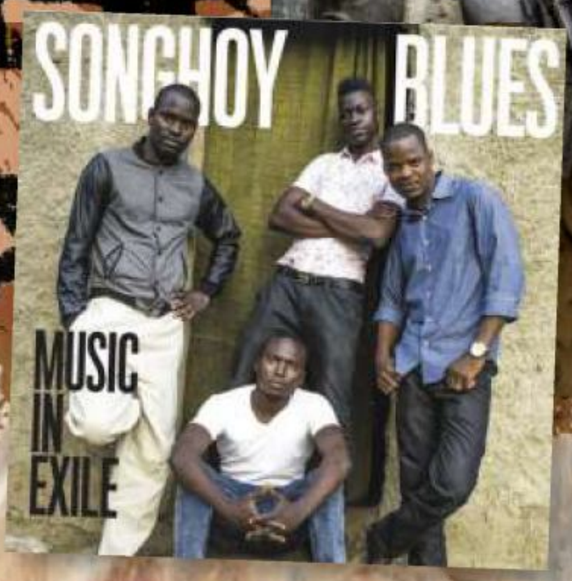
I'm the last person who would teach them anything about playing or music. My job was teaching them what to do in a studio setting, as it was their first time. I think I was helpful in structuring songs, condensing sections or taking bits out. I wanted to know what each song was about, what it meant to them and how to get that feeling and essence across.

They are amazing musicians but they are also incredibly genuine. It is rare to see that after so much touring, no sleep and that crazy life. They still believe passionately about their homeland and their families. Once you start touring the world it can fuck with your head. I have seen it so many times but not with them."

As told to David Hutcheon

Songhoy sung here: "My job was to teach them what to do in a studio setting," says Nick Zinner.

Andrew Cotterill (7), AP/PA



Land of their fathers: Songhoy and Mali, "We challenge the youth"; (insets below, from left) Boubacar Traoré, Ali Farka Touré, Tinariwen.

MUSIC MAP

NIAFUNKÉ
Ali Farka Touré was mayor here. Hometown of Mali Music star Afel Bocoum.

KAYES
The western-most city is home to the Malian Elvis - Boubacar Traoré.

SEGOU
Ngoni master Bassekou Kouyate is from here.

WASSOULOU
Grammy-winning singer Oumu Sangara from here.

KITA
Hometown of Kandia Kouyaté, queen of the female griots.

THE DANGER ZONE
Riven with Islamist and Tuareg fighting.

TIMBUKTU
Former trade nexus. Home to Khaira Arby - the female Ali Farka Touré.

TESSALIT
Desert rockers Tinariwen from here.

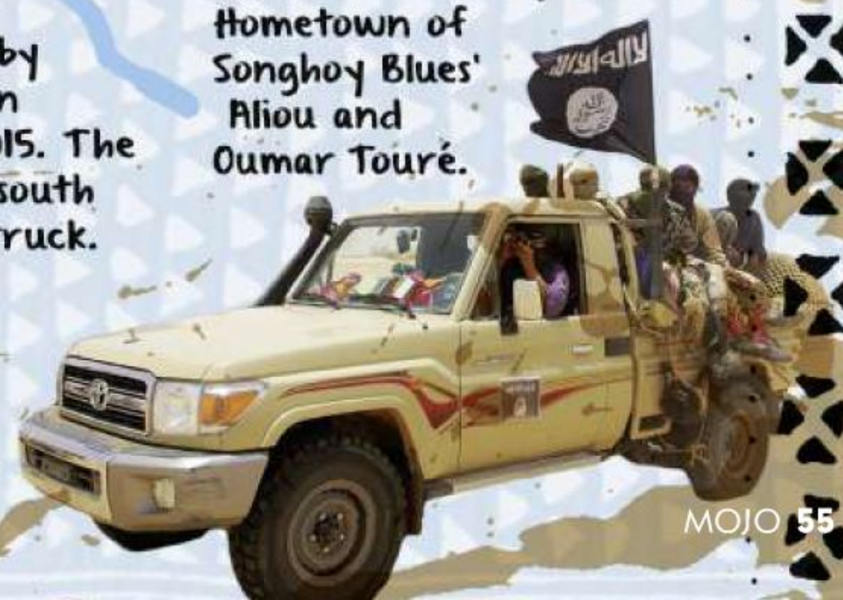
KIDAL
Once home to Tamikrest. Now disputed by Islamists and Tuareg separatists.

GAO
Hometown of Songhoy Blues' Aliou and Oumar Touré.

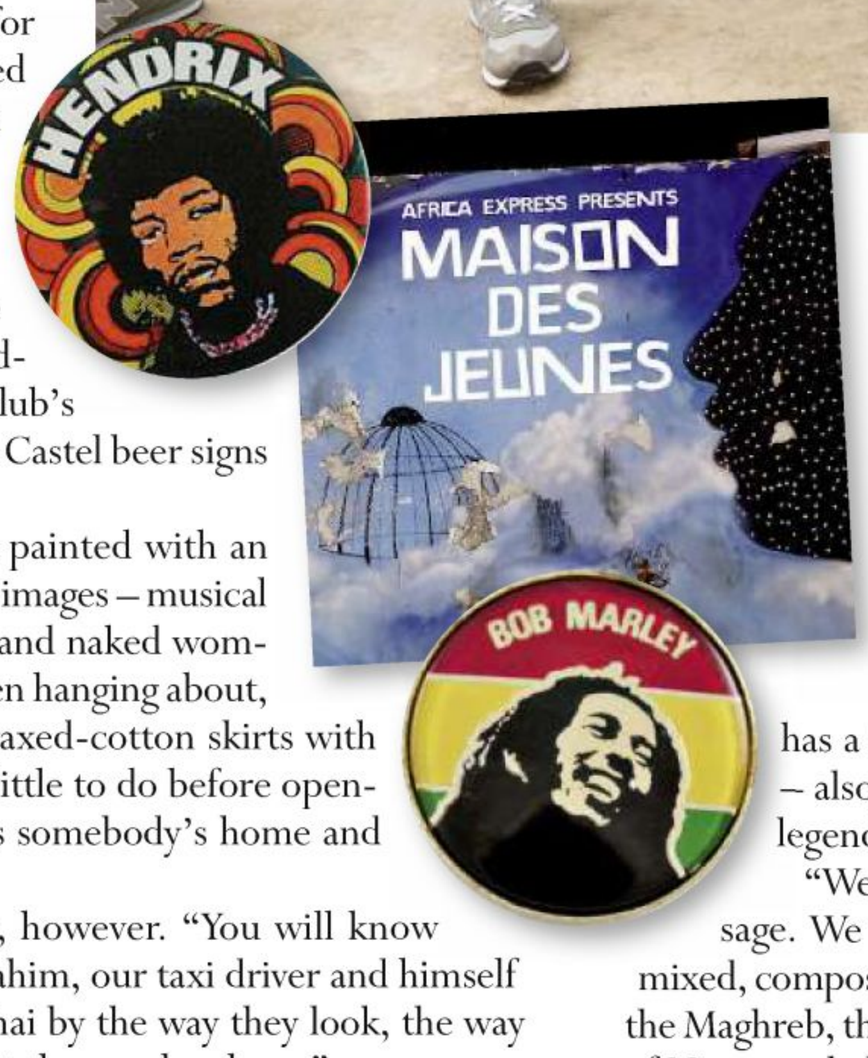
SEVARE
Attacked by Islamists in August 2015. The furthest south they've struck.

BAMAKO
Home to Amadou & Mariam, Salif Keita, Toumani Diabaté, and now Songhoy Blues.

Niger River



Return of the exiles: back in Bamako, Garba, Aliou, Oumar, Nathanaël, "You can tell a Songhai by the way they look," a cabbie declares.



➤ Malian artist, rather than one of the desert blues players (Habib Koité, Ali Farka Touré, Baba Salah) the others name.

MOJO IS SCHEDULED TO meet the quartet in the grounds of the Arizona, a nightclub on the south side of the River Niger, in a part of Bamako far from the overcrowded city centre and predominantly inhabited by Songhai (the most common spelling of the word – interchangeable with Songhoy or Sonrai). The outside walls are painted pink and the building is no more than 12-feet wide. The pavement immediately in front is reserved for towers of bald tyres and oversized six-seater sofas being repaired in eye-burning flock. On all sides, with the exception of the hand-painted sign for Prestige Coiffure offering haircut suggestions, the overwhelming ambience is 'building site' and, though ornate, the club's iron gate promises little. Still, the Castel beer signs above the door are a giveaway.

Inside the club, the walls are painted with an almost psychedelic cornucopia of images – musical instruments, Tuareg hieroglyphs and naked women. There are a few real live women hanging about, too, in well-worn T-shirts and waxed-cotton skirts with colourful prints, seemingly with little to do before opening time. After last orders, this is somebody's home and we are in their front garden.

There's no sign of our hosts, however. "You will know them when they arrive," says Ibrahim, our taxi driver and himself a northerner. "You can tell Songhai by the way they look, the way they walk. They are very clean, but they are lazy boys."

After so long away, the band have domestic concerns to catch up on – everybody seems to have important business to take care of at the bank – which take priority over yet another round of press questions. The clock ticks on, the sky darkens. Dembélé is first to arrive, 90 minutes late for our meeting, and if you didn't know he was an international rock star, the designer top with its bold St George's cross and the Gdansk music-festival tote bag might be clues. Garba follows close behind, wearing a Songhoy Blues T-shirt he picked up in Britain. Eventually, four gleaming new scooters, the first fruits of success, are parked up next to each other and we are ready to speak.

Before Europe beckoned, the Arizona was Songhoy Blues' after-dark home, where they could earn between 25,000 and 55,000 West African francs a night (£25-£55) for a four-hour show on a slightly raised outdoor corner of the compound. "That was a good start," says Garba, "but if we played a wedding, we could get a lot more." Marriages meant Ali Farka Touré covers – "I call him 'our father' on-stage, because he modernised traditional music," says Aliou, "but his music is more popular with people who are our seniors" – but the nightclubs demanded a new repertoire.

Unusually for Mali, the group's songwriting is a collaborative effort, all four bringing ideas to the table. The root is Songhai music from the north, but a broad spectrum of outside influences are also brought to bear: Garba leans to Jimi Hendrix; Nathanaël to US jazz drummer Charles Smith; Aliou drops the names Marley and Nas; and Oumar has a fondness for German metal heroes The Scorpions – also, curiously, the favourite rock band of Malian kora legend Toumani Diabaté.

"We talk about the desert," says Aliou. "That is our message. We talk about war, of course. The music is a little bit mixed, composed of many things. There's an Arabic influence from the Maghreb, the culture of the south, the Dogon people, the sound of Niger, rock, blues, jazz. In some ways, it is thanks to technology that we are fortunate enough to be able to mix them, but it is rock music we make, and our audience is young."

"On our song Mali, we challenge the youth," adds Oumar, who, like the other Tourés is a little shy of 30 (Nathanaël is three years younger and much quieter in interview). "We demand they look at our country's modern problems. Modibo Keita was the first president of Mali after independence; if he were alive today, would he be proud of us? Our country's motto is 'One people, one goal, one faith' but now, because of the divisions, Mali does not reflect this."

"THERE'S AN ARABIC INFLUENCE FROM THE MAGHREB, BUT IT IS ROCK MUSIC WE MAKE, AND OUR AUDIENCE IS YOUNG." ALIOU TOURÉ

MALI'S IMPRESSIVE MUSICAL heritage is founded on the griots, troubadours for hire who sang tributes to great leaders. After independence in 1960, the government and its agencies created big bands as part of a drive to modernise culture: the Rail Band, based in the main train station's buffet and as much civil servants as any ticket inspector, were the undisputed kings for many years, at least until they were challenged by Les Ambassadeurs, who played out of a hotel of that name and were led by Rail Band alumnus Salif Keita. Instruments and equipment rarely belonged to the musicians, so they couldn't moonlight. When money was short and sponsors backed out, the standard practice became one star name leading the band, owning the brand and dominating the input.

The arrival of Songhoy Blues – one body with four heads – is start-

Andrew Cotterill, Travys Owen, Bill Akwa Bétotè, Gabriel Baharlia, Serena Aurora

WorldMags.net

ing to shake things up, and they had to do it without mentoring from local musicians. Help instead came from a foreign source. In October 2013, Damon Albarn's Africa Express arrived in Bamako for a week of recording, with Brian Eno, the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' Nick Zinner, Idris Elba and Ghostpoet among the visiting contributors. Garba takes up the story: "We had a fan, a guy named Barou Diallo, who used to be bass player for Ali Farka. He's also a sound engineer and he asked somebody from Africa Express to come and see us in a bar. I think he liked us. We played two songs and they asked us to record one."

With Zinner and regular Albarn collaborator Remi Kabaka producing, Soubour was the radio hit on the resulting multi-artist *Maison Des Jeunes* album, released in Europe two months later. When music industry tastemakers declared 2015 would see the return of guitar bands, it might have been this one song they were talking about: an intense blues that opens with a heavy riff before whip-crack percussion leads the groove off in the direction of the dune where Jimmy Page and the desert bluesmen jam from sunrise to sunset.

Having recorded their track, the Songhoys went back to playing bars, with no inkling of what might happen next – but you can't stop the river flowing. Aliou received a phone call inviting them to Britain. Garba remembers arriving in London in December for the album launch, seeing his breath hanging in the air when he spoke: "We didn't know what to expect or what was expected of us, but the gigs we played were warm inside, and it was only a short time before we got back in the van or the underground."

"The British like music even when they don't understand what we say," adds Oumar. "The crowds were just like they are in Mali."

While there, they signed to Transgressive and Atlantic – who, surprisingly, hadn't worked with an African act since Manu Dibango hit big with Soul Makossa in 1972. In April 2014, Zinner returned to Mali to record another 10 songs at Humble Heart Studio, five minutes away from the Arizona.

"Before this, we had only played in clubs, we had no idea about organising things in a 'European way'," says Aliou. "Nick tried to teach us to organise ourselves, he gave us ideas; the first thing was timing: 'There is a time for this, a time for that.' He asked us about the qualities of the songs, then made sure each one has a particular effect that goes with it." In gratitude, the producer isn't just given a credit on the album sleeve, a song – Nick – is named after him.

A second visit to Europe in November 2014 began with a series of guerrilla gigs in pubs and small clubs in addition to their biggest show to date, supporting Damon Albarn in front of 5,000 in the Royal Albert Hall. "We were a little bit …" Garba struggles to sum up that experience, before arriving at a word that works perfectly: "Impressionated."

HAVING BOUGHT COLD WEATHER CLOTHES, SONGHOY Blues were determined to use them. A third European tour, in January 2015, built up anticipation for *Music In Exile*. Then it was time to make friends in the US, including a support slot on Alabama Shakes' tour. After that, India and a summer of festivals. "Since Africa Express there hasn't been a week without something," says Garba, before asking if they can be excused as they have to go and see their lawyer. MOJO suggests popping round the corner to take their picture outside the Songhoy Club, its blue walls decorated with its name in three-foot-high letters and a sketch of a desert dweller in a *tagelmust*, or turban. Reinvigorated, the band suggest we go down to the banks of the Niger, to the spot where they would spend their evenings writing until forced to go home by the curfew that brought early closing to Bamako's anything-goes nightlife in 2012. "We have many more songs we haven't sung yet," says Oumar. "Album number two should be easy."

Minutes after we arrive there, however, the heavens open, torrential rain starts falling and the river rises dramatically – within an hour much of the city centre will be 18 inches underwater. As Songhoy Blues flee once more, this time to get their scooters to shelter, Aliou has one final thought on his life. "I went to university, but music is a different kind of school. Travelling may be the best way to learn. When we are on tour it gives us lots of ideas. Everything is an inspiration. Now get away from here and find higher ground quickly – nobody can stop the river flowing."

YOUNG AFRICA

SIX MORE exciting acts drawing new sounds from the continent.

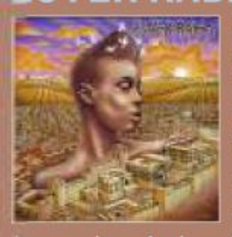
NOURA MINT SEYMALI

Dimi Mint Seymali was arguably Mauritania's greatest export; now her step-daughter is carrying on the family tradition, playing a funky nine-string harp alongside the blazing guitar work of her husband. Debut album *Tzenni* came out last year.

JOEL SEBUNJO

The Ugandan brought a new sound to East Africa when, influenced by seeing a Toumani Diabaté show, he started playing the kora. His third album, *I Speak Luganda*, was released in the spring, and blended folk with elements of rock, blues and jazz.

ESTER RADA

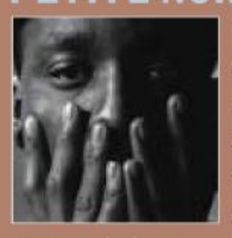


Born shortly after her Ethiopian parents emigrated to Israel, Rada was raised on the music of her homeland plus American soul and jazz. So it's no surprise her excellent eponymous debut, released in July, sounds like Mulatu Astatke backing Alicia Keys.

FATOUMATA DIAWARA

After apprenticeships as an actress and with a French circus company, the Ivory Coast-born Malian has released two albums, the first a singer-songwriter affair, the second with Cuban jazz pianist Roberto Fonseca. Likes avoiding pigeonholes.

PETITE NOIR



With roots in Angola and the Democratic Republic of Congo, the South Africa-raised Yannick Ilunga released his debut, *La Vie Est Belle*, in September. A mix of African influences and 1980s pop, it's all about "seeing the positive in dark times" he says.

THE SOIL

A killer live show has made the close-harmony trio a huge hit in South Africa. Though audibly from the post hip-hop generation, they're also indebted to 1950s groups such as The Skylarks, Manhattan Brothers and Dark City Sisters.

David Hutcheon

The new African expressionists: (from left) South African trio The Soil; Noura Mint Seymali (front); Yannick Ilunga aka Petite Noir; Uganda's Joel Sebunjo; Fatoumata Diawara, from stage and circus to Cuban collaborations; Ester Rada, excellent eponymous debut.

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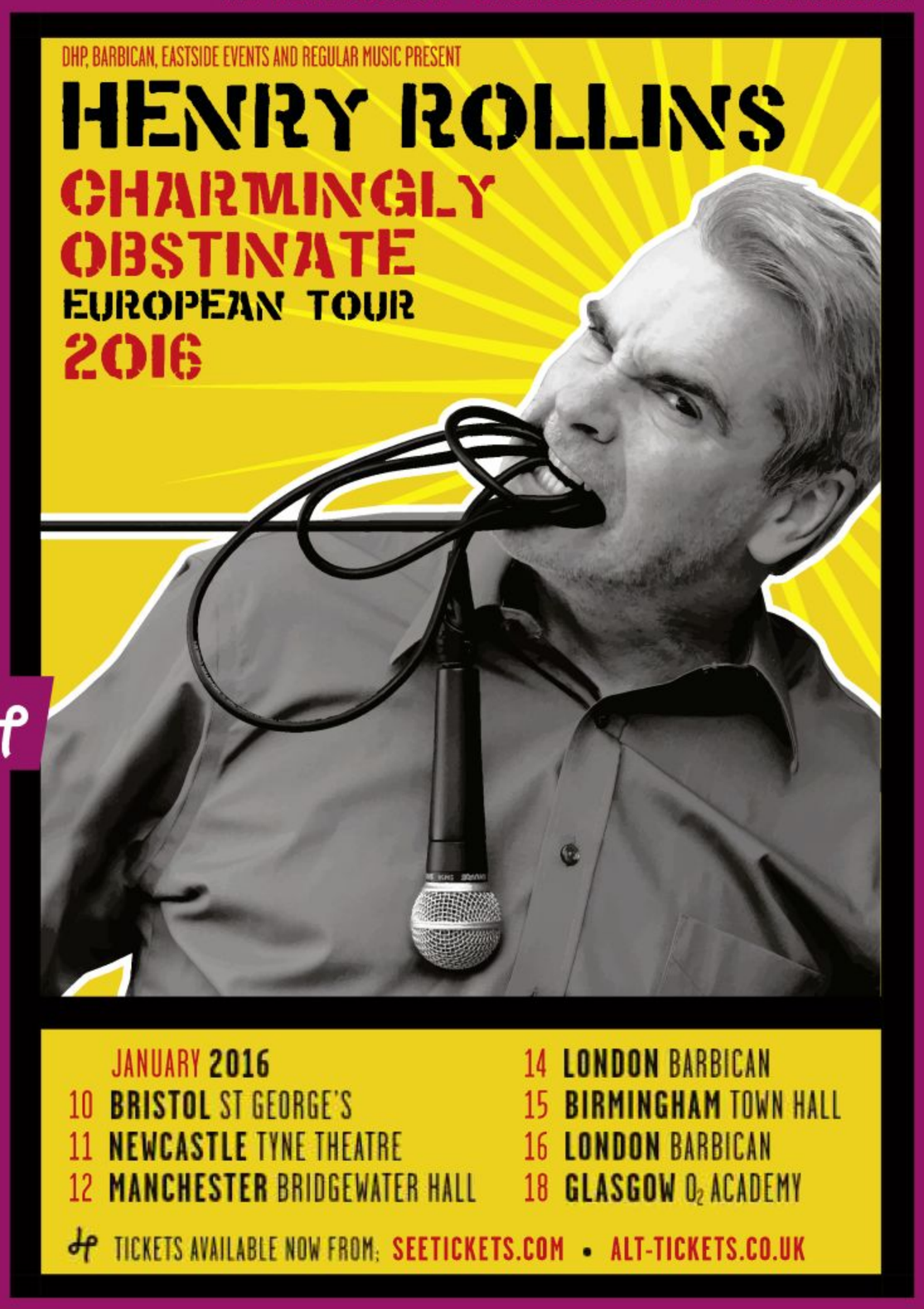

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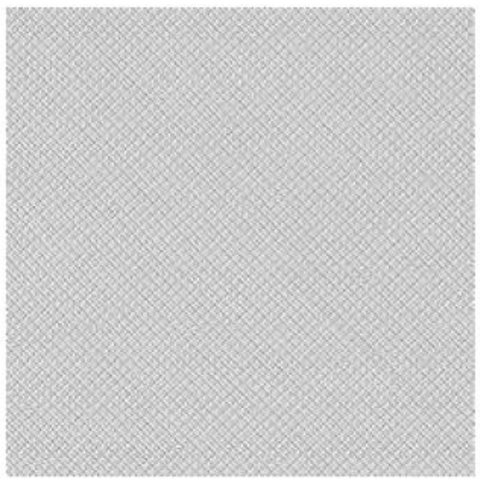
'They are completely re-imagining classical music for the next generation'
– Mary Anne Hobbs, BBC 6 Music

i. Rival Consoles
Howl

2xLP · CD · DL — out 16.10.

ii. Masayoshi Fujita
Apologues

LP · CD · DL — out now



iii. Ólafur Arnalds & Nils Frahm
Loon

12" · DL — out 2.10.

iv. Nils Frahm
Music for the Motion Picture Victoria

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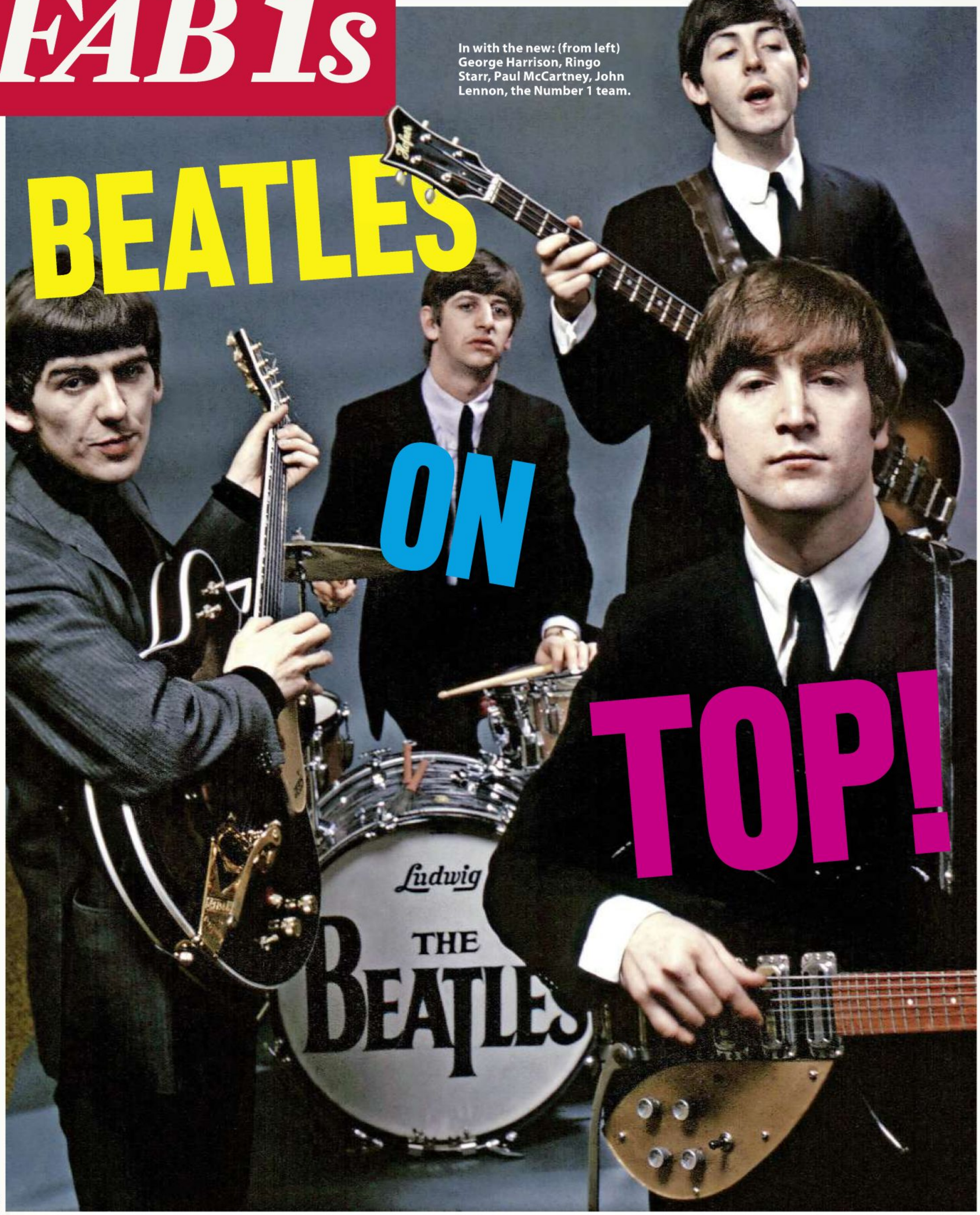
MOJO PRESENTS

FAB 1s

BEATLES ON TOP!



In with the new: (from left) George Harrison, Ringo Starr, Paul McCartney, John Lennon, the Number 1 team.

Rex

THE STORIES BEHIND *EVERY* NUMBER 1

AS APPLE prepare to unleash all 27 chart-toppers in an exciting new package, MOJO salutes the songs that changed the world forever, with feedback, freakitude & Na-Na-Na-Nas.

PLUS!

Paul On John p66

Inside the ultimate hit-making team! Macca unburdens to Paul Du Noyer.

Fabs On Film p77

The Beatles' promo clips unpacked with Michael Lindsay-Hogg.

SLEEVE NOTE: Eagle-eyed Beatle fans will note, the single sleeves are not necessarily (or at all) those of the UK or US single releases. That's because we chose the sleeves that looked the best!

BEATLES' No. 1s

1963

Hair there and everywhere: Paul, George, John and Ringo reflect on their look before a show at Leicester's De Montfort Hall, December 1, 1963.

SUNSHINE SUPERMEN

By PHIL SUTCLIFFE

From Me To You

#1 in: UK

Released: April 11, 1963

COLD. SO cold, that January in Great Britain. The 20th century's coldest month. And it stayed frozen until March, snow everywhere...

But the world felt slippery all year: the Cuban Missile Crisis the previous October, civil rights assassinations in the United States, the Moors Murders, the Great Train Robbery, the Profumo Scandal, PM Harold Macmillan ill and ousted, JFK...

The Beatles couldn't change the weather. Please Please Me in January didn't melt the snow. Although it did make us wonder, 15-year-olds like me whose youth had yet to gain purchase. We'd had Cliff Richard, Frank Ifield. Now...?

Lennon and McCartney, thinking follow-up hit, wrote From Me To You on Helen Shapiro's tour bus, February 28, between gigs at the Rialto Theatre, York, and the Granada Cinema, Shrewsbury. Singer Kenny Lynch, a fellow tourist, heard that Isleys/4 Seasons falsetto "Oooooh!", told them they sounded like "fairies", and they said, "Fuck off!"

Less than a week later, March 4, at Abbey Road, they nailed it in 13 takes. A month on, "Dadada dadada da da" on the radio. A song that talked to us like friends. So we didn't ponder how unorthodox it was them dadaing the intro alongside the harmonica, how odd the change to a G Minor chord at the start of the middle eight – a McCartney accident eagerly embraced by Lennon – or how "McCartney's ascending harmony meets Lennon's octave-jumping lead above an augmented 7th" (Ian MacDonald, Revolution In The Head).

We got what we wanted and needed, as distilled by Sean Egan, writing about From Me To You in The Mammoth Book Of The Beatles: "an air of happiness, an implication of vulnerability and a great capacity for love. In short, a huge, heart-warming humanity."

"A SONG THAT TALKED TO US LIKE FRIENDS. WE DIDN'T THINK HOW UNORTHODOX IT WAS."

Alamy (2), Rex

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That Was The Year That...

JANUARY 28 French President Charles de Gaulle forces veto on the UK's entry into the European Economic Community.

FEBRUARY 8 US President John F Kennedy makes travel to Cuba and commercial transactions with Cuba illegal for US citizens.

APRIL 6 The UK and the USA sign the Polaris Sales Agreement; construction of nuclear submarine facilities at Faslane Naval Base begins.

AUGUST 28 At the Lincoln Memorial, Washington, Dr Martin Luther King delivers his "I have a dream" speech.

OCTOBER 18 Discredited by the Profumo affair (Christine Keeler pictured above), Prime Minister Harold Macmillan resigns "because of ill-health" and is shortly replaced by Sir Alec Douglas-Home.

NOVEMBER 22 President Kennedy is assassinated in Dallas, Texas. Vice President Lyndon Johnson succeeds.

DECEMBER 28 BBC broadcasts the final edition of live satirical Saturday night TV show That Was The Week That Was.

She Loves You

#1 in: UK, US (in 1964)

Released: August 23, 1963 (UK)

THEY NEVER stopped: *Please Please Me* topping the album charts, Pop Go The Beatles on BBC Radio's Light Programme at 5pm every Tuesday just as we got home from school, songs and laughs, getting to 'know' them, and 217 live shows to add to the 727-odd they'd played in 1961-2...

After a gig at the Majestic Ballroom, Newcastle, on June 26, sitting on twin beds in their room at the Turk's Head, Lennon and McCartney came up with a small leap of imagination and the best-selling UK single of the '60s. She Loves You shifted point of view from basic boy-to-girl to third party, a lad playing intermediary on a girl's behalf to his mate. Every syllable worked: "She said you hurt her so/She almost lost her mind... You know it's up to you... Apologise to her."

Boys/men talking about their emotions. Five days on, July 1, they recorded it, one head-first, torrential rush. It gave us The Beatles, not just John and Paul.

Ringo actually started it, a wake-up drumburst as if we were already in the middle before we knew where we were, then that thrashing hi-hat shimmer, always on edge; George's guitar floated sweet chords and deep-throated comments, and he even came up with that acute-angled third harmony which made the final "Yeah" shine so wild and sophisticated – George Martin called it a "corny" Glenn Miller big-band trick, but they didn't mind, no comparisons to history, make history instead, why not?

I Want To Hold Your Hand

#1 in: UK, US

Released: November 29, 1963

LATER THAT year, Lennon and McCartney took to writing at Paul's new lodgings, Jane Asher's home, 57 Wimpole Street, Marylebone.

With Brian Epstein nagging about America, on an unknown date though probably close to October 17 when they recorded, they played "into each other's noses" until they started to dream it up. Lennon sang the first line, McCartney hit one of his instinctive-accidental piano chords and Lennon hollered "That's it!" Experts still dispute whether it's a B major, B7, "an unstable B minor" – maybe The Beatles made something that doesn't exist?

Although some scorn the sugar-innocent teen romance lyric, lit-criting "And when I touch you I feel happy inside" may miss the point. Which is the harmonies.

More than any other facet of Beatle brilliance, the flow and ebb of vocal harmony got down to the bone. The twist, the sour, the street-corner voices improbably disciplined, the boys who'd lost parents in childhood (all except George), the actually rather lived-in, sometimes hard-spirited, young grown men behind pop-simple words... made it beautiful not pretty. Probably, that's what made it OK when it came out a week after President John F Kennedy's assassination wounded everyone, shot the bollocks off your best hopes.

Culturally, The Beatles' first year of fame took a disordered route. Looking back, Ian MacDonald wrote of I Want To Hold Your Hand that, "Harbouring no conscious subversive intent, The Beatles, with this potent record, perpetrated a culturally revolutionary act"; he vocalised its rattling of convention's cage as "Let go – feel how good it is."

Yet, that December, 'the boys' also donned music-hall boaters and striped blazers to sing Moonlight Bay for a Morecambe And Wise TV show, and on their Boxing Day radio special they clowned through a redrafted Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport with Rolf Harris ("Don't ill-treat me pet dingo, Ringo").

They ruled, they didn't run the show. But America was about to change all that.

Throughout their transcendent UK year, Capitol – EMI in America – had shunned them, parcelling out their singles to indie labels. So Vee-Jay of Gary, Indiana, had Please Please Me (released February 7, 1963, 7,000 sold) and From Me To You (May 27, 22,000), while Swan of Philadelphia gave She Loves You a go (September 16, 1,000). Until, for Christmas, Capitol U-turned.

On December 26 they gave an exclusive on I Want To Hold Your Hand to Jack Spector, one of WMCA New York's renowned "Good Guys" DJ team. And Beatlemania USA began.

As listener Bruce Springsteen of Freehold, New Jersey, then 14, reminisced on E Street Bandmate Steve Van Zandt's Sirius XM radio show in 2011: "It didn't sound like anything you'd heard before. It's having some strange and voodoo-like effect on you... I got out of my mother's car, which is where I heard it, I ran down the street into the bowling alley and into the phone booth, slammed the door behind me, and called my girlfriend and said, 'Have you heard this song by The Beatles?!' It stopped your day. I Want To Hold Your Hand was just... a nuclear explosion."

Van Zandt, 13 at the time, heard it back home in Middletown, NJ, affirmed: "The world got separated into the past and the future right there."

Bring me sunshine: on Morecambe And Wise's TV show, December, 1963.

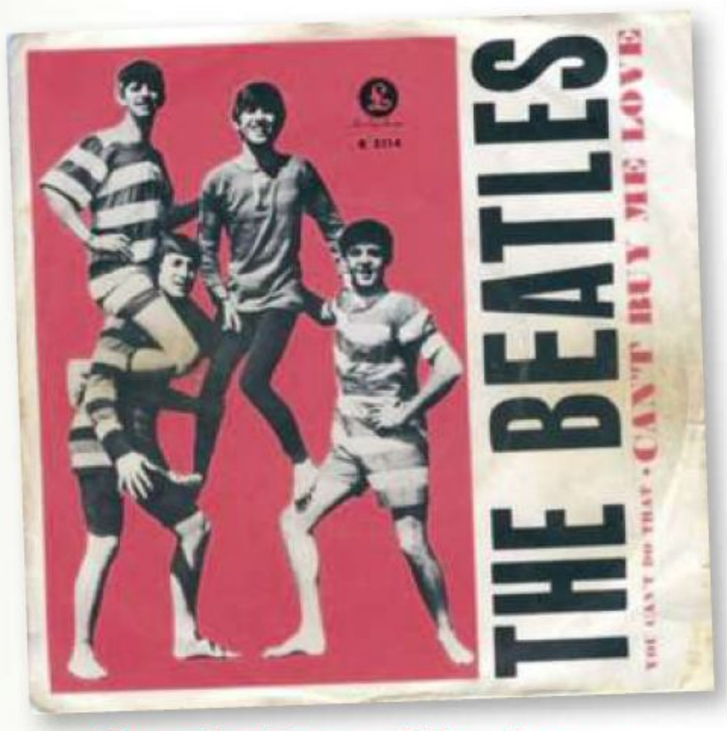
BEATLES' No. 1s

1964

Englishmen abroad: Paul, Ringo, George and John in Paris to play at the Olympia, January 16-February 4.

THE CHIMES OF FREEDOM

By ALAN LIGHT



Can't Buy Me Love

#1 in: UK, US

Released: March 16, 1964 (US), March 20, 1964 (UK)

AFTER THE Beatles' first appearance on The Ed Sullivan Show on February 9, America was theirs from sea to shining sea and the first single released after that epochal performance maintained the ecstatic momentum.

Can't Buy Me Love's chorus came charging out of the blocks, flawlessly conveying the delirium of full-on Beatlemania. And when it hit Number 1 on Billboard's US charts in March, it secured a record never to be broken: The Beatles held all five of the top slots.

Can't Buy Me Love was written in Paris – John later said that the song was "Paul's completely" – during an 18-day residency at the Olympia Theatre. There was pressure to come up with a new single to follow the breakthrough of I Want To Hold Your Hand, but playing three shows per day, The Beatles were in peak shape, and they nailed the song in just four takes in a session at the Pathé Marconi studios.

Though not initially intended for A Hard Day's Night, it was added to the film late in production, when director Richard Lester decided that the song's joyful abandon would be the perfect accompaniment to the movie's most iconic scene, when the lads break out of their backstage cage via a fire escape and cavort in an empty field. That feeling of freedom, of fearlessly bolting from rules and responsibilities, was definitively captured in image and sound. It also mirrored the feelings of audiences worldwide and even the new set of proto-hippy values emerging in the lyrics – which did not, contrary to contemporary rumours, have anything to do with prostitution.

"SEVEN NUMBER 1s IN ONE 12-MONTH STRETCH – YET ANOTHER ALL-TIME RECORD."

Alamy (2), Rex

WorldMags.net

That Was The Year That...

FEBRUARY 25 **Cassius Clay (later Muhammad Ali) defeats Sonny Liston (above) and is crowned heavyweight champion of the world.**

JUNE 12 **Nelson Mandela is sentenced to life imprisonment in apartheid South Africa.**

JUNE 17 **Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters embark on their cross-country trip aboard the bus Further.**

AUGUST 7 **The United States Congress passes the Gulf of Tonkin resolution, expanding President Lyndon B. Johnson's powers in conducting the war in Vietnam.**

OCTOBER 14 **Martin Luther King Jr is the youngest person ever awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.**

OCTOBER 14 **Nikita Khrushchev is deposed as leader of the Soviet Union; Leonid Brezhnev and Alexei Kosygin assume power.**

OCTOBER 15 **The Labour Party wins the parliamentary elections in the UK, ending 13 years of Conservative Party rule. Harold Wilson is installed as prime minister.**

Love Me Do

#1 in US

Released: October 5, 1962 (UK), April 27, 1964 (US)

BY THE spring of 1964, there was no way to keep up with US demand for any and all things Beatles.

Love Me Do, their very first single, which had only reached Number 17 in the UK, snuck onto the US charts by way of import copies coming across the border from Canada. The Chicago-based Vee-Jay label had initially secured the rights to The Beatles' 1962 recordings, and though its prior release of this material had gone nowhere, the company quickly scrambled to get their own 45 of Love Me Do into stores – making it to Number 1 a month later.

The Beatles' blithe debut single (Lennon's insouciant harmonica break at the end of each verse was inspired by Delbert McClinton's playing on Bruce Channel's Hey Baby) had already been around the block a bit. It had been attempted three different times, with three different drummers; on their initial test session for EMI in June, Pete Best was still behind the skins. By the time they returned for their first real session in September, Ringo had joined. But George Martin was unhappy with his performance, and insisted they re-record the song the following week with studio player Andy White on the drums and Ringo relegated to the tambourine. It was this line-up that topped the charts, which remained a source of tension for years. "I was devastated that George Martin had his doubts about me," Ringo said in 2000. "He has apologised several times since, but... I hated the bugger for years."

A Hard Day's Night

#1 in: UK, US

Released: July 10, 1964 (UK), July 13, 1964 (US)

STARRING IN a movie meant a different level of celebrity for musicians. And with their first film, The Beatles demonstrated a wit and charm that disarmed their critics and delighted their fans.

Bob Dylan, The Byrds and Grateful Dead all recalled the joy they felt leaving the theatre, the sense of a band as a sly and subversive cultural force, and as musical explorers.

The Ringo-coined title phrase was another subtle suggestion of a world turned upside-down, but would it have meant half as much if Lennon hadn't turned up at Abbey Road on April 16 with his stab at the title track inscribed on the back of a card sent by a fan for his son Julian's first birthday on April 8?

Opening with *that* chord (Harrison called it "an F with a G on top", but that does scant justice to a carillon that awoke everyone who heard it), A Hard Day's Night was classic early Lennon, its exhilaration undercut by a sense of real-world fatigue. Bootlegs reveal that George fumbled through the first few takes of the solo on his 12-string Rickenbacker, but it only took three hours to get to a finished version. And when the results were released just two months later, The Beatles became the first act ever to hold the Number 1 position on both the album and singles charts in the UK and the US at the same time.

I Feel Fine

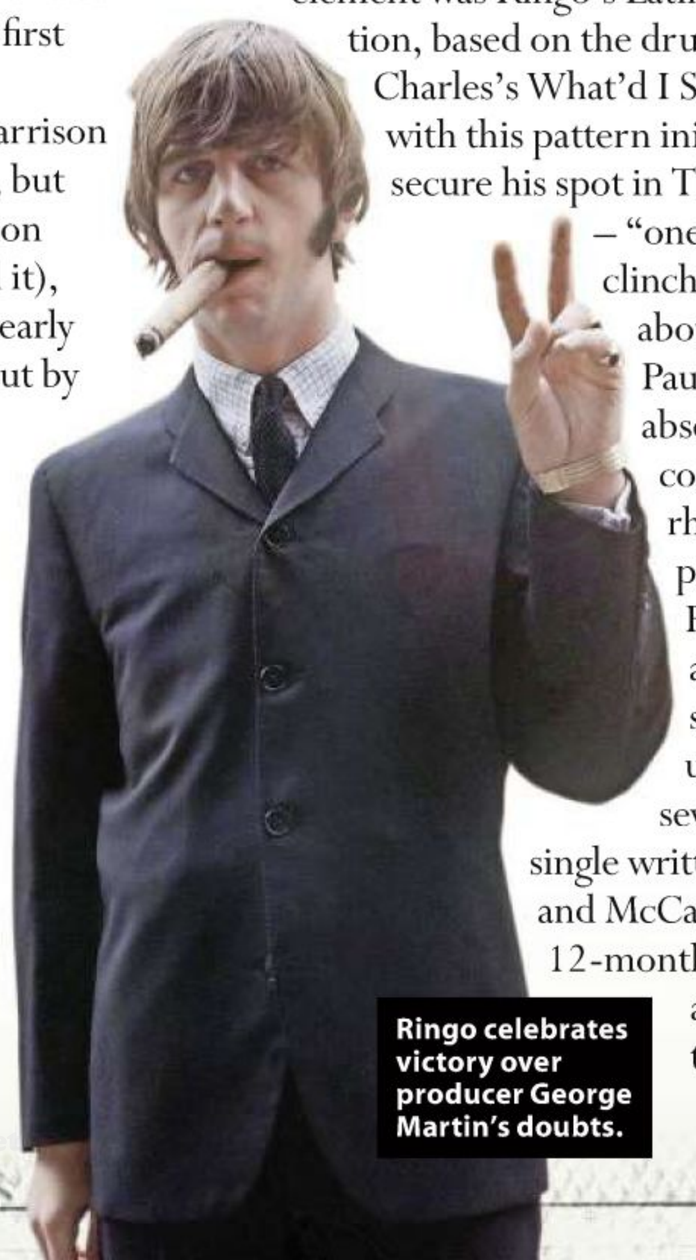
#1 in: UK, US

Released: November 23, 1964 (US), November 27, 1964 (UK)

EVEN AS THE group continued to decimate sales records and dominate the attention of the world's youth, they never stopped innovating, and the opening of I Feel Fine was The Beatles' most radical experiment so far.

As the band left the studio to listen to a playback in the control room, John leant his semi-acoustic Gibson against an amp. The resulting squall of feedback excited them all, and they asked if it could be worked into the record. George Martin suggested they add it at the very top, allowing the band to claim another new addition to the rock vocabulary. "I defy anybody to find a record," said John, "unless it is some old blues record from 1922, that uses feedback that way."

The riff may be the first of The Beatles' reworkings of Bobby Parker's 1961 R&B single Watch Your Step, a favourite of their club days that had already been covered by Adam Faith, and would later inspire Led Zeppelin's Moby Dick. Another distinctive element was Ringo's Latin-style syncopation, based on the drumming on Ray Charles's What'd I Say. His skill with this pattern initially helped secure his spot in The Beatles – "one of the big clinching factors about Ringo," said Paul – and in the absence of a conventional rhythm guitar part on I Feel Fine, it was allowed to shine. It added up to the seventh Number 1 single written by Lennon and McCartney in one 12-month stretch, yet another all-time record.



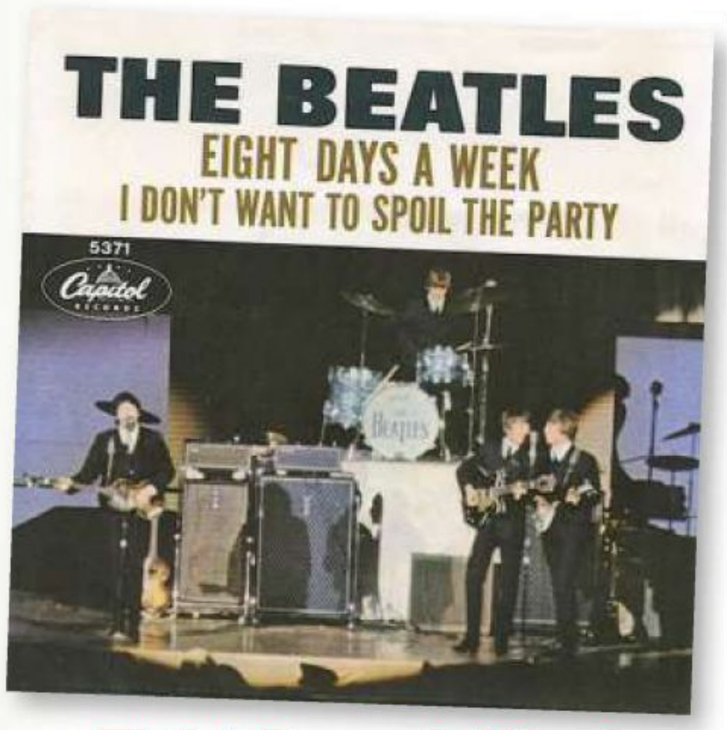
Ringo celebrates victory over producer George Martin's doubts.

1965

On manoeuvres: Paul, George, Ringo and John take a break filming *Help!* on Salisbury Plain, May 1965.

THE 'ROCK AGE' IS BORN

By JOHN HARRIS



Eight Days A Week

#1 in: US

Released: February 16, 1965 (US)

IF '65 WAS to be the year that Beatle-music acquired new ambitions and textures and helped push the world into the rock age, this straight-ahead Lennon/McCartney piece from *Beatles For Sale* was not necessarily an auspicious start.

"We struggled to record it and struggled to make it into a song," Lennon later claimed, going on to damn it as "lousy".

In actual fact, Eight Days A Week was both better than he thought, and subtly portentous of the wonders to come. Mark Lewisohn later pointed out that its recording was "the first time The Beatles took an unfinished idea and experimented with different ways of recording it." What eventually cohered may have superficially suggested pop of the 1963-64 school, but there was much more going on: the faded-in intro, a sound built on a wonderfully relaxed undertow, *Beatles For Sale*'s characteristic upping of the bass (a weed thing, surely) and thick, honeyed vocals in the middle section that point directly to one of 1965's keynote sounds, heard most spectacularly in The Byrds' version of Mr Tambourine Man, released in June…

Ticket To Ride

#1 in: UK, US

Released: April 9, 1965 (UK); April 19, 1965 (US)

…WHEREUPON things *really* got going.

Before the summer of '65 – some accounts suggest it may have been in February, others put it closer to April – John and George went for dinner at the Bayswater home of one John Riley, their dentist. A surreptitious sugar lump went into the coffee served to them and their respective wives Cynthia and Pattie, and thus commenced a crazed night spent flitting around London's nightclubs, before the four of them ended up at George Harrison's modernist bungalow in Esher, which Lennon believed had suddenly turned into a submarine.

Whether Ticket To Ride reflected Lennon's acid induction is unclear, but its leap into a new musical and psychological dimension is obvious. "Pretty fucking heavy" and "one of the earliest heavy-metal records" were among his subsequent verdicts: never had a pop record sounded so huge, or come so close to being built around a drone. It was certainly influential: play it next to, say, The Who's thrillingly clangsome The Good's Gone – recorded that October – and the sense of a new sound being added to the pop vocabulary is pretty clear. What The Beatles went on to do with the basic idea, moreover, was mind-boggling: Ticket To Ride's cracked rhythm and droning arrangement opened the way for Tomorrow Never Knows, while its air of resigned melancholy, tinged with bitterness, looked ahead to *Revolver* in general.

Thanks to its inclusion in the soundtrack for Help!, the song accompanied scenes of the Fabs larking about in the Austrian resort of Obertauern, which probably served to

"LENNON SQUINTED INTO THE EMPTINESS BETWEEN THE BAND AND 56,000 PEOPLE."

Allstar, Alamy (2)

WorldMags.net

That Was The Year That...

JANUARY 30 **Funeral of Winston Churchill takes place in London.**

FEBRUARY 21 **Malcolm X assassinated in New York.**

MARCH 8 **First US ground troops deployed in Vietnam (pictured).**

JULY 25 **Bob Dylan appears with an electric band at the Newport Folk Festival.**

SEPTEMBER 30 **Thunderbirds premieres on three regional ITV franchises.**

OCTOBER 3 **Fidel Castro announces that Che Guevara has left Cuba.**

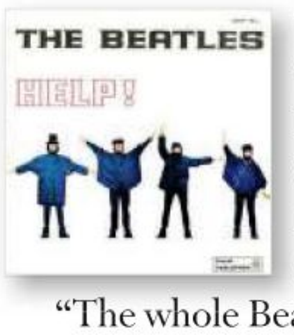
DECEMBER 22 **David Lean's Doctor Zhivago film premieres in New York.**

obscure its creative wonders. Its three minutes are '65's overarching sense of possibility and imagination all over: some people trace the start of the rock age to Bob Dylan's electric appearance at Newport on July 25, but it's all here.

Help!

#1 in: UK, US

Released: July 19, 1965 (US); July 23, 1965 (UK)



THE EPITOME of John's "fat Elvis" period, and a howl of pain from a soul that may have been made suddenly vulnerable by acid.

"The whole Beatles thing was just beyond comprehension," he later explained – and as if to prove it, the month before this was released, it was announced that The Beatles were to each receive the MBE. In many of the shots taken outside Buckingham Palace when they got their medals, John's awkward, distant facial expression is this song's feeling of confusion and unease incarnate.

On the flip, Paul's I'm Down may be such a roaring, Little Richard romp that it suggests no deep meaning at all, but its lyrics ("You tell lies thinking I can't see/You can't cry 'cos you're laughing at me") are of a piece with the A-side, arguably making this single a trailblazing angst-rock twofer. Together, these songs closed The Beatles' August 15 show at Shea Stadium: the absolute acme of Beatlemania, to which *Help!* was a perfect soundtrack. As with everything played that night, the version in the film was heavily overdubbed, but the visuals are perfect: Lennon squinting into the emptiness between the band and 56,000 people going ape, howling his bewilderment.

Yesterday

#1 in: US

Released: September 13, 1965 (US)

MORE WORLD-weariness: indeed, play it next to such *Help!* album highlights as the title track, Ticket To Ride, It's Only Love and You've Got To Hide Your Love Away, and you get a sense of the blue introspection taking hold in the cracks between The Beatles' frantic schedule.

At Abbey Road, the other Beatles listened to a song that some accounts trace back to 1963, and decided it was best done by McCartney alone, with help from George Martin, whose string arrangement was a homage to Bach (in an inspired intervention, Paul insisted it was played without vibrato, which assisted its air of mournful honesty). The producer wondered whether crediting their work to The Beatles was appropriate: "I discussed this with Brian Epstein: You know this is Paul's song… shall we call it Paul McCartney? He said, 'No, whatever we do we are not splitting up The Beatles.'" Similar worries about sullying the band's collective identity ruled out a UK single release – but in the US, its journey to the summit of the charts began with a rendition on The Ed Sullivan Show (now on YouTube, obviously) almost as perfect as the studio original.

He believed in Yesterday: Paul finds a place to hide away.

We Can Work It Out/ Day Tripper

#1 in: UK, US

Released: December 3, 1965 (UK) December 6, 1965 (US)

AS PENNY Lane and Strawberry Fields Forever were to *Sgt. Pepper*, so these two stand in relation to *Rubber Soul*: recorded at the same sessions, and of a piece.

Day Tripper – which stands as a companion to the similarly automotive Drive My Car, put to tape three days earlier – was self-consciously written to order as the next single, with a riff once again with its roots in Bobby Parker's Watch Your Step, and a lyric featuring two in-jokes: the lysergic connotations of the word 'tripper', and the insinuation of 'prick teaser' in the second verse.

"Acid was coming in on the scene… This was just a tongue-in-cheek song about someone who was a day tripper… committed only in part to the idea," Paul later reflected. That actually put her one step ahead of McCartney, who would not turn on until 1966, first in the company of the Guinness heir Tara Browne (Ringo's first taste had come in August '65, during the famous day in LA spent with The Byrds' Roger McGuinn and David Crosby, and Peter Fonda).

We Can Work It Out – its demo as close to a Dylan pastiche as Paul ever got – was recorded at Abbey Road four days after Day Tripper, over an unprecedented 11 hours. Majority opinion nudged the latter aside and made this latest song the main feature, but Lennon stood firm, making this the world's first double A-side. Still, We Can Work It Out soon soared away on its own, reaching Number 1 on the airplay-influenced US chart, while Day Tripper mouldered at an underwhelming 5. There were good reasons for this: the maturity and worldliness that bubbled up through the Fabs' music in 1965 was here in spades, and We Can Work It Out's magic was born of an inspired mixture of contributions. Not only did John and Paul each add their yin/yang sections, but the drop into waltz-time that bridges their sections was suggested by George.

In August, Brian Epstein had announced there'd be no Beatles UK tour in 1965, but under duress they relented. Both these songs made the setlist for what would be the Fabs' final British shows, starting in Glasgow on December 3, the day *Rubber Soul* was released. Here, in a single dateline, was the tension to be resolved in 1966: flowering artistry hitting the usual wall of screams, as the four men on-stage ached to get out, move on.

(Beatles' No. 1s continues on p72)

BEATLES' No. 1s

extra!

John and Paul. Paul and John. Pop genii: toiling "eyeball to eyeball" on the hits that changed the world. Fast friends: until fame, money and history spoiled it all. In a new book, Paul McCartney has shared with Paul Du Noyer the passion and energy that flowed between them: "People sometimes see it as an arch rivalry. It wasn't."

THE TWO OF US

I SIT WITH PAUL AS HE COMPLETES a questionnaire for MOJO magazine's All-Time Heroes issue, in 2001:

Who is your hero?
John Lennon.

When did this person first have an impact on you?
At Woolton Village Fête in the year of Our Lord Whatever.

What is it that you admire in them?
Massive talent, great wit, courage and humour.

Have they had an influence upon you?
Very much so.

Have they ever disappointed you or has your admiration ever faded?
Yeah, from time to time, when we were having a barney. But only infrequently.

THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS living Liverpudlian has grown more open about the world's most famous dead Liverpudlian. Unbidden references to John Lennon occur in almost every interview I've done with Paul McCartney. It's clear their complex partnership still stalks the halls of his memory.

Their talents, in the years they worked together, were not only complementary, they were equal. Each man had his precise counterweight in the other, and the fine adjustments of that balancing seemed to create a dialectic of genius. As fellow Beatles their relationship was both collaborative and competitive – whether writing alone or in a team, they raised the collective game.

Sgt. Pepper's crowning achievement, A Day In The Life might be the greatest instance of their chemistry: two independent efforts combining into a perfect whole. Paul's is rooted in the everyday, stoic optimism of his nature; John's is lost in abstraction and doubt; both are suffused with the same dreamlike wonder. A few months earlier, the pairing on one single of Penny Lane and Strawberry Fields Forever had achieved much the same quality. ➢

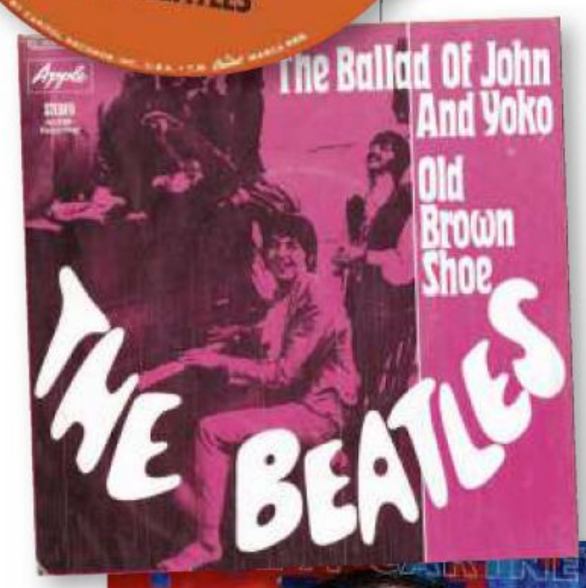
"IT'S TOUGH WHEN YOU HAVE SOMEONE LIKE JOHN SLAGGING YOU OFF IN PUBLIC, 'COS HE'S A TOUGH SLAGGER-OFFER."

Starstock/Photoshot

A day in their life: John and Paul feel fine before a show in 1964. "I must know better than them," says McCartney of commentators on their partnership, "I was in the room with him."

WorldMags.net

Backstage at the Baltimore Civic Center, September 13, 1964; (below) they read the news today, 1963; (opposite) on location shooting Help!, 1965.



➤ But I also love the subliminal contrast to be heard in the song A Hard Day's Night. John's restless pushing at the boundaries of frustrated longing is suddenly, deliriously, rewarded by the soaring celebration of Paul's voice at the middle eight; "When I'm *home*…" And everything seems to be right.

Even later, when fatigue and dispute were bringing the great Beatle adventure to its close, Lennon and McCartney could recover the unforced joy that had brought them together as young rock'n'rollers. One evening in spring 1969 – George and Ringo being absent – the two men went to Abbey Road and made The Ballad Of John And Yoko. Its name alone would have reminded Paul of the band's recent divisions, yet he steps up to the mark with bass, drumming and a background vocal that are thrillingly robust and wholehearted.

LOOMING SO LARGE IN ONE ANOTHER'S LIVES, it's not surprising that Lennon and McCartney should appear in each other's songs. The pity is that John's 1971 song How Do You Sleep? – as spiteful a put-down as anything in popular music – is the most vivid example from his side of the fence. Paul was known to snipe in less explicit ways, for example on his *Ram* LP, but his equivalent song to John from that period was the far more conciliatory Dear Friend.

John Lennon's death in 1980 changed everything, of course. After that tragedy, Paul's every reference to his old partner was necessarily respectful. He wrote a poem called Jerk Of All Jerks (directed at the assassin, and published in his Blackbird Singing collection) to express the rage that mingled with his grief.

But his feelings found sweeter expression in a song from 1982's *Tug Of War*. He described it to me in 1989:

"I wrote Here Today about John. It's just a song saying, you know, 'If you were here today you'd probably say what I'm doing is a load of crap. But you wouldn't mean it, 'cos you like me really, I know.' It's one of those 'Come out from behind your glasses, look at me,' things. It was a love song, really, not *to* John but a love song about John, about my relationship with him. I was trying to exorcise the demons in my own head.

"JOHN ALWAYS WANTED TO JUMP OVER THE CLIFF: 'HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF JUMPING?' I SAID, 'FUCK OFF. *YOU* JUMP'."

Rex, Starstock/Photoshot, Wenn

"It's tough when you have someone like John slagging you off in public, 'cos he's a tough slagger-offer. So I wrote this song to try and come to terms with it… But the great thing about me and John is that it was *me* and John, end of story. Whereas everyone else can say, 'Well you know, he did this and so-and-so and so-and-so.' The nice thing is that I can actually think, Come on, when we got in a little room it was *me* and John sitting down. It was me and him who wrote it, not these other people who think they all know about it. I must know better than them. I was the one in the room with him. But sometimes you don't believe it."

McCARTNEY REMEMBERS LENNON AS BY FAR THE MORE impulsive partner:

"John always wanted to jump over the cliff. He once said that to me. 'Have you ever thought of jumping?' I said, 'Fuck off. *You* jump, and tell me how it is.' That's basically the difference in our personalities. John is the guy who said, 'Why don't you try trepanning?'

"John picked up on all of this because Yoko would say, 'This is very good art, we must do this.' Whereas the people I was with: 'Well, that's a good laugh, Macca, but we can't do it.' She was like his Sergeant Pepper, she gave him the freedom to do all that.

"In fact she wanted more. 'Do more, do it double, be more daring, take all your clothes off.' She always pushed him, which he liked. Nobody had ever pushed him before.

"But he unfortunately went too far, into heroin and stuff – well crazy. He did masses of great stuff, but then he could let it all out, these bizarre sides to his character that he'd never dared let out before."

IN THE BEATLES, GENUINE LENNON-McCARTNEY collaborations grew rare as time passed, but the unspoken power of veto – and of its flipside, encouragement – remained in force.

"Exactly. John would bring me Glass Onion. I remember him in the garden in St John's Wood, saying, 'Here, what do you think of this?' We would just run it past it each other, like you would run it past a mate. He actually asked me, 'D'you think I should put in this line about the Walrus was Paul?' I said, 'Oh yeah! You're kidding? It's brilliant.'

"I tended to agree with his stuff, and I must say he tended to agree with mine – like in Hey Jude, I was going to knock out that line about 'the movement you need is on your shoulder'. He said, 'You're not, you know. That's the best line in it'."

FROM YOUTHFUL ESCAPADES IN LIVERPOOL AND Hamburg, to the giddy excess of global touring, Paul and John must have shared more experiences than even the vast body of Beatle books will ever record. But McCartney can also recall the moments when Lennon was not so cocksure.

On the final US trip, for example, reporters grilled him over that calamitous 'bigger than Jesus' comment. "Well bloody hell," says Paul. "John just mouthed off, that's all. Isn't he allowed to make a mistake? He got the fear of God put into him, and if you've ever seen those interviews, if there was one point in John's life when he was nervous… I mean, we were *there*, you know? Try having the whole Bible Belt against you. It's not funny. We tried to laugh it off but it wasn't so funny:

"The thing I find myself doing, which is a pity, but it's because of the unfortunate circumstances, is trying to justify myself against John. I hate to do that. I never felt the need to do it, but because he got shot and is martyred… Certain people are starting to think, 'He *was* The Beatles, darling, there was nobody else. George just stood there with a plectrum waiting for his solo.'

"Now that is not true. George did a lot more than sit and wait for a fucking solo. John would be the first to tell you that. But John has reached this plateau, where he's like a saint.

"You can't blame people for feeling that way, 'cos it was a hell of a tragedy. I don't mind saying stuff that does redress the balance but I don't want to look like I'm justifying myself. It's a weedy position: 'No I really was OK! I did write quite a lot of the stuff! It wasn't John!' Anyway…"

SO IT'S A DELICATE AREA FOR MCCARTNEY. BUT PAUL'S work ethic was also a distinguishing factor, especially in John's last years when they were reconciled:

"John had periods when he renounced the whole thing. I remember him phoning me and saying, 'Look man, it's the most difficult thing to renounce our fame. We're hooked on fame, but you should kick it over.' I'm going, Hmm, do tell me, what do you mean here? I listened to him, but after about a year of that he was back and what was his famous line? 'This housewife wants a job.' He'd done the role reversal bit. ➢

'This housewife wants a job, love.'

"That's what *I* find. I'd like less distractions, I'd like more time for what I do, but the minute you really listen to that philosophy, you've sort of got *too much* time…"

A STORY PAUL LIKES TO TELL IS OF HIS 1980 HIT COMING Up; the record came to Lennon's attention just as he was gearing up to start recording what would turn out to be his last album, *Double Fantasy*:

"Apparently John heard it when he was in New York. I saw a John documentary and somebody was saying, 'I brought this record of Paul's to John and played it for him.' John went, 'Oh fuckin' hell, the bastard's done something good! I've gotta work!' I love the idea of forcing him up off his arse.

"I like that, because we were always doing that with each other. People sometimes see it as an arch rivalry. It wasn't. It was a friendly competition that was actually very necessary."

THE IRONY OF JOHN'S FINAL FIVE years, between the birth of his son Sean in 1975 and the events of December 8, 1980, was that Lennon grew increasingly domesticated. He expressed as much in several tracks on *Double Fantasy* and its posthumous sequel *Milk And Honey*. Given Paul's cosy image, this reversal of a long-standing stereotype is notable:

"Yeah, it's lovely. You're right to say they were stereotypes – they were cultivated images. We were talking about John, how everyone thought he was the hard, working-class hero. As you know, he was actually the middle-class one, from Woolton. You look at his house and it's different. We were the scruffs, and he had the full works of Winston Churchill; nobody any of us knew had that. And he'd read 'em, I think.

"There were so many stereotypes of John. I love the fact that in the end – it's one of the blessings of my life – that during his last year, we made it up. Thank God for that, 'cos I would be so fucked up now, if I'd still been arguing with him and that had happened. It's bad enough what happened. It was cool that I'd started ringing him. We had the bread strike over here [in November 1978] and I rang him, saying, 'What are you doing?'

"He says, 'I'm baking some bread.' 'Oh! I've been baking bread.' Imagine, with the stereotypes, John and Paul talking about baking bread."

HOW FAR DID JOHN'S MURDER inhibit Paul? Leaving aside his drug bust in Japan at the start of 1980, and the consequent binning of Wings' concert schedule, it's striking that he gave up touring for almost a decade. 'Yeah, it's something to do with John's thing,' he said, when we spoke in 1989. "But it's one of those. It's like Muhammad Ali said, 'When God calls me I'll go.' He's gonna get you one of these days, one way or another." Back in harness, Paul began a regime of live performance that has hardly stopped. Playing Liverpool in 1990, he sealed the occasion with a sequence of John Lennon numbers:

"I didn't want to go crazy with it: 'Oh sacred memory of The Great Loved One.' I didn't want to get too precious. But I did feel good about copping a little medley, just nice songs to sing. And the emotion of singing some John songs, for the first time in my life. It should be Liverpool; if I'm going to do it, that's the place.

"He used to do Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds – remember he did it with Elton, and his quote was he's 'finally got to do Paul's part'. And Elton did his [Lennon's] part. So he got to sing 'in the sky with diamonds' in the higher harmony.

"It was a bit the way I felt: I finally got to do John's part on Help! and Give Peace A Chance. Which, of course, I'd never done. And Strawberry Fields, a great song to sing.

Rex (4), Wenn

Twice As Nice

Five extraordinary Paul & John collaborations. By Paul Du Noyer.

I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND **The Christmas hit that capped The Beatles' *annus mirabilis*, 1963, was a writing collaboration of the purest sort. In a tiny basement, the partners bashed out this masterpiece in a manner that John described, with anatomical precision, as "eyeball to eyeball" and "playing into each other's noses".**

I'LL FOLLOW THE SUN **The sleeve-note of 1964's *Beatles For Sale* described this typically wistful vocal as "Paul, double tracked here and there". But John's voice does its own share of the heavy lifting at the start of every verse, leaving the occasional graceful space for McCartney to float away on his own melodious zephyr.**

THE NIGHT BEFORE **A sturdily workmanlike *Help!* song, notable for the sunshine-and-shade quality of Paul and John's vocal interplay. McCartney's hopeful pleading is the keynote, but Lennon's mournful background moans ("Ah, the night before…") are like the slave in Caesar's chariot, reminding His Nibs that he's only mortal.**

LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS **Playing to each's archetypal strength, it's a showcase for Lennon at his most narcoleptic – both introverted and visionary – while McCartney's vaulting bass and spidery organ lines ensured it met The Beatles' fundamental remit. Result: unfathomably strange and yet a pop song of universal appeal.**

TWO OF US **Paul says the "two of us" who inspired this *Let It Be* song were himself and Linda. But the Everlys intimacy of his vocal with John, and a mention of long-shared memories, conjures a more nostalgic image of two old comrades in the afterglow. And Paul, it turns out, is perfectly happy when people hear it that way.**

IF JOHN HAD NOT MET PAUL, THEIR lives would have been incalculably different. And so would ours. It is impossible to guess what the world might have become, probably it is pointless to try. But, of course, it is tempting. A magazine once asked me to make an attempt, and so I obliged:

One fateful day the 15-year-old Paul McCartney cycled over to Woolton and met an older teenager called John Lennon, who was playing in a skiffle band at the summer fête. What would have happened if they never met?

Suppose the fête was rained off, or Paul had decided to go to the pictures instead? How different might human history have been? And would our world be a much poorer place, or a perhaps better one? Let us try to picture it.

I see George Harrison, who has become a bus driver like his father before him. Twice a day he takes the Ribble route 311 from Liverpool Skelhorne Street to Blackburn, Lancashire. 'Bloody road,' he moans. 'Must be four thousand holes in it.' Yet he is a philosophical cove. 'The farther one travels,' he says to Big-Nose Ritchie the bus conductor, 'the less one knows.'

The stolid Ritchie nods, and drums a paradiddle on the canteen table. Life has been a mild disappointment for him since Rory Storm & The Hurricanes played their last Butlin's summer season in 1966.

Americans grew morbid after the killing of President Kennedy in 1963, and nothing arrived out of the skies at JFK to cheer them up. Russia took down the Berlin Wall. "Our young people visit the West," said a Soviet spokesman, "but it's so boring they always come home again." The USSR will soon celebrate its 100th anniversary.

Elvis Presley, The King Of Rock'N'Roll, was never deposed. No upstarts ever challenged his supremacy and he lives a frugal, contented existence in Memphis. Rock'n'roll in fact fizzled out, but there was a new golden era for professional song-

Dressed for *Sgt. Pepper's…*, 1967; (top) face to face on Ed Sullivan, NYC, '64.

WorldMagazine

writers: where would New York's Brill Building be without the famed Simon & Zimmerman partnership?

Up the road, in a bar on West 72nd Street, a drunken Scouse seaman called Johnny Lennon swears contemptuously when the flickering TV shows images of the ever-popular Paul McCartney Dance Orchestra. He gets into a fight with a moody guy from the New Jersey haulage firm of Springsteen & Son, and both are evicted.

"We coulda been contenders," they mope at one another on the sidewalk. Lennon has broken his Buddy Holly glasses. A flyer in the gutter promotes the one-woman show by an obscure Japanese performance artist.

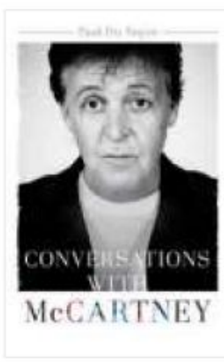
In London one David Jones, the odd-eyed chief of a Soho advertising agency, wishes he'd kept up his saxophone lessons. Who knows, he might have won a place in the Reg Dwight Big Band. What was it the Reverend Jagger said at Evensong last Sunday? "You can't always get what you want." How true that was. The fact is that British rock'n'roll had never really taken off.

If you were in the know there was always imported black music

"It's one of the blessings of my life that during his last year we made it up." Paul learns of John's death, London, December 1980; John and Yoko; the murder scene, NYC.

from the States. Soul and hip hop were the only vibrant sounds to be heard after 1963. But even in America their appeal was limited by race. Nobody knew how to interest the white mass market in records from Detroit or Compton, LA.

England's dreaming was undisturbed for 50 years, and Elizabeth still reigned. "Monarchy in the UK!" said the patriotic window display at McLaren's High Class Haberdashers, 430 King's Road.



EXCEPT, OF COURSE, THAT THIS IS NOT what happened at all. Paul McCartney did meet John Lennon at that Woolton Summer Fête. The butterfly flapped its wings and a distant mountain toppled over.

Extracted from Paul Du Noyer's book Conversations With McCartney, published by Hodder & Stoughton. Out now.

"IN HEY JUDE, I WAS GOING TO KNOCK OUT THAT LINE ABOUT 'THE MOVEMENT YOU NEED IS ON YOUR SHOULDER'. JOHN SAID, 'YOU'RE NOT, YOU KNOW. THAT'S THE BEST LINE IN IT'."

BEATLES' No. 1s

1966

The Beatles on the studio set of BBC TV's Top Of The Pops, June 16, 1966, ready to promote Paperback Writer.

BOYS KEEP SWINGING

By JON SAVAGE

Paperback Writer

#1 in UK, US

Released: May 30, 1966 (US); June 10, 1966 (UK)

1966 BEGAN for The Beatles with their latest release topping charts both sides of the Atlantic.

But while We Can Work It Out in particular did the business, the group were nowhere to be seen. Apart for some early January overdubbing for The Beatles At Shea Stadium film, they would do no recording until April nor any live performances before June. After three years of near constant pressure, The Beatles were enjoying some unplanned time off.

Early 1966 had been scheduled for work on the group's third film under the United Artists deal – a mooted adaptation of Richard Condon's 1961 novel A Talent For Loving, a surreal Western, was scrapped after disagreements about the script: "It's an accident that we're not working now," John Lennon told the NME's Chris Hutchins in March. "We should have had just two weeks holiday at Christmas and then started on the next film, but it isn't ready and won't be for months."

The result was The Beatles' first prolonged bout of free time since they had become famous, and they used it both to find and to lose themselves. Each member responded in a different way, captured by Maureen Cleave in her series of Evening Standard interviews published in March. She found Ringo Starr "contented" in ex-urban bliss. George Harrison was immersed in Indian music, while expressing uncompromising views on organised religion and the Vietnam War.

Paul McCartney was a relentless self-improver, "fascinated by composers like Stockhausen and Luciano Berio", while Lennon was the most complex – a modern emperor, a bundle of contradictions, simultaneously spoiled and dissatisfied. For Lennon, his big house in Weybridge was like a waiting room on the way to somewhere else: "I'll take my time; I'll get my real house when I know what I want."

In early 1966, Lennon was "reading extensively about religion" and Cleave quoted his thoughts on Hugh J. Schonfield's 1965 best-seller, The Passover Plot: "Christianity will go," he said. "It will vanish and shrink. I needn't argue about that; I'm right and I will be proved right. We're more popular than Jesus now; I don't know which will go first – rock'n'roll or

"A POP ART PRODUCT ABOUT SWINGING LONDON JUST AS IT WAS ABOUT TO BE ECLIPSED."

Alamy (2), Rex

WorldMags.net

That Was The Year That...

MARCH 31 **Labour win the General Election with a 96-seat majority.**

APRIL 3 **The Soviet spacecraft Luna 10 becomes the first artificial satellite to orbit the Moon.**

MAY 6 **Moors murderers Ian Brady and Myra Hindley are sentenced to life imprisonment.**

JULY 29 **Bob Dylan is injured in a motorcycle accident near his home in Woodstock, New York.**

JULY 30 **England win the World Cup (pictured above).**

OCTOBER 6 **LSD is made illegal in the United States.**

DECEMBER 15 **Walt Disney dies at the age of 65.**

Christianity. Jesus was all right but his disciples were thick and ordinary. It's them twisting it that ruins it for me."

For Lennon in particular, the lay off had given him the opportunity to imagine what it would be like not to be a Beatle, and his innate rebelliousness emerged when The Beatles reappeared in March 1966. The Cleave quote – which went unnoticed in the UK at the time – was followed by a bizarre photo session conducted by Bob Whitaker at No. 1 The Vale, Chelsea Studios, on the 25th of that month, where Lennon in particular indulged the photographer in his surrealist commentaries on the all-devouring nature of The Beatles' fame.

In April, The Beatles began two months of sessions for a new album and a stand-alone single that would produce their only new issued material of the year. They had wanted to record in Stax Studios in Memphis, but that idea had foundered through concerns about money and security. Some of that impulse remained in the Paul McCartney song slated as the first new single of 1966, Paperback Writer, which showcased a fuller bass sound than EMI had ever achieved before.

Paperback Writer was fast, tricksy, sophisticated. Based on a stinging dual-guitar riff and featuring Beach Boys-style harmonies that teetered on the edge of dissonance, if not actual piss-taking (those buried chants of "Frère Jacques"), it was a song about the mass media – not a customary topic for pop songs in 1966. Complex and compressed, it was a Pop Art product about Swinging London just at the moment it was about to be eclipsed.

The sense that The Beatles were determined to pursue esoteric preoccupations was heightened when the record was turned over. Rain was a hymn to cosmic acceptance and the primacy of interior states couched in a very strange soundscape: the song was taken down a semitone in the mix, resulting in a clangorous, Indian tone; at the fade, the track was reversed, creating a sound that drew you in at the same time as it belied sense. There was a definite sense of us and them: were you on or off the bus?

On June 11, a disturbing image from the Whitaker session – four stoned, defiant Beatles draped in cuts of raw meat – was reproduced on the front cover of Disc And Music Echo to promote the single, while, later, another adding dismembered dolls to the mix was chosen as the cover for Capitol's latest act of butchery, *Yesterday And Today*: an LP that collected cuts from *Help!*, *Rubber Soul* and three tracks from the forthcoming unfinished *Revolver*. The furore caused by "the most nauseating album cover ever seen in the US" forced Capitol to withdraw the cover – at an estimated cost of $200,000.

Yellow Submarine/ Eleanor Rigby

#1 in UK, US

Released: August 5, 1966

BY THE time The Beatles' next single was released in August, the group were in a far more dangerous situation.

Lennon's comments about Christianity had been picked up by a minor teen magazine, Datebook. In a spasm of outrage from early August onwards, DJs and religious figures in the Deep South were calling for Beatle boycotts and the burning of Beatle products. But they missed in Eleanor Rigby an understated yet devastating attack on the whole premise of Christianity: "no one was saved". George Martin's arrangement was more reminiscent of a horror film than saccharine sentimentality, and McCartney's downbeat performance and sharply observed lyric both recalled the Roman Catholic Liverpool of his youth and pointed forward to a more secular age. In that, the protestors were right: The Beatles were the enemies of organised religion.

Taken from the *Revolver* album, the single was issued as a double A-side. Yellow Submarine illustrated the group's duality, being an upbeat, charming children's song that, with its sound effects, Lennon's barked interjections, and slightly stoned air, could appeal to adults, while the song's communality harked back to the Socialist Liverpool whence the group had come and pointed forward to the psychedelic brotherhood that would flower in the coming year.

Yellow Submarine was the preferred side in the US. By its Stateside peak of Number 1 in Cashbox in September (Eleanor Rigby stalled at Number 12), The Beatles were long gone – exhausted after a difficult tour marked by religious controversy, appalling performance conditions, and a mania that at all times threatened to explode into violence. Another long rest beckoned, a disappearance that would change the nature of pop around the world.

Jon Savage's 1966: The Year The Decade Exploded (Faber) is published on November 19.

Shades of psych to come: Ringo, Paul, George and John, August 1966.

BEATLES' No. 1s

1967

Far from Penny Lane: John, George, Ringo and Paul's back, during promotional filming for the single at Knole Park, Sevenoaks, Kent, February 7, 1967.

POP-ART MEETS ART-POP

By MAT SNOW

Penny Lane

#1 in: US

Released: February 13, 1967

WHERE LENNON had dominated Beatles A-sides in '64 and '65, by 1967 the tide had turned towards Paul.

With a troubled John dilated by massive acid ingestion to outré, sparingly eked-out creativity, Paul was inhaling the *Zeitgeist*, turning on and tuning in to Swinging London's bandwidth from the avant-garde to the underground, but staying far too focused to drop out. Moreover, across the Atlantic he had a new muse in Brian Wilson, the mastermind of *Pet Sounds*, the Beach Boys album over which Paul had been poring for six months.

Inspired to new heights of harmonic and (enabled by George Martin and Abbey Road's engineers) studio-crafted sonic invention, Paul nonetheless clung to pop's gold standards of ear-snagging melody and foot-tapping rhythm. Intended for the concept album taking shape in his mind of The Beatles re-enacting a Victorian brass band, Paul was in half-nostalgic mood though not yet 25, with the song Penny Lane a glowing fantasia of the '50s Liverpool they had all left behind.

Likewise looking back, John's parallel song, Strawberry Fields Forever, was dreamy and dislocated where Paul's was bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, but such was the investment of studio time and ground-breaking belief in both records that, with EMI/Capitol anxious that six months had elapsed since their previous single, Eleanor Rigby, the pair were released as a double A-side, with radio stations deciding which got more play and hence top billing. In America, Paul's three minutes was played more frequently than John's four, so making the top spot under US chart rules aggregating radio plays with sales, while Strawberry Fields Forever stalled at Number 8.

If fans in the UK were dismayed when the joint effort became the Fabs' first new single not to make the toppermost since 1962, held off by Engelbert Humperdinck's version of the country ballad Release Me (just as the US had a taste for English kitsch, so did the UK for American schmaltz), while at the other end of the singles market, The Monkees were hoovering up the Fabs' younger fans.

Not that The Beatles felt too threatened

"A GLOWING FANTASIA OF THE '50S LIVERPOOL THEY HAD ALL LEFT BEHIND."

Alamy (3), Rex

WorldMags.net

That Was The Year That...

APRIL 28 **Muhammad Ali refuses military service and is stripped of his heavyweight boxing world title.**

JUNE 5 **Six-Day War begins, with victorious Israel occupying adjoining Arab territory.**

JUNE 16 **The three-day Monterey Pop Festival begins in California.**

JULY 23 **Detroit's week-long race riots start, killing 43.**

JULY 27 **The UK bill to decriminalise homosexual acts gets its royal assent.**

AUGUST 27 **Beatles manager Brian Epstein (above) is found dead of an overdose at his Belgravia home.**

SEPTEMBER 5 **The Prisoner hits the small screen.**

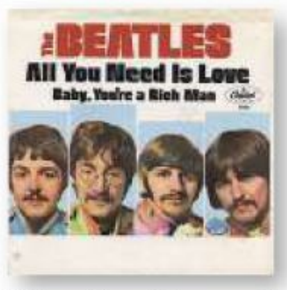
OCTOBER 9 **Guerrilla leader Che Guevara is executed in Bolivia the day after his capture.**

– the vast sales of their last two albums, *Rubber Soul* and *Revolver*, confirmed that not only musical ambitions but the market itself was moving from 45rpm to 33, and they knew that the long-playing masterpiece in the offing would be a colossus. Later, their only regret was their decision to leave off the two *Sgt. Pepper*-heralding tracks that would have made it even greater.

All You Need Is Love

#1 in: UK, US

Released: July 7, 1967 (UK)
July 17, 1967 (US)



WITH JUST-released *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* blowing minds that summer as no album by anyone had ever done, The Beatles sat at the cultural summit – a status all their own that perhaps only Charlie Chaplin had ever approached.

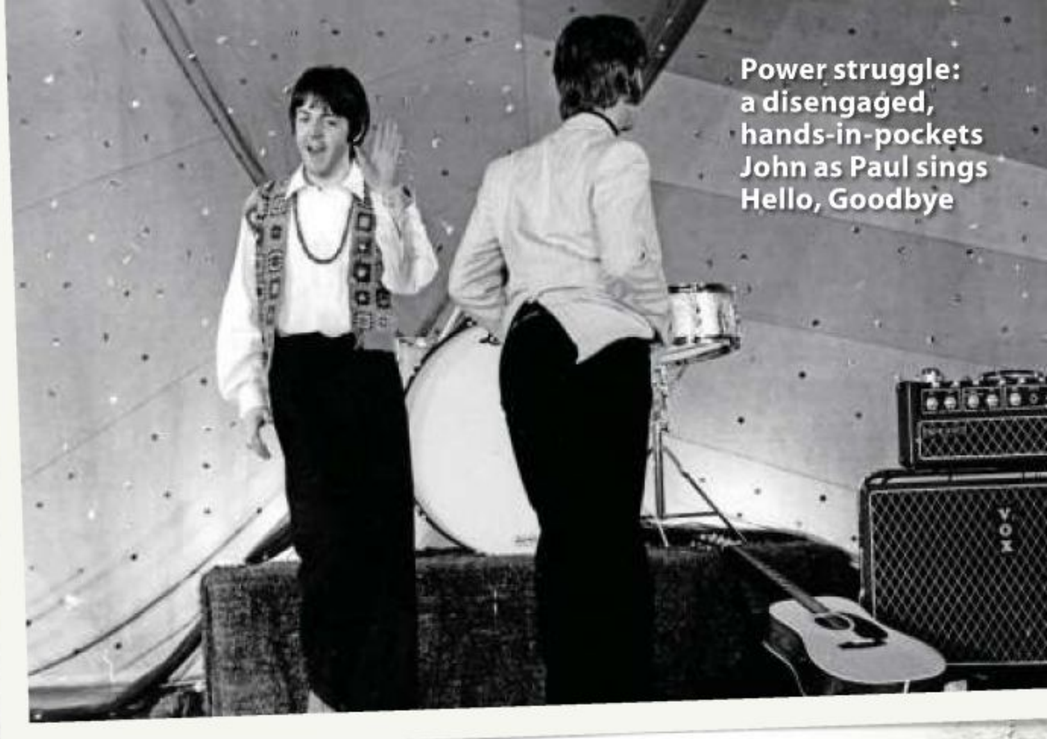
Even so, when presented with the challenge of providing a special performance for the pioneering 24-nation satellite-linked TV show Our World, they were not too big to decline this testing honour.

A big moment called for a big statement, and, perhaps thinking big under the lingering inspiration of the gnomic messages of a Japanese artist, one Yoko Ono, whose London exhibition had intrigued him the previous November, John coined the first of his advertising slogans for a revolution of hearts and minds.

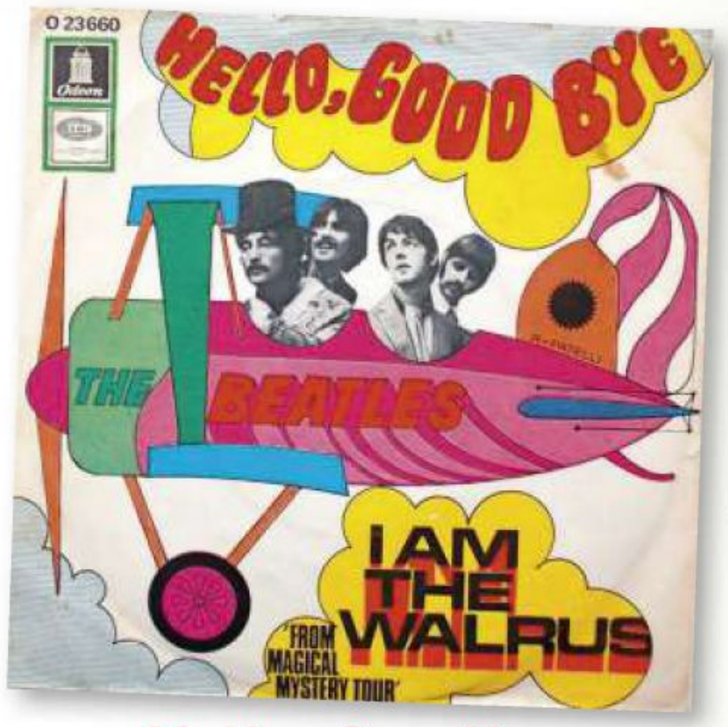
Of the cryptically vague verses, only the line "it's easy" might instantly cross all the language barriers. Thus, a song where the chorus of the title was almost the entire point created its own stylistic logic: it had to be a chant, a sing- along, an anthem. With his genius for both the arresting idea and attention-grabbing intro, John simply proceeded from the creative flash of opening with the first bars of the French revolutionary anthem, La Marseillaise, to the rest, conveying as much from what it quoted – including Bach, Glenn Miller, Greensleeves and the Fabs' own She Loves You – as what it actually said. Applying pop art's collage technique – exemplified by Peter Blake's *Sgt. Pepper* sleeve – to pop itself, what the song said was simple, upbeat and universal, yet what was implied by the record's musical quotations and orchestral arrangement (genteel harpsichord and cello versus beery brass) verged on the irony of a Shostakovich.

The Move offshoots Wizzard and Electric Light Orchestra would build whole hit careers on the latter, while the concept of pop unifying the tribes for a global screen audience would have to wait far longer to reach its apogee at Live Aid and all subsequent must-see concert telecasts.

Going global: The Beatles on Our World TV show, June 25, 1967.



Power struggle: a disengaged, hands-in-pockets John as Paul sings Hello, Goodbye



Hello, Goodbye

#1 in: UK, US

Released: November 24, 1967 (UK)
November 27, 1967 (US)

RUBBISHED BY many as part of Paul's post-Epstein power grab and minor Macca prevailing at the expense of John's hair-raisingly original I Am The Walrus (relegated to the B-side, much to its writer's dismay).

Nonetheless, Hello, Goodbye hogged the top spot throughout the Yuletide season and well into New Year '68. How come?

Inspired by a game of antonymic word-play, the song was all about something else, something far more primal than what it was about (if anything) on the surface: Hello, Goodbye embodies the inner child's thrill in singing along, of joining in, of leaping aboard a confection of melody and harmony whose joyously trilling scales could charm the birds off the trees. Its endorphin euphoria evokes a gavotte of the periwigged 18th century, feet tapping and ears catching the interlocking patterns which flow freely from a modern Mozart to rival Brian Wilson's musical clockwork. No mere lightweight, Hello, Goodbye is musical light touch and buoyancy of spirit in quintessence, bubble-gum pop as high art when that trend had barely taken off with Jerry Kasenetz and Jeff Katz's Super K production line of kiddy hits.

Ending 18 months of immersion in mind-expanding, ear-bewitching studio craft, Hello, Goodbye was a final flourish before The Beatles embraced the Dylan-initiated stripped-back aesthetic that would dominate '68. Hello roots, goodbye pop art.

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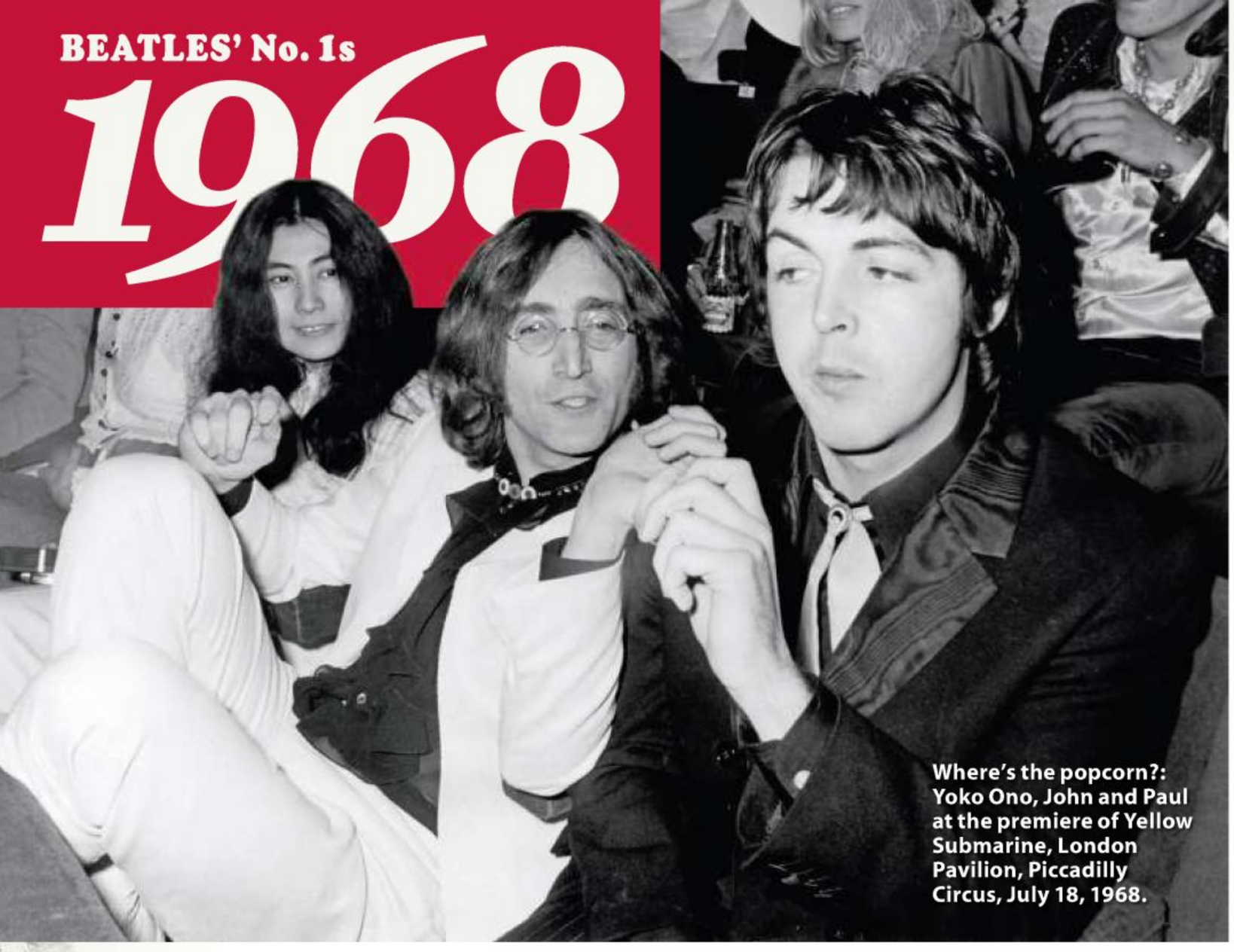
BEATLES' No. 1s

1968



Where's the popcorn?: Yoko Ono, John and Paul at the premiere of Yellow Submarine, London Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus, July 18, 1968.

FABNESS' FIRST FINALE

By DAVE DiMARTINO

Lady Madonna

#1 in: UK

Released: March 15, 1968 (UK)
March 18, 1968 (US)

WITH BRIAN Epstein's 1967 death still casting a pall, and individual journeys taking precedence over corporate progress throughout the year (exacerbated to the point of destruction by protracted sessions for *The White Album*), the band's brace of hit 45s put on a brave face, as if feeling a duty to cheer the planet during the decade's year of anxiety.

Indicating retro-rootsy life after psych, the spring's Lady Madonna oozed the traditionalism of Fats Domino's New Orleans. Written by Paul, with a tad of lyric by John, this was the last Parlophone/Capitol single – it would be all Apple ever after – and the quartet finished it in time to jet to India to see the Maharishi. And it was so catchy Fats Domino himself covered it.

A modern-day nursery rhyme incorporating Monday's Child and Three Blind Mice (with that cute "see how they run" hosiery pun), Lady Madonna topped the charts in the UK, peaked at Number 4 in the States and offered a nostalgia-friendly Ronnie Scott sax solo in the mix. And when guest bassist "Paul Ramon" popped up on The Steve Miller Band's *Brave New World* that same year, it inspired Space Cowboy and the enormous career that dutifully accompanied it overseas.

And, like most good nursery rhymes – penned by Paul McCartney or otherwise – it remains easy to hum even today.

Hey Jude

#1 in: UK, US

Released: August 30, 1968 (UK)
August 26, 1968 (US)

BY THE time The Beatles' second single of 1968 had assumed its allotted position across the globe's airwaves, another Kennedy was dead, the Apple Boutique had shut and Ringo had left the group. The self-healing theme of their latest missive could not have been more apt.

Ostensibly penned by Paul McCartney for young Julian Lennon in the midst of his parents' divorce, Hey Jude was definitively anthemic. At seven minutes and 11 seconds, it was 10 seconds shy of Richard Harris's MacArthur Park (released that April) and equally glorious in its excess. Recorded at London's Trident Studios in late July through early August, the finished track included the band, a full 36-piece orchestra, and a four-minute-long coda of "Na-na-na-na-na-na-na, na-na-na-na" that has now been stamped firmly into the human genome. If two-word reviews were the norm, then "Holy Crap!" would suffice.

Of course if Lennon had had his way, Revolution would have been the A-side, but, deemed too slow, that was held for the soon-to-come *White Album* and revved up into something new for the flip. But who could argue with Jude? The promo film, shot by Michael Lindsay-Hogg (*see opposite*) at Twickenham Film Studios, was the thing: aired on Frost On Sunday in the UK and The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour in the States a month later, it depicted the quartet, up-close and sincere – Paul especially – and more humans in one studio than anyone had ever seen before. Plus orchestra. It must have smelled wonderful.

But really, that ending, those chords. That brief '60s tradition – Hey Jude, Dear Mr. Fantasy, Memory Of A Free Festival, Atlantis – four chords forever, into infinity. They weren't in India any more, but this was ecstatic trance music, cultivated fervour, a generational mind-meld. Had there been no more music from The Beatles, Hey Jude would have been the best send-off ever.

(*Beatles' No. 1s continues on page 80*)

That Was The Year That...

APRIL 4 **Civil Rights leader Martin Luther King murdered in Memphis.**

MAY 15 **Stanley Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey (above) is released.**

JUNE 3 **Andy Warhol shot by actress Valerie Solanas.**

JULY 31 **The first episode of Dad's Army airs in the UK.**

AUGUST 8 **Nixon nominated as Republican candidate for president.**

OCTOBER 31 **President Johnson calls halt to the bombing of North Vietnam.**

DECEMBER 21 **Launch of Apollo 8 sends man into first moon orbit.**

"NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA-NA' HAS NOW BEEN STAMPED FIRMLY INTO THE HUMAN GENOME."

Photoshot, Alamy

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THE VISION THING

As told to ANDREW MALE

As touring became a vortex of chaos, The Beatles found a new way to take their singles to the world – the promo clip. Young Ready Steady Go! director Michael Lindsay-Hogg was instrumental in shaping their approach, and watched a tight-knit pride turn into four fractious rogue males, itching for escape. Here is his story in his own words.

Paperback Writer/Rain

May 19-20, 1966

BRIAN EPSTEIN'S office got in touch with [Ready Steady Go! broadcaster] Rediffusion and said, "We've seen the show and we'd like Michael to do a couple of videos."

My heart leapt. Then Rediffusion said, "We don't think we're going to release you. You've been coming along quite well here, but we wouldn't want you to get above yourself." I started to cry but then they said, "As a consequence of Mr Epstein being so important in the Light Entertainment industry we're going to let you do it."

I went to Abbey Road where they were recording, and I was put in a room to wait for them. They were having a meal break. Unlike other rock'n'roll bands, up to and including The Rolling Stones, where someone would send out for some Chinese food, The Beatles had a table laid with tablecloth, fine china, crystal glasses, silver, knives and forks, bottle of red wine, bottle of white. I waited, and waited. Eventually they trooped in, the four of them, with Mal Evans and Neil Aspinall. I'd never met them before. Their faces were so famous by then that it was like being in a room with cartoon characters: Bugs Bunny, Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck.

After a while they said, "Have you got any ideas?" I had an idea to do Paperback Writer with them all as journalists in a newspaper office, Paul secretly scribbling a paperback book. I'd collaborated with The Rolling Stones on Ready Steady Go! and it was fairly easy. But with The Beatles, giving them an idea was like putting a piece of meat in the lion's cage. They'd come over, sniff it, paw it, chuck it to one another, take a bite, chew it up.

A few days later I got a call from NEMS saying, "Mr Epstein doesn't want anything fancy. Just a video of the boys performing." We shot at Abbey Road, just them performing, but the next day I wanted us to get out of the studio so we went out to Chiswick House and used the conservatory. That video is quite good, I think. They were very close together at this time, very insular. We edited it, turned it over to them, parted friendly and that was the last I heard from them until 1968.

BEATLES' No. 1s

extra!

When the sun shines, they slip into the shade: Paul, Ringo, John and squatting George, recording promos, Chiswick House grounds, May 20, 1966; (inset right) Michael Lindsay-Hogg.

Apple Corps Ltd. Courtesy of Michael Lindsay-Hogg

1s To Watch

Beatles' 1 is being reissued with a big bonus: every promo clip the band made. Here's what's in it.

- **Their 27 Number 1 singles, plus video material depending on choice of five formats.**
- **A promo film for each Number 1 on DVD or Blu-Ray. Plus, in the full *1+* package (pictured below), promos for 23 more Beatles songs.**
- **Includes an official release for the "fish and chips" version of I Feel Fine filmed at Twickenham Film Studios on November 23, 1965.**
- **Two versions of the Lady Madonna promo filmed in Abbey Road's Studio Three on February 11, 1968 – one with Hey Bulldog, the song they were actually recording, restored.**
- **Cleaned-up, best-possible versions of the Penny Lane, Strawberry Fields Forever and Something promos. Even greener buses! (top) Even redder jackets! Even hotter Pattie!**
- **Starring roles for Macca's shoes through the decade. The red and yellow brogues in Hello, Goodbye! The red knitted bootees in Lady Madonna!**
- **New stereo and 5.1 sound mixes for each film by Giles Martin and Sam Okell include a revelatory stereo mix of Strawberry Fields Forever that supersedes the notoriously weedy, extreme-panned version and adds great low-end oomph.**
- **Like YouTube only loads, loads better.**

Hey Jude/Revolution

September 4, 1968

TWO YEARS had gone by. I'd done the videos for Jumpin' Jack Flash and Child Of The Moon, McCartney and Mick Jagger had run into each other, and apparently McCartney had said, "We worked with Michael. How did it go with you?"

Well Mick and Keith really liked the Jumpin' Jack Flash video so next I get a call from Paul about working on Hey Jude and Revolution.

We talked about the problem of Hey Jude, in that it's got a four-minute closing chorus, and we figured that no matter how wonderful The Beatles are you couldn't just be on them during all that time. We needed another ingredient, a crowd of people. Not just the girls in The Beatles Fan Club but a cross-section of all colours, races, ages – the housewife and the postman as much as the teenager. Over the years, different versions of Hey Jude have shown up but the one Paul and I like the most is the one with the postman [The Smothers Brothers Show version].

They had different lives now and you saw it in the way they interacted with each other. Rather than dealing with a whole band, I dealt with Paul on Hey Jude and John on Revolution, which we shot earlier in the day. The idea with Revolution was down and dirty, big close-ups, quick, fast, in and out. John said to me, "It's important I have a big close-up when I sing, 'But if you go carrying pictures of Chairman Mao/ You ain't going to make it with anyone anyhow,' because I think that's the key lyric in the song."

If we hadn't done Hey Jude there wouldn't have been a Let It Be. We did six, seven takes and after the second The Beatles realised there were a hundred people standing around, those Hamburg instincts kicked in, and they suddenly started playing for the audience, old Motown songs, blues.

It was thrilling for the audience but the group, who'd stopped touring in '66, actually started to enjoy it. They thought, Maybe we could do something again with some kind of audience. That led to Let It Be.

Let It Be

January 1969

I WAS PREPARING The Rolling Stones Rock And Roll Circus at Maddox Street and I got a call from Paul saying, "Can you come over to Apple?"

So I walked over to Savile Row and they were all there. Paul said, "We liked doing those videos and we like playing again so we're going to do a television special around the making of the new album. Do you want to get involved?"

I'm thinking, How good can life get? But I sensed there was a little burn-out in the room, that maybe John or George were not as quite as keen as Paul. But I finished Rock And Roll Circus and two weeks later, at the beginning of January 1969, we started the television special. Paul had said, "Why don't we shoot documentary footage, so that the weekend before the show goes out, we'll preview it with half an hour of The Beatles in rehearsal?"

It was all very different from filming Paperback Writer. Now it was like watching three session men and one songwriter. We never decided what the television special would look like. Would it be filmed at the Cavern? An amphitheatre in Tunisia? Lots of ideas. Then George Harrison just quit, saying, "See you 'round the clubs." Basically he didn't want to perform again in public. It had gotten too crazy. He would only come back if we left Twickenham and went to their Savile Row studios. There's no TV special any more. We went to Savile Row but we're still shooting two cameras, eight

"Na-na-na na-na-na naaa": The Beatles' Hamburg instincts kick in filming Hey Jude, Twickenham Film Studios, September 4, 1968.

hours a day, song rehearsals. That can sound wonderful, but after a while it gets to be a drag unless it's your song.

I realised we were getting very interesting stuff on these two cameras, scenes where you get a sense of who they are as people, the tensions between them. The scene where George says, "I'll play what you want me to play," I could smell the tension. Rather than having the cameras near them I put one up in the gantry and another at the end of the stage on a long lens which is why the shot is a little fuzzy. If they'd felt intruded on by the cameras they wouldn't have behaved naturally. The shooting style was dictated by how they were.

I'd not been hired to do a documentary, but now I was interested in what was going to happen to the film. I knew it had to have a place of resolution. So we had lunch one day up in the boardroom at Apple and I said to them, "Well, you didn't want to go to the amphitheatre in Tunisia, we didn't ever do a show, but why don't we do it right here, up on the roof?" Nothing was quite decided, but Paul told me to get ready. We were going to do it on a Thursday. We had 11 cameras ready including a two-way mirror in the lobby so if the police came in they wouldn't know they were being filmed.

Thursday came and we all met in a little room underneath the wooden staircase and I realised it wasn't a definite. Paul said, "OK, we're going to do this," and George said, "I don't see the point. Why would we want to go up on the roof and play?" Then Ringo said, "And it's cold." So it's stalemate. There's a silence. Then the one voice that had not been heard: John says, "Fuck it, let's do it." So we went up the little staircase and into history.

The rough-cut had a lot more John and Yoko in it. Then I got a call from Peter Brown at Apple saying, "I think some of the John and Yoko stuff should go." I said, "No, no, I think it's interesting." Peter said, "Let me put it like this – I've had *three* phone-calls this morning saying, 'I think some of the John and Yoko stuff should go'…"

I've been talking with Apple over the years about releasing Let It Be, colour-corrected with a good soundtrack, plus an auxiliary DVD with the stuff that was taken out for time or personality reasons. Dealing with Apple is like dealing with the old Kremlin – you get pointers, clues about it coming out – but I think they regard Let It Be as the final cherry on the top of the cake of all The Beatles' re-releases.

Michael Lindsay-Hogg's memoir, Luck And Circumstance: A Coming Of Age In Hollywood, New York, And Points Beyond is published by Knopf.

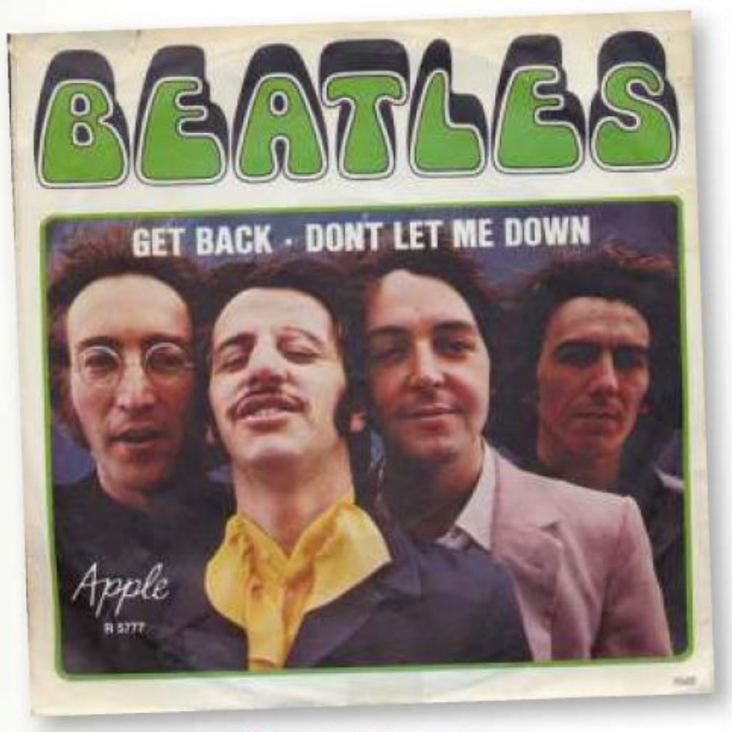
"GIVING THE BEATLES AN IDEA WAS LIKE PUTTING A PIECE OF MEAT IN THE LION'S CAGE. THEY'D SNIFF IT, PAW IT, CHEW IT UP."

Apple Corps Ltd.

Passing the audition: Paul, John and George powering Get Back on the windswept Savile Row roof of Apple, January 30, 1969.

RUNNING OUT OF ROAD

By PAUL DU NOYER



Get Back

#1 in: UK, US

Released: April 11, 1969 (UK)
May 5, 1969 (US)

IT WAS the year Apple went pear-shaped. Yet it seemed to start out so well. Here was a fine, addictively driving rocker, instantly commanding the singles charts.

Few knew, at the time, that "get back" was Paul McCartney's project code-name for a bid to re-ignite the apathetic Beatles, via live shows, a TV special and back-to-basics music. It would be just like the good old days in Liverpool and Hamburg – before Beatlemania, psychedelia and the ennui of imperial decadence had set in.

The genius of Get Back was that it also mirrored the prevailing mood. From its title downwards, this urgent, chugging boogie expressed rock music's end-of-decade yearning for past times. In America that meant the rootsy, bearded authenticity of The Band, Canned Heat or Creedence Clearwater Revival. In Britain it stood for 1950s coffee bars and larky retro flash. (Which in turn gave us everything from Roxy Music to Gary Glitter.)

Get Back was recorded in late January, barely six weeks after the release of *The White Album* (a whole 30 tracks) and it was certainly the strongest new song they had available. A rousing version was filmed on the Apple rooftop on January 30, an off-the-cuff idea that replaced many grandiose schemes, including a concert at an ancient amphitheatre in Africa. It was a time, sighed their press officer Derek Taylor, "of indecisive malarkey" – and indeed the previous weeks had been miserable, as chronicled in the eventual movie Let It Be.

Adding a thrilling keyboard line was the group's old friend Billy Preston – brought in to dampen their internal tensions – earning him the unique distinction of a co-credit on a Beatles record. Artfully, Get Back concealed the sad fact that The Beatles were running out of road. Thankfully, they knew how to hit a cul-de-sac with style.

"AN URGENT CHUGGING BOOGIE EXPRESSING AN END-OF-DECADE YEARNING FOR PAST TIMES."

©Apple Corps Ltd, Alamy (2)

That Was The Year That...

JANUARY 20 Richard Nixon is inaugurated as President of the United States.

JULY 3 Brian Jones of The Rolling Stones is found dead.

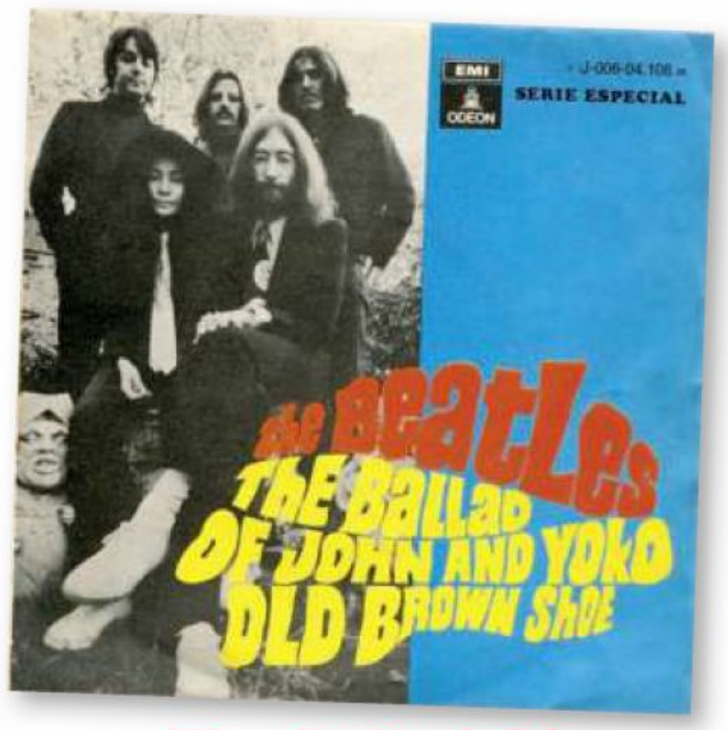
JULY 14 Release of the Easy Rider movie starring Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper.

JULY 21 Neil Armstrong (pictured) becomes the first man to step onto the moon.

AUGUST 14 British troops are sent to Belfast to be deployed on the streets of Northern Ireland.

AUGUST 15 Woodstock music festival begins.

OCTOBER 5 BBC screens the first Monty Python's Flying Circus episode.



The Ballad Of John And Yoko

#1 in: UK

Released: May 30, 1969

AS THE year dawdled forward, half-hearted plans for a film and its attendant album, both to be called Get Back, were left in abeyance.

The troubles at Apple, a company conceived amid such high idealism a year earlier, ran stubbornly deep. It wasn't only a case of creative fatigue: the four Beatles were now leading very separate lives and their business empire was unravelling. The arrival of new manager Allen Klein was proving fatally divisive.

It's all the more cheering, then, that McCartney and Lennon could still re-kindle their musical partnership occasionally. They convened at Abbey Road on April 14 and, in George and Ringo's absence, bashed out this hearty homage to 1950s rock (its foundation riff was probably Elvis Presley's Don't Be Cruel) that turned John's latest misadventures into another hit single. Paul put his all into the bass and drums while John howled out the song he initially called They're Gonna Crucify Me.

Wisely retitled The Ballad Of John And Yoko, it detailed his recent wedding and the first "bed-in" of his world peace campaign. The narrative captures a classic contradiction of Lennon's character: he wants to weaponise his fame to attract the maximum press attention to his cause, but – bloody hell – all this media coverage is doing his head in. His dream, ironically, was of an urgently journalistic style of instant reportage. He would next develop this idea outside The Beatles, via The Plastic Ono Band and numbers such as Give Peace A Chance and Cold Turkey.

The single was issued just six weeks later – when Get Back was still at Number 1 – and signalled John's eagerness to front a global counter-culture. Soon afterwards he returned his MBE to Buckingham Palace. ("Go back to bed, Mr Lennon!" barked an obligingly angry piece by the Daily Mail's Vincent Mulchrone.) And at summer fairs across the country, children dressed up as John and Yoko.

Amid this madness the band summoned George Martin back to Abbey Road and agreed to knuckle down for one more "proper" Beatles album. The world has every reason to be grateful.

Give sleep a chance: John and Yoko's Bed In For Peace, Montreal, May '69.

Something/ Come Together

#1 in: US

Released: October 6, 1969

FOR ALL its apparent unity, *Abbey Road* was not made in a spirit of harmony, and by its completion in late summer The Beatles were disintegrating.

Formerly the keenest team-player, Paul McCartney was now boycotting Apple completely, which doubtless helped his enemy Allen Klein to pick a George and a John song for the double A-side of the band's new single.

And to be fair, Harrison's Something was clearly a career highlight. Like another recent stand-out, Here Comes The Sun, it seemed to announce the guitarist's emergence from the songwriting shadows of Lennon and McCartney. Frank Sinatra was unabashed in his admiration for what became one of The Beatles' most-covered songs. And Lennon praised it generously – which may have helped it get the more prestigious "green" side of Apple vinyl label over his own effort. John's Come Together was, it should be said, less obviously commercial. Its title was taken from a failed campaign slogan by the drug guru Timothy Leary, and the echoes of Chuck Berry's song You Can't Catch Me would prove too close for legal comfort. Even so, the *Abbey Road* opener richly deserved the added exposure of its release on 45.

Come Together, in fact, is probably the last great group performance by The Beatles. Burnishing the word-play of Lennon's mesmeric vocal, Paul's swamp-out bass (plus his stuttering piano solo) and Ringo's skittering drum pattern are among its most memorable elements.

By now, even outsiders began to sense a slackening-off at Apple HQ. It was unlike The Beatles to stick out two tracks already familiar from an album, and in the UK the 45 stalled at Number 4. Music journalists, dismayed to find Savile Row's hospitality cabinet suddenly locked, penned pessimistic headlines: "Is this the end of Apple blossom time?" fretted Disc And Music Echo. They were right to be worried.

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1970

And still they lead me back: George Harrison, Paul McCartney, John Lennon, Ringo Starr at their last picture show.

LIFE AFTER DEATH

By SYLVIE SIMMONS

Let It Be

#1 in: US

Released: March 11, 1970

"WHEN I FIND myself in times of trouble." It was 1968 and McCartney was very troubled.

The band seemed bent on hanging, drawing and quartering itself and the anxiety spilled into a dream about wanting his mum; she had died when he was 14. She comforted him in the dream and the next day he wrote this ballad, a song of peace and solace. Though not for The Beatles.

That Paul's mother's name was Mary gave it a religious quality, which the piano, and later, organ, did nothing to dispel. Nor did the tempo, sense of space and simple, memorable chorus – so hymn-like that Aretha Franklin recorded a gospel version two months before it was released as The Beatles' penultimate 45.

Paul's first shot at recording it had been in January '69, at Twickenham Film Studios. A second session in April had John on bass, George on backing vocals, Ringo on drums and Billy Preston playing organ. George added a new guitar solo in January 1970 and the single version was complete. The album version famously featured a Phil Spector make-over, to Paul's chagrin. Spector was Lennon's idea.

John wasn't shy about saying how much he hated the song. It had "nothing to do with The Beatles", he told Playboy – though neither did John at that point. On the *Let It Be* album he would make fun of the song by prefacing it with a snarky, "And now we're going to do Hark The Angels Come", then following with a song about a hooker. And yet in polls of Beatles fans it invariably makes the Top 10.

The B-side of the single was a throwaway John song, You Know My Name (Look Up The Number), which might have made a good musical skit for a Beatles Xmas fan club record. But The Beatles wouldn't make it to Christmas.

The Long And Winding Road

#1 in: US

Released: May 11, 1970

SO HERE it is. The last Beatles single, a posthumous release – and we knew it.

On April 10, a month before The Beatles' *Let It Be* came out, Paul released his solo debut, including an interview in the press kit where he answered questions about whether he missed his bandmates and if he foresaw writing with John again, with "No." Then came the official announcement of Paul's departure. It was devastating – far more so to British teens than the Manson killings and Altamont and the death of the hippy dream the year before. This wasn't about America, it was about *us*.

That their last two singles would be McCartney songs wasn't much of a surprise. But that they should both be pop ballads and so *un*-bandlike left a strange aftertaste. The Long And Winding Road had the feel of a standard – in fact McCartney sent it to Tom Jones and Cilla Black to see if they fancied covering it before finally recording it with The Beatles and Billy Preston. John played bass again – but so ineptly it seemed deliberate. Spector – who described the band as like "a war zone" – hid it under layers of orchestra, horns and choir.

It was May 1970 and that was it, bar the *Let It Be* album and film, both released to mixed reviews. This was the way the world ends, not with a bang but a whimper. Derek Taylor, the band's press officer and close friend, said, "Paul McCartney has not left The Beatles, neither has John, George or Ringo: The Beatles left them." By the year's end all four had solo albums. "I don't believe in Beatles," sang John, but still we didn't really believe The Beatles were over. Perhaps we never will. Ⓜ

That Was The Year That...

JANUARY 1 **The age of majority in the UK is lowered from 21 to 18.**

APRIL 10 **Paul McCartney quits The Beatles, heralding the band's split.**

MAY 4 **Four students killed by US National Guard at Kent State, Ohio.**

JUNE 19 **The first UK general election in which 18-year-olds vote brings in a Tory government led by Ted Heath.**

AUGUST 26-31 **At the Isle of Wight festival (above), half a million show up, many without tickets, to see Jimi Hendrix , The Who and more acts.**

SEPTEMBER 18 **Jimi Hendrix dies in London, aged 27.**

SEPTEMBER 19 **The first Glastonbury Festival is held.**

"JOHN WASN'T SHY ABOUT HATING LET IT BE. IT HAD 'NOTHING TO DO WITH THE BEATLES'."

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MOJO

YOUR GUIDE TO THE MONTH'S BEST MUSIC. EDITED BY JENNY BULLEY

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"A symbolic alliance with nature and release from the bondage of man-made idiocy."

JOANNA NEWSOM INSPIRES SAGE WORDS FROM MARK PAYTRESS, ALBUMS, PAGE 84

RATINGS & FORMATS

Your guide to the month's best music is now even more definitive with our handy format guide. CD COMPACT DISC DL DOWNLOAD ST STREAMING LP VINYL MC CASSETTE DVD DIGITAL VIDEO DISC C IN CINEMAS BR BLU-RAY

★★★★★ MOJO CLASSIC ★★★★ EXCELLENT ★★★ GOOD ★★ DISAPPOINTING ★ BEST AVOIDED ☆ DEPLORABLE

WorldMags.net

A bigger splash

Freak-folk Cinderella follows acclaimed 2010 triple with an album of erudite pop and deepening moods. Mark Paytress takes the plunge. Illustration: Polly Becker.

Joanna Newsom

★★★★

Divers

DRAG CITY. CD/DL/LP/MC

In person, Joanna Newsom is smart, sparky and prone to correcting her own sentences on the rare occasion that improvement is necessary. Hand her a pen, a keyboard or her favourite Lyon & Healy harp and her inner perfectionist will invariably fire up.

Divers is Newsom's fourth album, and her first since 2010's *Have One On Me*, the acclaimed three-disc song cycle that saw a dramatic shift in her fortunes. Prior to that, she'd been typecast as a tough listen: the harp, *that* voice, pernickety Van Dyke Parks string arrangements, lyrics that jumped over the moon (and over most heads). Not one song on 2006's *Ys* clocked in under seven minutes. One, Only Skin, lasted a full 17.

She approached *Have One On Me* quite differently. The hair-raising elements were muted, the songs were grounded in love and loss, and her Chicago-based indie label Drag City had an international success on its hands. Joanna Newsom, the freak-folk Cinderella fêted as an uncompromising, Captain Beefheart-like visionary, was now being compared to Joni Mitchell at her subtle, sophisticated best.

Since then, Newsom has married leading US actor/comedian Andy Samberg, walked a few red carpets, and taken up residence in a fabulous 1920s-era estate in the Hollywood Hills. Live appearances ground to a halt in 2012. Two years later, she turned up in Inherent Vice, the film adaptation of the Thomas Pynchon novel. Finally, on August 10, a video for a new song, Sapokanikan, was uploaded online. *Divers* was imminent.

The footage showed Newsom skipping through Greenwich Village wearing a smile as wide as California. The music sounded like New York City at Christmas: celesta snowflakes and icicle piano, an intermittent, servicemen-on-leave beat, sepia-toned trombone. Late in the song, the mood deepens: Newsom's voice, now double-tracked, unleashes a word cascade then careens towards a falsetto finale. It was all very promising.

Sapokanikan is high-grade Pulitzer pop. Taking its title from a Native American settlement on which Greenwich Village now stands, its lyric actually belies the vaguely 'It's A Wonderful Life' feel. The very first line ("The cause is Ozymandian") reawakens Shelley's 1818 sonnet on the impermanency of empires; its conclusion, "The city is gone/Look, and despair", a cheerless first indication of the strong current of melancholia that runs through the album, a pulse that is only reinforced by the Kim Keever cover art, a mesmerising and unsettling work titled Wildflowers 52i that depicts a picturesque floral landscape threatened by choking smoke and clouds. Inside the booklet, where a Keever painting illustrates each song, the mood is darkened as clouds and mists grow progressively more menacing.

Something has changed. For the first time, the narrator is not Newsom in character (Deco vamp, mediaeval alchemist, Fuzzy-Felt folkie), but an indefinable, all-seeing force of nature, something spectral, unrestricted by Time. That, and the recurring references to war, is not exactly what the hipsters and adult fairies had been expecting.

In musical terms, the change is far less marked. Those still spellbound by *Ys* will lap up the opening Anecdotes, which has more moveable parts than a merry-go-round: orchestral strings, a broken soldier on horseback, harp, clear as a mountain stream (Steve Albini's back engineering). It's when everything begins to fan out like a peacock's tail at the height of the courting season that you're reminded just why Newsom is a 21st century one-off. After a sunny clarinet and some warning chords, a piano, obviously unhinged, rides the scales like a skateboarder on a pendulum. The whole piece is a triumph of planning and precision. If there's a musical centre of gravity, it's kept well hidden.

In this form, no one comes close to Newsom in terms of epic storytelling. But that's no longer something she seems to want to stretch across an entire album. The one other song that has similar aspirations is the title track. Divers features a coiling, kora-style harp that echoes the diver's plunge, and multiple moods that take in tormented cries ("Did you know me at all?") and declamatory affirmations ("This woman is alive!").

Wrapped around this, the album's cut-glass emotional core, are a cluster of songs where you can almost hear twigs crackling underfoot. Goose Eggs partners a Fender Rhodes with a harpsichord, tosses in some country rock twang and emerges with something Mick Jagger or Rod Stewart might've had a solo hit with around 1970 (though they would have trimmed the lyric in half). Waltz Of The 101st Lightborne picks up the military theme and adds fiddle and squeeze-box. The Things I Say is a solemn vignette that collapses abruptly in a late-'60s Holy Modal Rounders-style heap. Oddly enough, the old campfire song here, Same Old Man, was covered by the HMRs on their 1964 debut.

That, surely, wasn't intentional. But with so much here so carefully threaded and linked, you never know. There's a "neat, trim 'wholeness'" to *Divers*, Newsom tells MOJO. "[But] trying to explain this album would be like trying to explain why a joke is funny. I could break down the mechanical elements all night long, but I'd never come close to making you laugh."

Oh, but *Divers* packs a very good punchline. On the final song, Time, As A Symptom, Newsom is joined in a "joy-of-life" duet by a mourning dove – at nightfall! – a symbolic alliance with nature and, perhaps, some sort of release from the bondage of man-made idiocy.

KEY TRACKS
- Anecdotes
- Sapokanikan
- Divers
- Time, As A Symptom

BACK STORY: CLOUDBUSTING

"The narrator of this record is different from the narrator of the last record. All my previous albums were narrated by a different character – a stylised, exaggerated embodiment of the themes and stories on the record – whose portrayal on the cover signified the album's theme and mood. The same concept applies with this record. My face isn't on the cover, but the cover does depict the narrator, in a manner of speaking."

"AFTER A SUNNY CLARINET, A PIANO, OBVIOUSLY UNHINGED, RIDES THE SCALES LIKE A SKATE-BOARDER ON A PENDULUM."

JOANNA TALKS! SYNTACTIC, SEMANTIC & SYMBOLIC MEANING, JOY, AND RATS…

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Macaw blimey: Joanna Newsom, a hoot for hidden meanings.

"Keep your eye on the rats!"

Joanna Newsom speaks to Mark Paytress.

More than ever, *Divers* sounds like an enigma wrapped in an enigma.

"I suppose the record doesn't give everything up on the first listen. But I don't think it resists explanation either. Nor does it necessarily need explanation. Mostly, I wanted the songs to be good – to resonate emotionally, to be compositionally exciting and melodically beautiful, without requiring any deeper analysis or annotation from the listener. Not everyone is beguiled by the hunt for double meanings, the decoding of references, the connection between sub-rhythmic dots of syllabic emphases, or the tracing of narrative arcs. Those sorts of diversions shouldn't be a prerequisite for enjoying the album. [But] I do believe that those buried layers of syntactic, semantic and symbolic meaning give life to the songs, regardless of whether the listener gives a hoot about decoding them. They deepen the saturation of the colours, the concentration of feeling, and the verisimilitude of the small world the songs describe. And for anyone who does want to dig deeper, the narrative on this record is present, self-contained and – I think – complete, more so than with any of my other records."

Back in 2010, you told me that each new project usually begins with a song that becomes the album's guiding principle. Was that the case with *Divers*?

"Yes, but I only I saw that in retrospect, when I was deeper into working on the album as a whole. The sequence of the songs – their order – was important to me from the beginning. It was based on a harmonic relationship that rose up between the songs in their earliest forms. The narrative progression of the songs then followed those harmonic contours. I made compositional and lyrical decisions with the song-sequence in mind, which was a new and different consideration for me. The first song I wrote was Divers. Then I waited for the other songs. The writing process was odd. There was always a sense of half-remembering, like I had dreamt the songs before I wrote them, which I know sounds like a lame cliché, but it's true. I felt like the whole record was hanging in the air shimmering around me, waiting to be collected and assembled. That shimmering wholeness of the idea never left me. I was just trying to get the songs to sound the way I remembered them."

Images of war kick in early. Grave allusions to contemporary concerns?

"Let's think instead of the songs as a rogue pack of rats, burrowing secret and purposeful tunnels through the softly rotting scaffolding that props up the capital-lettered old narrative guard of War, Time, Space, Mortality, & Co. Bulky and solid as those thematic behemoths might appear, I'd advise you to keep your eye on the rats!"

Yet *Divers* ends in an almighty assertion of joy.

"The joy is very important. But it's not so important when it happens. End, schmend, I say!"

Annabel Mehran, Ryan Stang

Deerhunter

★★★★

Fading Frontier

4AD. CD/DL/LP

Post-traumatic blues provoke Deerhunter's most affecting songs yet.

Shortly before 2013's *Monomania*, Bradford Cox fell in love, for the first time in forever. It didn't go well, and that album swapped Deerhunter's previously dreamy, blurry tones for an avant-garage cacophony Cox described as "demonic", intended to avenge his broken heart. *Monomania*'s follow-up is less catharsis, more recovery, though beneath its well-sculpted pop, bruises remain. You hear it clearest on Leather And Wood, Cox crooning, "I believe there is no hope", into glitchy reverb. Elsewhere, the melodies ring out more anthemic – Snakeskin shakes its tush like The Drowners-era Suede – but a post-traumatic edge lingers: the mesmeric throb of Living My Life is wrapped around the title's desperately clung-to mantra; the surging Duplex Planet is wired with post-break-up anxiety ("I've seen you/You looked through me", a stinging line worthy of Motown). Cox's naked sensitivity and inability to filter himself have been constants through the band's career; on *Fading Frontier*, they ensure Deerhunter's most accessible songs yet are also their most affecting.

Stevie Chick

Jean Michel Jarre

★★★★

Electronica

COLUMBIA/SME GERMANY. DL/CD+LP BOX SET

Fifteen collaborators, 68 minutes, and a snapshot of 40 years of electronica.

JMJ has seldom enjoyed the same sort of adulation as his electro contemporaries, most of whom he outsold by a wide margin. *Electronica* is a re-statement of the Jarre daring and brand, with help from illustrious friends. The opener, The Time Machine, a collaboration with Boys Noize, is filmic and techno-tub-thumping, after which the mood switches deftly via the sexy whisper of Close Your Eyes (with Air), the sweet, instant synth-pop of If..! (Little Boots), the tumbling, rumbling arpeggios of Immortals (Fuck Buttons), and Suns Have Gone (Moby), an alienated thing of beauty. Tangerine Dream mumble sublimely on Zero Gravity, Laurie Anderson is cheekily predatory on Rely On Me, while Pete Townshend is panicked yet liberated on the brutal beats of what appears to be an end-of-life experience in Travelator (Part 2). All in all, this is an unqualified triumph.

David Buckley

Michael Chapman

★★★★

Fish

TOMPKINS SQUARE. CD/DL/LP

Almost 75, still pushing boundaries.

The sheer weight of recent releases from Michael Chapman has shone a brighter spotlight on the accidental guitar hero than he has ever stood in before. In the last decade there have been re-releases, a tribute album that featured opposing poles Thurston Moore and Maddy Prior, and some of his finest ever new work, both experimental and resoundingly traditional. *Fish* sits in-between, foregoing both the improv drones and blues of recent material in favour of an exploratory ambient folk. Entirely instrumental and acoustic, with just the occasional cello, shaky egg or finger cymbal as accompaniment, he twirls and slides his fingers around chords and scales with mesmerising fluidity, giving the lie to blank titles such as Plain Old Bob Has A Hoe Down, Stockport Monday and March Rain. Although traditionally framed, *Fish* is Chapman still pushing out the boat, and long may he sail.

Andy Fyfe

Chris Cornell

★★★

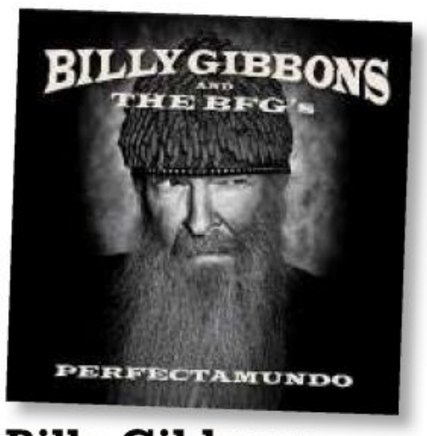
Higher Truth

UNIVERSAL. CD/DL/LP

"The chief architect of the '90s grunge movement," says accompanying bumph.

Chris Cornell mostly goes it bucolic and reflective on solo album number five, riding deft acoustic guitar-picking on Dead Wishes, Through The Window, Worried Moon, and the test of a relationship's strength that is Let Your Eyes Wander. Though the sometime Soundgarden and Audioslave frontman cites Nick Drake and *White Album*-era Fabs as inspirations on *Higher Truth*, the skinny is it's more reminiscent of *Led Zeppelin III* and late-period Black Crowes, more acoustic blues and country than folk or pop. This is all palatable enough, but things hit a trough with Josephine, where not even Cornell's stalwart, virile vocalising can distract from his phoned-in lyric. Far better – and infinitely more inventive – is urgent rocker Nearly Forgot My Broken Heart, which factors in hooky pizzicato strings, stinging fuzz guitar, and a hint of the O Brother, Where Art Thou? soundtrack.

James McNair



Billy Gibbons

★★★★

Perfectamundo

CONCORD. CD/DL/LP

The ZZ Top man's first solo record with band The BFG's.

While still in late '60s psych-garage band Moving Sidewalks, Billy Gibbons studied Latin percussion under Tito Puente, no less. Some five decades on, he's re-embracing the timbales on *Perfectamundo*. A piquant salsa with Cuban piano and Santana-like Hammond B-3, it also packs shedloads of Billy's earthy, incisive lead guitar work, and a fair number of slightly suspect nods to the fairer sex. Highlights include You're What's Happening Baby, a weighty slab of Latin blues and rap wherein Gibbons enthuses "You got your shorty shorts on", then makes his guitar bark like a dog, and Sal Y Pimiento, a similarly dancefloor-friendly affair named for his local Cuban eaterie. Pleasing, too, that Gibbons's wily blend of open-mindedness and roots-loyalty remains intact: *Perfectamundo* makes creative use of Auto-Tune, but it also covers Slim Harpo's blues classic Got Love If You Want It.

James McNair

Deerhunter: accessible and affecting.

WorldMags.net

Brighter earlier

The barometer drops on the third from Jack White's supergroup. By Mike Barnes.

The Dead Weather

★★★

Dodge And Burn

THIRD MAN. CD/DL/LP

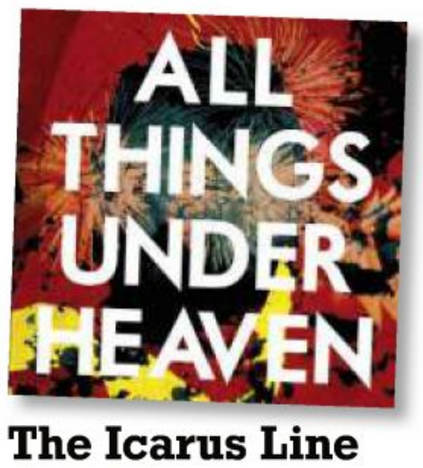
WHEN DEAN Fertita's typically jack-knifing guitar riff, which carries more than a hint of Led Zeppelin about it, kicks into I Feel Love (Every Million Miles), it seems as if The Dead Weather have never been away. Jack White locks in with taut, punchy drums and Alison Mosshart's entry on vocals immediately ups the level of intensity. White plays like a fiend on Buzzkill(er), punctuating the propulsive fuzz-driven groove with big snare rolls, while the guitar is put through some kind of harmoniser device giving it a queasy synthetic sound.

One of Dead Weather's principal trademarks is their use of dynamics, as with the moments where the last word of Mosshart's vocal line is left hanging before the group slam back in. On Let Me Through, her voice drops right down, intoning, "I'll save my shots for you/Boom-boom-boom…", over a subdued drone, clicks and string scrapes, all of which is suddenly interrupted by huge chunks of guitar and fuzz bass, and a drums-and-cymbals white-out.

Jack Lawrence's carefully picked bass figure ushers in Three Dollar Hat, together with randomly generated percolating synth notes, and White makes one of his few vocal appearances, framing the tale of an outlaw with the lines: "I'm a bad man named Jackie Lee/Shooting everybody down with a 33". There's a sudden acceleration into Mosshart's chorus, but there is precious little trading of lines between the singers and none of the peculiar frisson between them that produced such highly charged moments as I Cut Like A Buffalo and, especially, Treat Me Like Your Mother on their 2009 debut, *Horehound*. But the real surprise on *Dodge And Burn* is the closing track Impossible Winner, a ballad with strings and frilly piano shimmying around Mosshart's relaxed vocal lines. An anomaly compared with the rest of the album, it provides much-needed contrast to the *Sturm und Drang* of what's gone before and, it has to be said, a bit more of a tune.

Dodge And Burn is at the very least a solid offering with some dramatic and exhilarating rock'n'roll moments, but overall it's more of a consolidation than a staking out of new ground. And at this stage of the game that doesn't really feel like it's quite enough.

The Dead Weather (from left) Dean Fertita, Jack White, Alison Mosshart, Jack Lawrence.



The Icarus Line

★★★★

All Things Under Heaven

AGITATED. CD/DL/LP

Stoogean LA rockers fly ever closer to the sun.

Fifteen years since he got run out of SXSW for liberating Stevie Ray Vaughan's guitar from a glass case, Joe Cardamone's Icarus team still crackle with unrivalled refusenik intensity. He's been derailed countless times (Trent Reznor nicked his band, etc), yet Joe sticks to his Iggy-doing-*Kill City* guns, his malnourished thrill-seeker's howl fully intact. This latest pulse-racer junks the clipped song-centric stance of recent records for a 73-minute sprawl, evocative of the gridlock/surges in the City of Angels' freeway traffic. Early on, Total Pandemonium introduces Doors organ – a post-millennial The End careering to an apocalyptic conclusion. At one extreme, Little Horn borders on Swans' slave-labour industrial clank; at another, on Bedlam Blue's oasis of serenity, Bad Seed Warren Ellis adds Velvets viola drones. Taken as a rollercoaster whole, this will blow any right-thinking rock-action believer's head off.

Andrew Perry

David James Swanson

The Chills

★★★

Silver Bullets

FIRE. CD/DL/LP

Dunedin guitar-popsters' first long-player in 19 years.

In the mid '80s, the eruption of high-quality '60s-psych-influenced indie-pop in New Zealand rather surprised Anglo-American listeners. Leading the charge on Christchurch label Flying Nun, Martin Phillipps' The Chills soon made headway in the northern hemisphere via a catch-up comp on the rising Creation label, and circa '90 signed to London subsidiary Slash. Contemporary with grunge at that point, they'd glossed up their sound – and were too conservative to chime with alt rock's bank-job on the mainstream. This comeback album after a 10-year silence (Phillipps has long revived the old name, with new staff) reverts to a spikier sound. The awkward early passages of Pyramid/When The Poor Can Reach The Moon would surely struggle to gain airplay in any decade, including this one, yet it ultimately rises to the kind of triumphant chorus at which Phillipps excels. Molten Gold concludes on another breathtaking melodic high.

Andrew Perry

Rats On Rafts

★★★

Tape Hiss

FIRE. CD/DL/LP

Feral post-punk/post-hardcore, from Rotterdam.

As per their unalluring name, Rats On Rafts are on the move. Their 2012 debut, *The Moon Is Big*, found the Dutch quartet, fronted by Brit expat David Fagan, forging a quirky take on post-punk pop, shot through with MGMT-style withering *froideur*. Emboldened by subsequent live work, this second outing is an exercise in documenting a much beefier, hot-blooded sound, which recalls the extra-messy post-hardcore psychedelia of early Flaming Lips, or a less hi-fi King Gizzard & The Lizard Wizard. Indeed, as with the latter's recent masterpiece, *I'm In Your Mind Fuzz*, *Tape Hiss* races off the blocks with an inter-linked sequence of maniacal tunes, which culminates with the brutally harsh Rat Poison Face. Seaside Tape Hiss's wave-lapping atmospherics offer a necessary breather; from there, Zebradelic's considered and unpredictable (but no less nutty) dynamics signal an ace and highly able group in the making. Stay tuned: the next one'll be the killer.

Andrew Perry

The Bohicas

★★★

The Making Of

DOMINO. CD/DL/LP

Hainault quartet deliver familiar indie-rock riffs on their debut.

Times have been tough for archetypal gang-like four-pieces of late, with many stars of the early '00s guitar revival struggling to fill clubs today (paging Johnny Borrell). Fronted by Dominic McGuinness – brother of fellow Domino artist Eugene – The Bohicas make no bold claims for originality; their matching black leather jackets signify as much. They seem happy to be part of a familiar lineage that runs from The Kinks through The Clash and on to Arctic Monkeys, with a side order of fuzzed-up Josh Homme-style riffola throughout. The choppy chords of Where You At show a clear affinity for early punk while the thunderous highlight XXX is a taut musical drama; Upside Down And Inside Out borrows from The Von Bondies' one hit. The Bohicas' currency is brashness, but they'll be needing original ideas to stay the distance. *The Making Of* is a decent debut, a clear case of: watch this space.

Ben Myers

WorldMags.net

John Grant: the enthralling complexity of life's struggles.

In a lonely place

Three solo albums in, he's still magnificently angry and unhappy. By Paul Trynka.

John Grant

★★★★

Grey Tickles, Black Pressure

BELLA UNION. CD/DL/LP

UNHAPPY PEOPLE, a Russian once suggested, are more varied and interesting than happy ones – which makes John Grant a very special person indeed. Over three solo albums now, his attempts to process a troubled life fully follow the principle of Leo Tolstoy's Anna Karenina – they are enthralling in their complexity.

The album's title signals that the sweetness of *Queen Of Denmark* is history; 'Grey Tickles' derives from the Icelandic phrase for mid-life crisis, while 'Black Pressure' comes from Turkish for nightmare. Many noted Grant's fascinating character assassination of former lover TC in 2013's *Pale Green Ghosts*. His grief still hasn't transcended the anger phase; most notably, You & Him is a luscious squelchy synth collage, over which Grant delineates his subject's self-regard, until the anthemic powerpop chorus: "You and Hitler ought to get together, you ought to learn to knit and wear matching sweaters." While the withering put-downs on this and other songs, including No More Tangles, would surely scare away replacement lovers, this work is filled with more humour than bile. In particular, the stately title track puts his troubles into context: "There are children who have cancer," he tells us, "I can't compare with that."

Grant's wit is, as ever, endlessly diverting – like Carson McCullers or Tennessee Williams, he mocks himself as much as bystanders, and finds meaning in the pain. The sense of restless invention is palpable, although not every experiment pays off. Snug Slacks channels Prince but veers dangerously close to Dr Evil's "the details of my life are quite inconsequential" monologue. In comparison, Down Here is a more conventional collage of juicy analogue synth and melodic chorus – it's sweet, but forgettable. But then we hit warp speed with the wondrous Black Blizzard as a throbbing synth backdrop opens up to an exhilarating, swooping chorus, like a mutated Bond theme. Disappointing, with Tracey Thorn guesting, is every bit as imposing, a list of Julie Andrews-style Favourite Things which are all "disappointing, compared to you". Such sweetness would cloy if it were unremitting, but in the midst of the traumas it's truly thrilling. No More Tangles is similarly sumptuous – Grant's resolution to opt for a simple life, avoiding "narcissistic queers" – while epic closer Geraldine revels in a joyous clarity, like a rainbow after a storm. Hypnotic, economical strings frame the gloriously soaring chorus of a song dedicated to actress Geraldine Page, best-known for her portrayals of embattled, magnificent heroines in the plays of Tennessee Williams. It crystallises the key message of this flawed but magnificent album. Life is a struggle – and who'd want it

Dave Heumann

★★★

Here In The Deep

THRILL JOCKEY. CD/DL/LP

Arbouretum frontman's stoner folk solo debut.

For all Arbouretum's space-rock jams and mythological references, there has always been an undercurrent of '70s Brit folk to the Baltimore band as chief songwriter Dave Heumann channelled Bill Callahan through Black Sabbath pills. It's a flavour made overt on his solo debut. As may be gleaned from the cover portrait alone, *Here In The Deep* is no happy-go-lucky frolic through verdant fields, and the stoned rock of Ends Of The Earth aside, his voice and demeanour are most reminiscent of a darkly circling Richard Thompson. Largely rejecting traditional choruses to allow his thoughts free flow, Heumann's lyrics eventually become something of a sibylline garble, as much about rhyming "surging" and "burgeoning" as making any divinable sense. Not that it detracts from what is – considering the barriers it throws in the listener's way – a mightily approachable and sometimes even fun album.

Andy Fyfe

Hip Hatchet

★★★

Hold You Like A Harness

SELF-RELEASED. CD/DL/LP

Fuller orchestration gives Hatchet's fourth outing sinew-deep strength.

Mr Hatchet – Philippe Bronchtein – is a travelling man taking time away from Portland indie-rockers Quiet Life to whittle himself a canon of rustic, shockingly self-aware releases; this time, guitar, violin, piano and pedal steel help to make the bluff lyrics almost unbearably hard-hitting. Hatchet's mode is gnarly bluegrass/folk, his voice a dry, cynical drawl spitting out thoughts both urgent and pissed off, despite – ah no, because of – the love in there somewhere. You'd think the longing of a lone wolf for companionship and warmth would be clichéd. It ain't, and what saves it is his insight: "Man, I can't commit for shit/But damn, can I act and pretend…" With the world-weary delivery of Tom Waits and expressive finger-picking reminiscent of John Martyn, each of these nuggets packs in poetry, grizzled wit and a barrelful of remorse.

Glyn Brown

Mild High Club

★★★★

Timeline

STONES THROW. CD/DL/LP

Hazy LA-based pop, featuring Ariel Pink on backing vocals.

A veteran of various nefarious, dirty-finger-nailed projects from Ariel Pink to Mac DeMarco, Alexander Brettin presents us with a thick tranche of lysergic pop performed by a new band with an unfortunate moniker that makes you want to hate them. Sadly for enemies of terrible puns, *Timeline* is really rather good. Despite wearing pie-eyed naivety with pride, Brettin displays a keen harmonic nous suggesting there's a lot more going on beneath his out-of-it vocal. It's not quite Brian Wilson fronting Tame Impala, more like Connan Mockasin produced by baroque pop master Jon Brion, but it works effortlessly well. The delicately ornate likes of Note To Self, Rollercoaster Baby and Elegy prickle the synapses with their *White Album* guitar motifs and ELO-esque muddied gloss. Even Brettin's sometimes self-conscious production affectations cannot obscure a thoroughly lovely psych-pop album.

Priya Elan

Roseau

★★★★

Salt

BIG DADA. CD/DL/LP

Enchanting and intimate folkish synth-soul.

The early musical output of Kerry Leatham – Colchester girl, part-time model, prodigious songwriter – centred on folk, but her honeyed, enunciated vocals have been increasingly paired with bare electronics. A sometime muse to Essex hypnagogic beatsmeister Lapalux, in 2012 a collaboration with composer Peter Lyons (as Peter And Kerry) set stories from suburbia in an '80s synth-pop setting. The windswept, introspective mood which blows across Leatham's debut as Roseau – named after her Dominica-born father's hometown – belies that rootsy past, but the pervading sound is stripped-down, urban electronica. It's no instant hit; instead, *Salt*'s collection of smouldering, late-night tales take the stealth route to your affections. The funereal, skeletal R&B of See You Soon, with its boy-girl vocal interplay, is ravishingly beautiful. Alright follows a similar path, swooping, swooning and diving into a vat of slow glitch and plaintive electro soul.

Stephen Worthy

WorldMags.net

Slim Twig

★★★

Thank You For Stickin' With Twig

DFA. CD/DL/LP

Fifth studio LP amid a welter of EPs, guest productions and soundtracks.

This is either godawful or a work of almost unfathomable genius; but then, young Mr Twig (Max Turnbull, 26) is alternately the critics' delight or their nemesis. His *oeuvre* has been described as a stack of Elvis Presley albums left to warp by the radiator, or Nick Cave as the wedding singer at a zombie's nuptials. The sound is a funky, stretched selection of goth/kitsch/glam mayhem with echoes of Captain Beefheart, Royal Trux and Beck at his least decipherable. Opener Slippin' Slidin', with its seedy vocoder-ed lyrics, has a Mott The Hoople stomp; Fadeout Killer is psychotropic, inarticulate White Stripes; and She Stickin' With Twig offers a pastoral, almost Michael Nyman delicacy. It's all achieved with electric guitar, keyboards and wobbly tapes. Cannabis ends the show, a howling, majestic, Stooges-type sign-off. Handsomely subversive.

Glyn Brown

Blancmange

★★★★

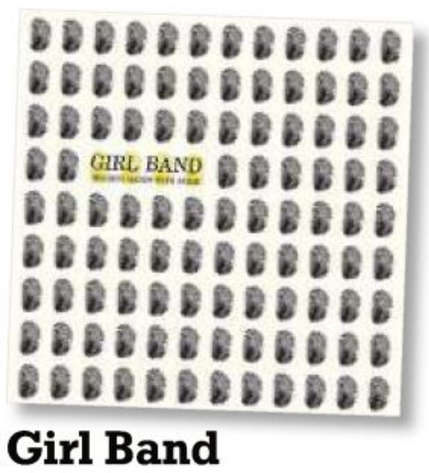
Nil By Mouth

BLANC CHECK. CD

Instrumental set hot on the heels of March's excellent *Semi Detached*.

Working in the cracks the mainstream leaves undisturbed can be a liberating experience, and Neil Arthur is now making the most fully realised music of his life. If there is a template for these 12 instrumentals, it is perhaps the sort of music Moby made in his pre-fame years, latter period John Foxx, even the experiments in sound made by David Bowie and Eno. None of the instrumentals, save the only piece co-authored with founding member Stephen Luscombe (Holiday Camp), sounds recognisably like Blancmange. The opening piece, Eleanor (written for Arthur's daughter), twinkles with bright, shiny timbres; Close Encounters builds around a dirty Isaac Hayes-styled riff; and The Son builds on the sort of pioneering work in speech synthesis developed by Florian Schneider. Landsea is an elegant electronic pastoral and Crystals Of Zircon is all Doppler-swoops and trippy beats. A thrilling immersion in sound.

David Buckley



Girl Band

★★★★

Holding Hands With Jamie

ROUGH TRADE. CD/DL/LP

Dublin quartet wrangle cacophonic pop from the near-unlistenable.

What hits first with Girl Band's debut album – which follows a limited vinyl compilation of early, hard-to-find 7-inches that has itself quickly become a rarity – is their sheer visceral volume, their unswerving dedication to cacophonic no wave noise. Their songs bolt together guitars using Sonic Youth's reinvention of the instrument as starting point, drums dashing between metronomic minimalism and death-driving blitz, and Dara Kiely's seesaw from dead-pan Malkmus spiel to cochlea-scouring Cobain caterwaul. Uncompromising stuff, but the sheer glee of Girl Band's anarchic avantism makes for unusual, thrilling pop, fashioning hooks from scraped strings and feedback blasts: Pears For Lunch's hairpin turns into chaos-thrill like a rollercoaster, while Paul's lurch from sinister smoulder into pulverising noise-out is pure slasher-movie magic. Their gnarly brilliance has already won comparisons to many mavericks, like The Jesus Lizard, but Girl Band play ugly noise with a charisma and energy to drag them from the no wave ghetto, to somewhere bigger.

Stevie Chick

Slim Twig: wedding singer at a zombie's nuptial's?

Half Moon Run

★★★★

Sun Leads Me On

GLASSNOTE. CD/DL/LP

Montreal four-piece make good on debut promise.

Formed via an ad on Craigslist, Half Moon Run cut a 2012 debut album, *Dark Eyes*, which was surprisingly coherent for four musicians acquainted for only a matter of months. It also sounded determinedly Canadian, a little too polite and overly democratic. Now knitted together through two years of incessant touring, *Sun Leads Me On* is far superior, as the members spar off each other rather than accommodate. So instead of "no, after you" there is now the wild guitar solo of I Can't Figure Out What's Going On or the headlong race to see which of them can finish first ahead of Consider Yourself's motorik beat. Half Moon Run may still be exploring a road that travels between Django Django's left-field indie pop and the wintry harmonies of Fleet Foxes, but the scenery is damned fine.

Andy Fyfe

Morten Qvenild

★★★★

Personal Piano

HUBRO. CD/DL/LP

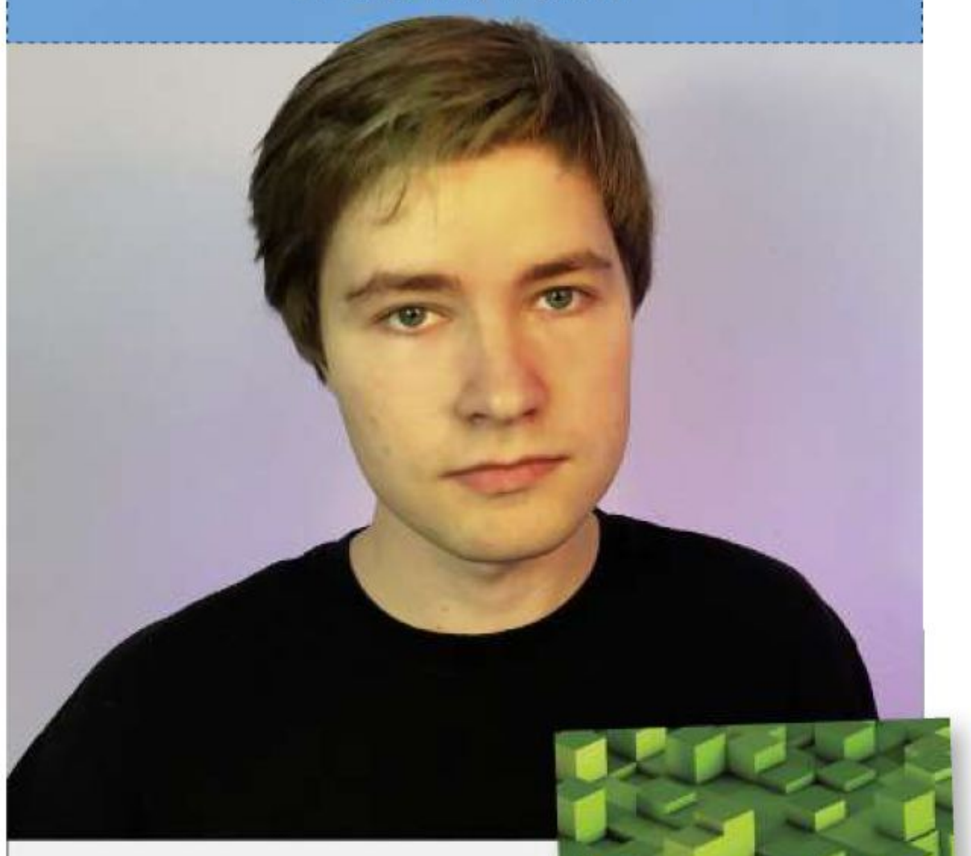
Norwegian keyboardist's first solo adventure – and it's an epic.

As Susanna Wallumrød's Magical Orchestra accomplice, Qvenild has a very focused brief. Alone, he wanders off along exquisite contours and wherever his 'HyPer(sonal) Piano' – a grand piano with electronic patches – may roam. Qvenild's stated influences include James Blake, pine trees, Olivier Messiaen, kayaks, Radiohead and electrons, which all seem to coalesce on the album's twin eight-minute peaks Hilma and Kick And Glide. These two tracks epitomise *Personal Piano*'s mercurial aura, one that's both calming and questing. There's too much detail for it to be considered a filmic soundtrack: Blown Away, for example, continually shifts its techno-organic gaze and never once signals its final destination. Qvenild occasionally sings too, as if he's been stirred to articulate the wonders that he's witnessed along the way, with his Vocoder-ed murmur one more sublime texture in this most fascinating and beautiful of journeys.

Martin Aston

ELECTRONICA

BY STEPHEN WORTHY



C418

★★★★

Minecraft Volume Alpha

GHOSTLY INTERNATIONAL. CD/DL

Less computer game soundtrack, more instant ambient classic

YOU MAY expect the soundtrack to the biggest-selling video game ever, the sandbox/survival epic Minecraft, to be a whirl of bombastic orchestral pieces or coruscating rock. It's anything but. The brilliance of German composer Daniel Rosenfeld's music – a mix of minimalist ambience and neo-classical moods – is in its simplicity and unique personality. Each character or scene is rendered with great tenderness. Dog, for example, is all floppy, doe-eyed ebullience, with undertones of Aphex Twin and Boards Of Canada. The first of two albums, *Volume Alpha*'s other touchstones include Satie and Eno – like *Another Green World*, the main theme's slow-release intensity builds emotion then gently degrades it. Ostensibly an album of vignettes, Minecraft's huge audience makes the contents of *Volume Alpha* some of the most influential pieces of music of recent times. Some of the loveliest, too.

ALSO RELEASED

Mr G

★★★★

Night On The Town?

PHOENIX G. CD/LP/DVD

Prolific, inspirational, committed – the buzz words come thick and fast when discussing techno veteran Colin McBean. By common consent, the 2015 version of Mr G finds him at his most creatively fecund. In contrast to his usual dancefloor-leaning product *Night On The Town?* is more of an appetiser or nightcap, with the tempos of tracks like the digital samba of Inhibition and Fixated's oppressive, saturnine half-stomp dialled back.

EVM128

★★★

Nova

STUDIO ROCKERS. CD/DL/LP

His *nom de guerre* may sound like the product code for a Vauxhall Cavalier spare part, but Luke Meads's music has a far more poetic quality. The Bristol-born producer uses the long-undervalued UK dance music genre of broken beat as the base for *Nova*'s slick, warm, electro soul, to which he welds quivering bass workouts, perky nu-jazz stylings and glistening machine funk.

Larry Gus

★★★

I Need New Eyes

DFA. CD/DL/LP

Larry Gus – Greek musician Panagiotis Melidis – makes hypnagogic, outré, vocal synth pop that calls to mind Matias Aguayo, a description bolstered by Melidis's penchant for the sort of falsetto-led meanderings that are the oddball German arch-experimentalist's trademark. The twinkling, chaotic, looped intensity of All Graphs Explored is typical of Larry Gus's individual and highly charismatic approach.

Grant

★★★★

The Acrobat

THE LAUREN BACALL. CD/DL/LP

The mysterious nature of The Lauren Bacall's releases – made by shadowy producers under names that, like the label, show an obsession with Tinseltown's greats – may be an artifice but there's nothing factitious about the music. Grant (as in Cary, of course) exhibits a soft-focus, muffled deep house sound redolent of classic '90s-vintage material, Francis Harris's melancholic dancefloor sojourns and Deepchord's gauzy dub techno. *SW*

WorldMags.net

FILTER ALBUMS

Haunted and impassioned: the late Nick Marsh (left) and Katharine Blake go deep.

Fay Hallam

★★★

Corona

BLOW UP. CD/DL/LP

Beguiling solo album from Acid Jazz/Blow Up stalwart.

Written in a two-day session after returning from a tour of Italy, *Corona* is the first ever solo album from Medway scene veteran Fay Hallam, known for her work with Makin' Time, her Trinity band and most recently with The Bongolian. *Corona* is sweet and introspective, extracting every drop of drama from her plaintive voice. The slinky, Rhodes-driven funk of Sunny is a stand-out; 1000 Blue Ribbons sounds like a great, lost Dusty A-side. Hallam has covered Paul McCartney before, and here she breathes considerable life into Maybe I'm Amazed. Although one could do without the bossa-by-numbers of Arco, the serene minimalism of Without A Smile is one of the best things Hallam has recorded. Although she has occupied similar territory before (most recently The Lights Are Coming Down from 2012's *Lost In Sound*) this disquieting track is in another league.

Daryl Easlea

Tom Robinson

★★★★

Only The Now

CASTAWAY NORTHWEST. CD/LP

The veteran's provocateur's first new album in 20 years.

Two decades of ongoing employment as a DJ/presenter across various BBC Radio stations have left Tom Robinson well placed to stockpile musical inspiration, and now comes *Only The Now*, an eclectic and ambitious return to the fray. Guests including John Grant, Nitin Sawhney, folk singer Lisa Knapp and rapper Swami Baracus help distinguish an acute and typically politicised set, Robinson channelling elements of musical theatre (Home In The Morning), left-wing protest songs (Mighty Sword Of Justice), Tom Waitsian parlando (Don't Jump, Don't Fall), and seasoned pop (Never Get Old). The record's complex, carefully mapped-out arrangements incorporate everything from musical saw to Bollywood violin, and on Holy Smoke, which is about skinning up with pages of The King James version, Ian McKellen appears as God and the aforementioned Baracus raps about Harry Secombe. Welcome back to the other side of the airwaves, Tom.

James McNair

Blank Realm

★★★

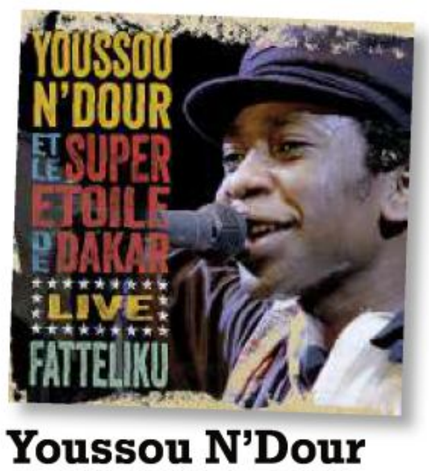
Illegals In Heaven

FIRE. CD/DL/LP

Australia's oddball quartet sparkles when they take the tempo down.

Four albums in, Australian garage-scuzz quartet Blank Realm have decided to further explore the relative poppiness of 2014's *Grassed Inn*, rather than regress to the amorphousness of that record's predecessors. Touchstones remain: Half Japanese, a motorik chug, the swing of The Chills, Pussy Galore's blues and yelp, and Sonic Youth – the latter especially on the very Kool Thing-like Costume Drama. Smooshed together as a whole by Brisbane's Spencer siblings (Daniel, Luke and Sarah) and Luke Walsh, the building blocks coalesce most impactfully on mid-tempo twinkler Flowers In Mind and the cracked, delicate Sarah-sung ballad Gold. While the peppier River Of Longing and Palace Of Love are rousing, it's when the brakes are applied that *Illegals In Heaven* leaves a durable residue.

Kieron Tyler



Youssou N'Dour Et Le Super Etoile De Dakar

★★

Fàtteliku

REAL WORLD. CD/DL

Remember, remember... a period best left forgotten.

In 2014, N'Dour released *Fàtteliku*, an album of old Senegalese hits for domestic consumption; now the same title ("Remember") crops up on an international album, recorded on stage in 1987 as Peter Gabriel was taping his Live In Athens video to celebrate the end of his tour promoting *So*. Unfortunately, 'world music' was getting itself a bad name in the 1980s – yacht rock for yuppie fair-trade coffee drinkers – which meant luxurious sax solos, expensive keyboard fills and long call-and-response sessions that fail to thrill on disc. N'Dour was an unknown quantity for almost all in the crowd, though the audio gives the impression they had been won over before he hit the stage and, admittedly, the core elements that would take N'Dour to stardom – his voice, Assane Thiam's talking drum – are brilliant. But very, very few apart from Patrick Bateman could actually covet the final product.

David Hutcheon

Promised Land Sound

★★★★

For Use And Delight

PARADISE OF BACHELORS. CD/DL/LP

Second album of hazy country-rock sunlight from young Nashville five-piece.

When they released their self-titled debut in 2013, most of Promised Land Sound were still below America's legal drinking age, yet somehow sounded like they'd been up all night on the whiskey, after a lifetime on the road. Taking inspiration from The Byrds' country-fried '70s sound and the loaded swamp-rock of Jesse Ed Davis, Link Wray, Jim Ford and Johnny Darrell, here was a thrilling period pastiche that still lacked an authentic core. With their follow-up they've drafted in rhythm guitar, keyboards, strings, and a second vocalist, for a warmer and richer group sound. Redolent of a summer road trip from the hazy Memphis of Big Star and Jesse Winchester to the shining Los Angeles of Tom Petty's *Full Moon Fever*, *For Use And Delight* is by turns plaintive and rocking, a wistful rhythmic journey into a band's true beating heart.

Andrew Male

Ought

★★★

Sun Coming Down

CONSTELLATION. CD/DL/LP

Montreal four-piece still pursuing their very own post-punk revival.

Drawing knee-jerk comparison with that most esteemed Mancunian institution, The Fall, this second full-lengther from Ought is a winning union of sinewy post-punk and artful indie. Heavy on urgent repetition and chiming treble-sharp guitars, The Combo, Sun's Coming Down and Beautiful Blue Sky all channel Manchester via Malkmus, while elsewhere New York noise meets vintage avant-rock smarts to produce some taut displays of discord and dexterity. Twisting his tongue into a convincing Mark E. Smith-like bark, vocalist Tim Darcy adds suitably oblique and insistent wordplay to the group's swift-moving musical mesh. Assorted similarities aside, toiling as they do in the shadow of everyone from The Fall and Wire to Sonic Youth and Pavement, Ought's sound is stamped with enough original invention for them to stand tall amongst the art-schooled crowd.

Andrew Carden

From The Deep

★★★

From The Deep

BELLISSIMA. CD/DL

A shadowy, erotic tribute to Nick Marsh.

I've struggled long and hard with the coy pretension of Mediaeval Baebes, and Katharine Blake, featured here, is their prime mover. However, matched with the rocky salaciousness of her lover and musical partner, former Flesh For Lulu mainstay Nick Marsh, and re-employed as a supper-club croon and sleazy barroom purr, her voice becomes plaintive and full-bodied. Marsh succumbed to cancer just after this was made, and the album stands as his own grim, theatrical sayonara. He plays it well. Opener The Lovers has a flavour of Kylie and Cave's Where The Wild Roses Grow, seasoned with innocence and death. Shepherd's Song (borrowing Marlowe's "Come live with me and be my love") is here finger-clicking and jazzy, and on the shimmering Hazlewood/Sinatra duet Summer Wine Blake is lethally seductive. Gothic, impassioned, haunting.

Glyn Brown

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FOLK

BY COLIN IRWIN

Judy Collins

★★★

Strangers Again

WILDFLOWER/CLEOPATRA. CD/DL

Her first studio album in four years, heavy on duets.

Judy Collins has always set her own rules. Classically trained and possessed of an amazingly attractive and warm soprano voice, she's run the gamut from traditional folk through to high-grade Broadway. At 75, nothing has changed. With friends such as Jackson Browne, Jimmy Buffett, Glen Hansard, Ari Hest and Norway's Thomas Dybdahl, she's assembled a intriguing set of duets. Highlights include: a version of Dave Carter's poetic epitaph When I Go, sung with Willie Nelson; Belfast To Boston, a plea for everlasting peace with Marc Cohn; and a rewarding Make Our Garden Grow, a Leonard Bernstein ballad shared with a surprisingly able Jeff Bridges. Elsewhere, a revisited Send In The Clowns with Don McLean and a version of Leonard Cohen's Hallelujah, featuring rising star Bhi Bhiman, make for an album that's commercial and also blazes a trail on behalf of newer talents.

Fred Dellar

The Lake Poets

★★★★

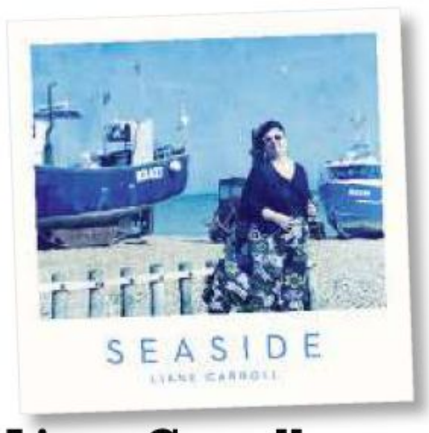
The Lake Poets

DES/MEMBRAN. CD/DL/LP

Debuting folk offers delicate, emotive narrative.

It's a long way from Sunderland to Nashville, but for Marty Longstaff, aka The Lake Poets, it was a journey worth making. With production by fellow Mackem Dave Stewart, and joined by session musicians more used to working with Bob Dylan and Brian Wilson, he has crafted something special. *The Lake Poets* is an exercise in musical restraint, coupled with lyrical narratives that focus on the minutiae of life, the likes of Edinburgh and 1996 offering snapshots of winsome acoustic folk that fall somewhere between Bright Eyes and John Martyn. Sparse embellishments ensure this remains an intimate affair. Vane Tempest honours the closed Durham colliery of the same name and Shipyards considers another fallen North-east industry. Important subjects, for sure, yet Longstaff's earnest, angelic voice conceivably has the potential to cross over and find real success with the sentimental Ed Sheeran-loving masses.

Ben Myers



Liane Carroll

★★★★

Seaside

LINN. CD/DL

World-class jazz in a stellar setting. From Hastings.

Liane Carroll doesn't just sing jazz. She is jazz. Given the slightest of material, she can convert it into something resembling a classic Blue Note date in terms of validity. Even her take on Willie Nelson's version of Bring Me Sunshine, a song steeped in Saturday night Morecambe & Wise jollity, becomes a memorable, soul-filled offering, her vocals given added weight by her marvellously reflective piano lines. Her version of Almost Like Being In Love is a high-speed scat workout that leaves mouths open and throats dry, but it's the quality ballads which find the Hastings-based performer in unsurpassable form – heart-rending on the guitar-accompanied I Cover The Waterfront and a superlative interpretation of Kurt Weill's My Ship, though she is equally moving on more contemporary fare such as Alison Krauss's Get Me Through December. This is jazz of the highest quality. Believe.

Fred Dellar

Ballaké Sissoko & Vincent Segal

★★★★

Musique De Nuit

NO FORMAT!. CD/DL

Darkness falls in Mali, the nachtmusik begins.

So busy have these two been – touring together, recording solo and with others – it is hard to believe there has been a five-year gap since their previous release, *Chamber Music*, brought together West African kora and European cello. They don't mess with a winning formula here and nobody Skyped in a performance: the two musicians recorded together over two sessions, listening intently and responding to what the other was doing in proper duet style. Yet there is much more going on. Tracks were recorded on the roof of Sissoko's compound in Bamako and life permeates the intensity of performance: a goat bleats; the low hum of traffic makes like air conditioning; and in the distance the noise of a city shutting down after dark. On several levels, this music of the night; shut your eyes and let it take you there.

David Hutcheon

Various

★★★

Joy Of Living: A Tribute To Ewan MacColl

COOKING VINYL. CD/DL

Big cast on a double album saluting MacColl's centenary.

Multi-artist tributes are invariably sorry affairs sending you fleeing back to the originals. But one of the many gifts of Ewan MacColl's crucial impact on the British folk revival was a huge catalogue of people's songs that are now such a key part of the furniture many have little idea of their provenance. With Ewan's sons Calum and Neill curating, most of these versions recognise that, whether political, loving or observational, the songs work best when left alone without artifice or reinvention, and celebrated works like Dirty Old Town, Sweet Thames Flow Softly, Freeborn Man, Moving On Song, The Joy Of Living and First Time Ever I Saw Your Face are respectfully observed (by Steve Earle, Martha and Rufus Wainwright, Paul Brady, Norma Waterson, David Gray and Blue Nile's Paul Buchanan, respectively). Not so with Jarvis Cocker, who makes a sorry mess of a Brel-esque take on The Battle Is Done With, but it's a minor blemish on a proudly celebratory collection.

Colin Irwin

Claude Gassian

Vincent Segal (left) and Ballaké Sissoko: they come out at night.

Stick In The Wheel

★★★★

From Here

FROM HERE. CD/DL/LP

Deconstructing the modern prettification of folk song.

EVEN THOSE who rail against SITW's abrasive and determinedly unsophisticated take on the folk tradition must concede the unapologetically raw, in-yer-face vocals of Nicola Kearey and the spare arrangements and guitar/dobro accompaniments of Ian Carter invite plenty of debate about the way folk music is now presented. A confrontational antidote to the general prettification of so much modern interpretation of folk song, they deliver familiar material like Bedlam, Seven Gypsies and The Blacksmith with a rough-hewn sensibility you instinctively know is closer to the song-bearers of old than almost anything we've heard in the last decade. The defeated starkness in their delivery of Hard Times Of Old England makes the song real, believable and relevant, more so when it's followed by Me & Becky, a modern parable about the London riots. The gorgeous harmonies of Fran Foote add further engagement on a set rich in attitude and uncompromising intent.

ALSO RELEASED

John Jones

★★★★

Never Stop Moving

WESTPARK. CD/DL

The second solo set by Oysterband singer John Jones is, in his words, "big songs from a small country", resulting from his rambles around England and a close encounter with major illness. His voice has never been better and the songs – covering lakeside murder, coma, magical magpies, transportation and hanging, plus a sublime version of trad classic Rambling Boys Of Pleasure – are powerful and arresting. Storytelling at its best.

Phillip Henry & Hannah Martin

★★★

Watershed

DRAGONFLY. CD/DL

The primary reason Henry and Martin stand out from the current flood of young British folk musicians is they're so *different*. As evocative stories unfold on London, Yarrow Mill and Foundling there is no real sense of time or place… Martin's vocals sound inspired by singers of jazz standards rather than folk revivalists, with Henry's dobro, lap steel and harmonica aided by wonderful arrangements.

Benji Kirkpatrick

★★

Hendrix Songs

EDJ. CD/DL

The notion of Bellowhead's dazzling multi-instrumentalist playing solo acoustic versions of the Jimi Hendrix songbook is enticing; but Hendrix's stamp was so profoundly individual the songs don't translate well to this setting or find the fresh identity they seek. Kirkpatrick accompanies himself – brilliantly on bouzouki, banjo, mandolin – but it all sounds a little wan.

Steve Tilston

★★★

Truth To Tell

HUBRIS. CD/DL

So what do you do after an old John Lennon letter surfaces and results in Al Pacino playing you in a movie (Danny Collins)? This heartfelt, reflective LP shows why Tilston's endured as one of Britain's most accomplished singer/songwriters and guitarists. Amid clever couplets, Tilston muses on his arrival in '70s London (Grass Days), adapts a Nick Drake theme (The Riverman Has Gone) and delivers a dark traditional song (Died For Love) ending with a worn, contented All Around The World. *CI*

WorldMags.net

Darlene Love: not changing her spots.

Love on the rocks

Spector's stirring Christmas voice gets the E Street treatment with variable results. By Geoff Brown.

Darlene Love

★★★

Introducing Darlene Love

WICKED COOL/COLUMBIA. CD/DL/LP

IN VERY MANY homes Darlene Love needs no introduction. She's at ours, for example, every December 25th morning, hollering through Christmas (Baby, Please Come Home), Winter Wonderland, White Christmas and Marshmallow World on the blue vinyl *A Christmas Gift To You From Phil Spector* as we open the presents, scrape and chop the vegetables, limber up with beer and fizz.

Although 20 Feet From Stardom, the 2013 film profiling the work of Love and other backing vocalists, raised her profile among the wider population, her quality as a pop-soul singer had long been an open secret to the open-minded. She was the go-to singer for Spector and other songwriter/producers as the lead voice of The Blossoms, of The Crystals' He's A Rebel and distinctive background vocalist on Bob B Soxx & The Blue Jeans' Why Do Lovers Break Each Others' Hearts and the like. Intermittent attempts to launch Love as a solo star – the previous effort was 1998's *Unconditional Love* – have foundered possibly because aurally listeners feel most comfortable when she's fronting the Wall Of Sound. So the plan here to marry her to the E Street Band's 21st century fulsome approximation of that '60s edifice under the command of Steve Van Zandt seems logical.

Although perhaps too much arrangement is thrown at the producer-penned opener Among The Believers, second track Forbidden Nights, written in 2009 by Elvis Costello, has a stronger melody that harvests a '60s feeling as the band create a better Wrecking Crew ambience. A duet on another Costello composition, 1994's Still Too Soon To Know, is a gentle interlude between songs in which treatment overwhelms all – such as Joan Jett's bombastic Little Liar and Jim Webb's Who Under Heaven, which has an unlikely battle-of-the-dynasties prog section (honestly). Bruce Springsteen's subsequent R&B/pop toe-tapper Night Closing In comes to its aid; he also contributes another new song, Just Another Lonely Mile, very Spector/E Street.

The album closes with three strong tracks out of four – a thundering River Deep, Mountain High, which suggests Spector wrote the song for Love, but Tina turned up instead; a powerful 4/4 rocker, Sweet Freedom, that keeps Darlene out front in a way producers haven't always allowed; and Jesus Is The Rock (That Keeps Me Rollin'), manna from heaven for someone like Love who is, of course, born, raised and steeped in gospel music and responds to Van Zandt's uptempo prompting accordingly. The intervening stinker, by the way, is a totally overwrought Marvelous that proves not all gospel is manna from heaven.

Animation

★★★★

Machine Language

RARE NOISE. CD/DL/LP

Triumphant swansong by avant-jazz quintet.

Animation's founder, the late Bob Belden, who died from a heart attack aged 58 in May, is probably best known for his Grammy-winning liner notes to several Miles Davis box sets for Sony Records. Also a noted saxophonist, composer and arranger, Belden spent the last four years of his life working with Animation, an ensemble whose extraordinary collision of electric jazz-rock with drum and bass elements and haunting soundscapes channels the spirit of early '70s Miles Davis. Completed before Belden's untimely death, this enthralling concept album sounds like the sonic progeny of Miles's *Big Fun* LP and Vangelis's Blade Runner soundtrack. Using Kurt Elling as a narrator, *Machine Language* depicts a dystopian future where conscious machines supersede humans. The music, built on Bill Laswell's elastic bass lines, is suitably dark and menacing, though ultimately brilliant at conveying a suspenseful sense of disquiet.

Charles Waring

Tami Neilson

★★★★

Dynamite!

NEILSON. CD/LP

An invigorating ride down that country road that leads back to the '50s.

Tami Neilson is not a stage name. In fact, there's nothing fake about Tami. A country music performer from way back, she was part of a Canadian family band, The Neilsons, who worked with Johnny Cash and anyone else who knew an authentic country outfit when one came their way. She moved to New Zealand some years ago and has since dominated the country scene there. She's old-time, a combination of Wanda Jackson and Patsy Cline. The ballads come tearful and twangful; the uptempo fare tumbles out in pure rockabilly mode. Here on this brief (30 minutes) LP finally getting its first UK release, Neilson delivers the dramatic title track, the tasty bop-along that is Woo Hoo and an array of other '50s-oriented originals including Running To You, a duet that features the voice of Lee Hazlewood soundalike Delaney Davidson.

Fred Dellar

Matthew Halsall & The Gondwana Orchestra

★★★★

Into Forever

GONDWANA. CD/DL/LP

Spiritual jazz that reveals a soulful side.

Once home to noted indie bands like Joy Division, The Stone Roses and Happy Mondays, Manchester is now becoming renowned as a centre for spiritual jazz; its two main protagonists being saxophonist Nat Birchall and trumpeter/composer Matthew Halsall. The latter has steadily been making a name for himself during the past five years via acclaimed LPs such as *Fletcher Moss Park* and *When The World Was One*. This beautifully wrought new album finds Halsall's nine-piece Gondwana Orchestra augmented by a string quartet and, significantly, features Manchester-based singer-songwriter Josephine Oniyama on four tracks. Its swirling harp glissandi and mournful oriental strings reverberate with echoes of Alice Coltrane's albums of the early 1970s, while Oniyama's charismatic vocal presence recalls late '60s psych-soul band Rotary Connection. Blending soulful vocal cuts with cinematic instrumentals, on *Into Forever* Halsall has delivered a sumptuous musical feast.

Charles Waring

Ester Rada

★★★★

Ester Rada

DISCOGRAPH. CD/DL

An Israeli, English-singing soul sister straight out of Ethiopia.

Although born in Hebron and raised in Tel Aviv, Rada's roots light up her debut album: her parents, Ethiopian Jews, were airlifted out of their homeland in 1984, and clearly brought memories of their record collection with them. Three years after releasing her first EP, the 30-year-old's debut album is a terrific, forward-looking slice of old-school new soul, with horns steeped in Mulatu Astatke-style Ethio-jazz and funk, a rhythm section that knows their reggae, and a singer not embarrassed to be mentioned alongside personal heroines such as Lauryn Hill or Alicia Keys. Album opener Monsters, a sassy burst of tough-girl jazz, sets out her stall well, but there is a run in the middle of the album (Life Happens, Nanu Ney, Lose It and Bazi) where her ascent to stardom seems not merely probable but confirmed. *Ester Rada* is very promising indeed.

David Hutcheon

Christopher Logan

WorldMags.net

!!!

★★★★

As If

WARP. CD/DL/LP

Peak form punk-funk, inspired by DJ Nina Kraviz and Levon Vincent.

After 2013's meandering *THR!!!ER*, it seems that all Chk Chk Chk needed was a bit of focus. One year shy of their 20th anniversary, they have made their best album yet, inspired by the sylphlike, pulsating rhythms of '90s clubland. *As If* feels like an album James Murphy would make, tethered to the glitterball but culled from a palette of white male angst and sarcastic humour. On opener All U Writers, leader Nic Offer pitch-shifts his vocal into a deep register somewhere between Barry White and a blue whale. "She said her favourite Beatles song was Wonderwall," he deadpans, like a character from a Noah Baumbach movie. Sick Ass Moon wibbles convincingly about going "all night", while All The Way bounces gleefully between abridged arpeggios and demented soundsystems. By the end, *As If* makes you want to run away, arm in arm with the night.

Priya Elan

Naytronix

★★★

Mister Divine

CITY SLANG. CD/DL/LP

tUnE-yArDs bassist ditches the aftershow to make bittersweet, beguiling pop.

Touring can be tough. But after a hard night's bass-playing with tUnE-yArDs, Nate Brenner likes to unwind by repairing to his hotel room to cook up the music of Naytronix. Following the disjointed funk of his 2012 debut, *Mister Divine* is more smitten with melody and soulful melancholy, and with the power of song. Brenner's plaintive vocal, ghosted with reverb and a hint of vocoder, beguiles like Wild Combination-era Arthur Russell; his playful, inventive and poignant pop, meanwhile, scatters twisted horn samples, looming synth sighs and evocative, minimal guitar lines over restless rhythms. The results are surreal, effervescent and often wonderful: the title track suggests The Beach Boys' happy/sad ache spliced onto the electronic soul of Hall & Oates; elsewhere, the minor key tropicalia of Living In A Magazine evokes loneliness within the touring bubble, the displacement and unreality, with a bittersweet charm that, like most of *Mister Divine*, moves gently.

Stevie Chick

Owiny Sigoma Band

★★★★

Nyanza

BROWNSWOOD. CD/DL/LP

A soundtrack from the place and people that gave us Barack Obama.

Recorded in the bush in western Kenya, the third album from this Londoner/Luo outfit is a narcotic step out into the darkness: it opens with gunfire on (Nairobi) Too Hot – a telling nod to troubled times in East Africa, then gradually replaces the intensity of urban life with a spacier, more relaxed, under-the-stars vibe. Sometimes you have to travel a long way to find your comfort zone: the two Kenyan musicians here – percussionist Charles Owoko and nyatiti lyre maestro Joseph Nyamungu – may have felt at home, but the British contingent were clearly inspired by their surroundings, and the results simultaneously soundtrack their journey deep into another culture, nod to the homebrew moonshine that fuelled them on this journey and provide a contrast to the local pop sounds they heard coming out of the radio. Music for happy heads and happier feet.

David Hutcheon

Eric Coleman

White male angst: !!!'s Nic Offer, connecting with the ancestors.

Various

★★★★

Rough Trade Shops Hip Hop 2015

ROUGH TRADE. CD/DL

Perceptive round-up of independent rap from both sides of the pond.

Independent rap would've had precious few outlets without Rough Trade's distribution arm in the '80s. Today's dusty-fingered in-store staff are just as on-point, offering a satisfyingly hefty snapshot of a scene in rude health. From Earl Sweatshirt's raw ruminations on identity to Kendrick Lamar strapping into Flying Lotus's space machine and the ridiculously upfront chemistry of the Run The Jewels tag team, the US fires out of the blocks. But they meet their UK match with the unapologetic psychedelics of Jehst and Strange U, Young Fathers at their most confrontational and jaw-dropping grime turns from Wiley, Skepta and future grand dame Little Simz. A neat balance of the direct and familiar with the obscure and experimental make this tastemaker invaluable.

Andy Cowan

Paul Vickers And The Leg

★★★

The Greengrocer

PUMPKINTONE. DL/LP

Former Dawn Of The Replicants man's winningly odd folk-prog sprawl.

Like all his work since his tenure as singer with lo-fi deviants Dawn Of The Replicants, there's a dark comedy coursing beneath Paul Vickers' third album with The Leg – and a lot audible on the surface as well – but this tale of curious shopkeepery is decidedly more League Of Gentlemen than Open All Hours. Backed by a cast including King Creosote and regular sideman Pete Harvey, *The Greengrocer* delivers an idiosyncratic fusion of heavy jazz bustle, haunted pop sketches and bristling avant-folk, while Vickers' vocals have only grown deeper and more twisted with the years. On My Trifle, he growls a peculiar blues as strings and woodwind scythe behind him, like Beefheart performing to a medieval court, while the roiling riot of Polynesian Snuff suggests fevered *Foxtrot*-era Genesis. And hearteningly, the banjo-driven rumble of Horns And Anvils finds Vickers' gift for lilting, left-handed pop oddness intact and thriving.

Stevie Chick

URBAN

BY ANDY COWAN

Guilty Simpson

★★★★

Detroit's Son

STONES THROW. CD/DL/LP

Hard-nosed third LP from street-tough rock of Detroit's rap scene.

GUILTY SIMPSON'S fidelity to Detroit knows no bounds. The seasoned Motor City MC's pedigree extends back to club battles with Eminem at the Hip-Hop Shop on West 7 Mile and J Dilla's early endorsement. Yet Simpson's patchy recorded output has flattered to deceive, Madlib's sampledelic skits overshadowing his roughneck rhymes on 2010's last outing *OJ Simpson*. Conceived alongside Australian beat-maker Katalyst and Portishead's Geoff Barrow, their challenging, sometimes beatless backings are a genuine test of his MC mettle. Simpson responds with fire. Whether negotiating the escalating waspy synths of R.I.P., the crunching hard rock riff of Fractured or the title track's sped-up soul breakdown, his ability to toss out bellicose baritone cadences and unnervingly nimble flows results in the most vivid chronicle of his ups and downs to date.

ALSO RELEASED

Blue Daisy

★★★★

Darker Than Blue

R&S. CD/DL/LP

The heart of darkness beats powerfully within north Londoner Kwesi Darko. Having added his production heft to Tricky's *Adrian Thaws*, Darko channels some of the Bristolian's tenser, more divisive post-*Maxinquaye* sonics on his second full outing. Defiantly dark, dense and hazy hip hop and paranoid urban blues, its unsettling ambience and nightmarish wordplay peaks on the second half's challenging trio of Six Days, Heroine and We're All Gonna Die.

Grizzly Gato

★★★★

While You Were Sleeping

SUB-BOMBIN'. CD/DL/LP

Grizzly Gato are the combined talents of New York bilingual b-boys Grizzly Grimace and Oddy Gato, the queasy-looking duo having spent a decade developing whip-smart lyrical skills in underground cyphers. A no-fi squall of rabid scratching, '70s funk lifts, Spinal Tap samples, trenchant punchlines and silly titles (Pork Belly; Wieners; Ginger Beer), their well-nourished eccentricities deserve a wider audience.

Gangrene

★★★

You Disgust Me

MASS APPEAL. CD/DL/LP

Alchemist and Oh No's willingness to experiment and take risks is no secret. The rapping Californian production pair have used Gangrene to push out the boundaries further, their freewheeling score for video game Grand Theft Auto V spilling into their most outré, weeded-out psychedelic experiment yet. As uneven as it is free-spirited, guest spots from Action Bronson, Fashawn and Sean Price keep their self-indulgences in check.

AIM & QNC

★★★

The Habit Of A Lifetime

ATIC. CD/DL/LP

Déjà vu hangs heavy over this collaboration. Nineteen years since the rapper and producer of Long Island's JVC Force first sparred with Barrow-in-Furness's finest beatmaker Andy Turner on *Cold Water Music*, their chemistry remains undiminished. QNC's tag team vocals and Turner's meticulous beats are a tight fit on the synthy-slick likes of We Don't Play and 100 Reasons. Throwback boom-bap whose class is permanent. *AC*

FILTER ALBUMS

Impeccably sculpted Editors go Vivaldi night-tripping.

Martin Courtney

★★★★

Many Moons

DOMINO. **CD/DL/LP/LIMITED EDITION DELUXE LP**

Debut solo album by the Real Estate singer and guitarist.

Martin Courtney's music is unsurprisingly like Real Estate's in that it comes at an unhurried tempo and sounds deceptively simple. It's all bright sunlight and dreamy heat haze, with a guaranteed swooning chord change or delicious melodic twist around the next corner. The arrangements are sympathetic and finely wrought, with acoustic and spangly electric guitar surmounted by vocal harmonies, while a string section gives the animated finale of Vestiges a further lift. The guitars get baroque and Byrdsy on Northern Highway and are joined at the close by a hypnotic piano line, while the flute-led instrumental title track is like a less melancholic cousin to Sunday by Nick Drake. The atmosphere is particularly bittersweet on Airport Bar, where the protagonist has been left behind, wasting the afternoon "in a useless exercise", the constantly rotating guitar-picking adding to this feeling of suspended animation.

Mike Barnes

Rahi Rezvani

Editors

★★★★

In Dream

PLAY IT AGAIN SAM. **CD/DL/LP**

With Slowdive's singer Rachel Goswell guesting on three songs.

With its views to the isles of Jura and Islay, Argyll, Scotland's Crear House has likely seen more bagpipers than superstar DJs, but Editors brought a three-hour Despacio mixtape and some Todd Terje tunes when they hatched *In Dream* there. After mixed reviews for 2013's return-to-guitar-rock album *The Weight Of Your Love*, long-player number five resumes the fecund electronic bent which took Editors' 2009 album *In This Light And On This Evening* to Number 1. Though Our Love, part Bronski-ed beats, part Terje-style oceanic synths, certainly has floorfiller flair, the bulk of *In Dream* is much darker, but no less alluring. The stark beat-box ricochets and domino-topple synth arpeggios on No Harm are impeccably sculpted, Salvation conjures Vivaldi night-tripping with The Blue Nile and All The Kings, with its choice riff, is a stirring instance of the album's experimental pop remit.

James McNair

Tom Jones

★★★

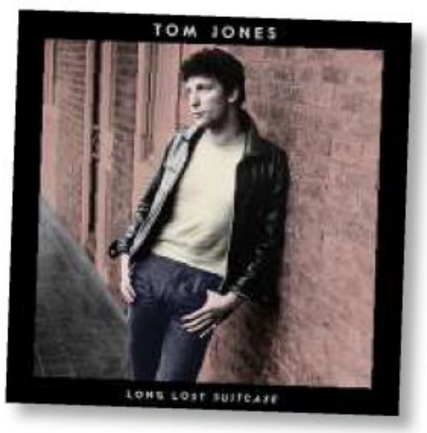
Long Lost Suitcase

VIRGIN EMI. **CD/DL/LP**

Third and final set in a covers album trilogy turns personal.

Under the guidance of producer Ethan Johns, Tom Jones has already turned in two pared-back albums, *Praise & Blame* (2010) and *Spirit In The Room* (2012), that have displayed as much of a desire for non-showbizzy authenticity as the singer's now un-dyed hair. Where the latter LP featured perhaps surprise selections by the likes of The Low Anthem and Leonard Cohen, this time Jones dips into the country and blues of his youth, as on a faithful facsimile of Sonny Boy Williamson's Bring It On Home. Less prosaic is a heavy tremolo take on Gillian Welch's Elvis Presley Blues, leading thematically into a voice-crackingly emotional version of Dave Van Ronk's He Was A Friend Of Mine. Those still unconvinced by his eager transformation from cabaret crooner to credible force will likely remain unconvinced, but nonetheless, here Jones sounds like he's in his element.

Tom Doyle



Alex G

★★★

Beach Music

DOMINO. **CD/DL/LP**

Seven albums into his career, the Philadelphia lo-fi troubadour's latest lacks coherence.

Despite *Beach Music* being Alex Giannascoli's seventh album proper, he remains hard to get a handle on. Performing live with Cymbals Eat Guitars and Gardens & Villa hasn't helped. The volume of releases since 2010's *RACE* hasn't quite reached the musical loghorrea of early Ariel Pink, but Alex G clearly does not want to be pinned down. His mainstream-indie label debut opens with an intro akin to vintage Half Japanese playing along with a pirate jungle station, and then subsequently – in the main – showcases languid, downer-dosed strum-alongs suggesting the ownership of some Sebadoh albums, and distant-sounding keyboard-centred (electronic and piano) reveries. While the pretty beatnik ballad Ready leans towards George Harrison, Salt's fake-kiddie voices are nightmarish. Overall though, *Beach Music* is stylistically disjointed. For sustained impact, Giannascoli may have to rein in a tendency to follow his muse anywhere it points him.

Kieron Tyler

Joe Ely

★★★★

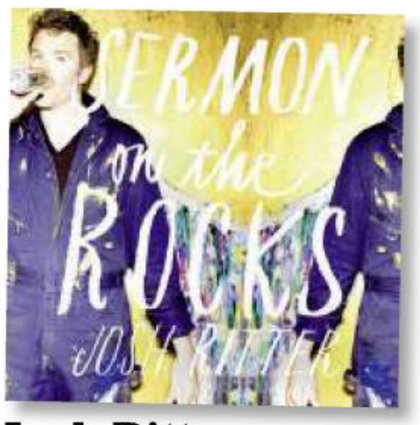
Panhandle Rambler

RACK 'EM. **CD/DL**

Rueful and riotous tales of Texas tantalisingly told on Ely's 14th studio album.

It's a record full of imagery, inspired by dusty West Texas plains where, in the case of Magdalene, a marvellously evocative song borrowed from Guy Clark, the Greyhound bus leaves at midnight en route to a new life south of the border. This is Joe Ely at his rugged best, sometimes rueful, sometimes riotous, providing tales of the flatlands, often flavoured by the accordion of Joel Guzman along with an array of Austin and Nashville pickers that includes long-term buddies Lloyd Maines, Gary Nicholson and Butch Hancock. Early In The Mornin', which skips forward on the back of a Tennessee Three beat, and Southern Eyes, a slice of pure tear-'em-up, are sights for sore ears but the highlight is Here's To The Weary, on which Ely hoists a glass to Woody Guthrie, Bob Wills, Muddy Waters, Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry and others who first blazed the way forward.

Fred Dellar



Josh Ritter

★★★★

Sermon On The Rocks

PYTHEAS/THIRTY TIGERS. **CD/DL/LP**

"I wanted to play messianic oracular honky-tonk", says Ritter of his eighth LP.

That title doesn't denote a locale; more a bibulous way of serving up Biblical imagery. As signalled by Getting Ready To Get Down, a joyously lighthearted critique of Christian fundamentalism wrapped in a tale of a rebellious gal whose term at Bible school doesn't go quite as her parents had hoped, Ritter's country and gospel latest is anchored by his belief in being in love and drinking whiskey, not in God. Its memorable vocal melodies are often highly syncopated, as in Henrietta Indiana, a detailed and atmospheric family saga in four minutes, and Where The Night Goes, a piano-led merger of The Band's rustic charm and Springsteen's optimism. Cumberland's vibrant groove has Cajun roots and lazy cowboy ballad My Man On A Horse (Is Here) seems poised to soundtrack some yet-to-be-shot western, but the recurring hallmark is Ritter's literate storytelling.

James McNair

Jon Cleary

★★★

GoGo Juice

FHQ. **CD/DL**

A New Orleans breeze as pungent as a gumbo joint.

With their springy guitar-laid rhythms, and horns now stabbing, now sliding, tracks like Pump It Up and Get-cha GoGo Juice have the essence of New Orleans music running through them. Naturally. A Kent-born keyboards-player, guitarist, singer-songwriter, Cleary has been working this groove for 35 years, and is imbued with the sound and manner of fellow New Orleanians like Dr. John and Allen Toussaint (subject of his 2012 album *Occapella!*). Accompanied, by turns crisply and languorously, by his Absolute Monster Gentlemen and the Dirty Dozen Horns, he outlines the city's philosophy in Boneyard ("Before I make it to the boneyard, I'm gonna have my fun") and Bringing Back The Home, an anthem to the durability of the jazz, funk, rhythm & blues and soul that make the stew that is New Orleans music.

Tony Russell

WorldMags.net

SETH LAKEMAN

OCTOBER
Support from **JOSH ROUSE**

15 BURY DRILL HALL
22 PONTARDAWE ARTS CENTRE
23 CHESTER LIVE ROOMS
24 HOLMFIRTH PICTUREDROME
25 GLASGOW ORAN MOR
26 STOCKTON ARC
27 LEAMINGTON SPA THE ASSEMBLY
28 BURY ST EDMUNDS THE APEX
29 BILSTON THE ROBIN 2
30 READING SUB 89
31 FROME CHEESE & GRAIN

DECEMBER (Seated Tour)
Support from **WILDWOOD KIN**

15 LEEDS TOWN HALL
16 WREXHAM
WILLIAM ASTON HALL
17 MALVERN THEATRE
18 BEXHILL
DE LA WARR PAVILION
19 PLYMOUTH PAVILION
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THE RUTS DC

PSYCHIC ATTACK TOUR – OCTOBER 2015

10 GUILDFORD Boileroom
11 NOTTINGHAM Rescue Rooms
13 LONDON Jazz Cafe
14 LEEDS
Brudenell Social Club
15 MIDDLESBROUGH
Town Hall, The Crypt
16 ABERDEEN Lemon Tree
17 GLASGOW Audio
18 LIVERPOOL Academy 2
20 POOLE Mr Kyps
21 BRIGHTON Komedia
22 PORTSMOUTH
Wedgewood Rooms
23 COLCHESTER
Arts Centre
24 BRISTOL Fleece
25 OXFORD Bullingdon

New book Love In Vain: The Story of The Ruts & The Ruts DC is out now
www.theruts.co.uk

DREADZONE

SEPTEMBER
26 STROUD The Convent

OCTOBER
09 BARNSTAPLE The Factory
23 DERBY Flowerpot
24 NORWICH Waterfront
30 WARWICK Copper Rooms
31 NARBERTH Queens Hall

NOVEMBER
12 CAMBRIDGE Junction 2
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Unreconstructed rock thrills (produced by Jeff Lynne) from the AOR titan whose fervour and Zen-like self-awareness peak on That's Rock And Roll's rhetorical query: "Do you want to start a revolution or do you want to have some fun?" *JB*

City And Colour

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If I Should Go Before You

DINE ALONE. CD/DL/LP

Dallas Green's fifth C&C album was recorded in Nashville with a band including Raconteurs' 'Little' Jack Lawrence. At its best – Northern Blues' soulful echo – a bit of Southern grit's rubbed off on the Canadian. *JB*

Gary Clark Jr.

★★★

The Story Of Sunny Boy Slim

WARNER BROS. CD/DL/LP

Busker Christopher Copeland's weathered voice prefaces the blues guitar/voice's latest mix of old themes and new forms: Prince pop (Star, Our Love), axe solos (Grinder), Can't Sleep, Stay and Shake rock harder. *GB*

Diane Coffee

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Everybody's A Good Dog

WESTERN VINYL. CD/DL/LP

Foxygen drummer Shaun Fleming's second solo LP has a similar ID crisis as main band. Despite some studio polish, this fuzzy psych soul suffers from too many Stones riffs, not enough fresh ideas. *IC*

Cristobel & The Sea

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Sugar Now

CITY SLANG. CD/DL/LP

Pan-European collective's Lisbon-recorded debut shows a feel for nimble bossa grooves and tropical bird shrillness. In all, imagine Animal Collective's polyglottic patchwork musical, minus the hallucinogens. *JB*

Dexters

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We Paid For Blood

ACID JAZZ. CD/DL/LP

Tightly wound rock with a high euphoric peak-count and guitar whoosh from London four-piece. Standouts include Suburban Sex Dungeon for both its title and Arctic Monkeys-level wry kitchen sink narrative humour. *JB*

Horsebeach

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II

ALONE TOGETHER. CD/DL/LP

Sun-dappled guitar pop with a seductive, psychedelic edge from Manchester's Ryan Kennedy and pals. Schooled in Real Estate's supple US dream-pop, Horsebeach could be descendants of Leeds' Pale Saints. *CP*

Brian James

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The Guitar That Dripped Blood

EASY ACTION. CD/DL/LP

The ex-Damned guitarist won't win any prizes for singing, but cooks a Panzer-punk rumble with six-string and production values rooted in another century. Dead Boy Cheetah Chrome guests, suitably. *PG*

Frankie Lee

★★★★

American Dreamer

LOOSE. CD/DL/LP

Like Minneapolitan forebears The Jayhawks, Lee's *American Dreamer* foresees an intriguing blend of countrified, down-tempo acoustic charm and – on single Where Do We Belong – the hot tarmac romance of a roots rocking War On Drugs. *JB*

Little May

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For The Company

ISLAND. CD/DL/LP

Recorded by The National's Aaron Dessner in a church, the Australian trio's intricate, dramatic harmonic pop proves appropriately ornate on this soaring yet engagingly earthy first album. PS

Elliot Moss

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Highspeeds

PLAY IT AGAIN SAM. CD/DL/LP

With an impressive array of sonic outlets, from intimate singer-songwriter to full-blown techno, the New Yorker's soulful vocals bring a winning humanity to this kaleidoscopic debut. Head-spinning and heart-stirring. *PS*

Penetration

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Resolution

POLESTAR. CD/DL/LP

The County Durham punks' first in 36 years is suitably grown-up if a little underwhelming: terse, sophistico art-rock meets plangent indie, Pauline Murray's yelp mellowed to a dreamy flow. Just Drifting is the pop highlight. *PG*

Petite Noir

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La Vie Est Belle/Life Is Beautiful

DOMINO. CD/DL/LP

Congolese-Angolan Yannick Ilunga's debut promises "The sound of Noirwave"; it sounds just like Tears For Fears – big, clever pop, twinkly electronics, fleet-footed syncopations and Ilunga's vocal intensity. *JB*

Qluster

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Tasten

BUREAU B. CD/DL/LP

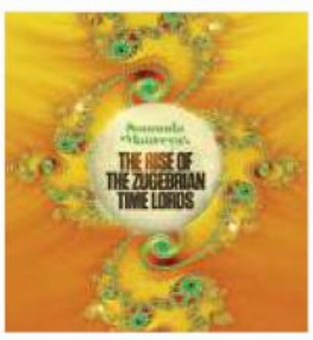
Cluster's Hans-Joachim Roedelius and fellow pianists Onnen Bock and Armin Metz create melancholy rounds and overlapping patterns from three Steinway grands. Music for rainy autumn days indoors; spectral, sombre, strange. *AM*

NOWSTREAMING

St. Vincent's Mixtape

Annie Clark's new Beats 1 radio show (archived on Apple Music if you're not in on Wednesdays at 3am GMT) confirms her diverse, eccentric taste in music with weirdness potential leavened by warmth and humour. Her September playlist reveals a love of impeccably hip modern electronic composition and minimal techno (Tim Hecker, Nicolas Jaar, Caribou); acknowledges the music's historical scope with Kraftwerk and a chunk of side one of *Dark Side Of The Moon*; peaks joyously on John Maus's throbbing Keep Pushing On and chills out with Coltrane's Naima and a bit of Chopin. Bookended by Cate Le Bon and, brilliantly, Don't Fear The Reaper. Cooler still, she does a weekly bespoke mixtape for one lucky listener.

Guy Eppel



Sananda Maitreya
Blanket On The Ground
The former Terence Trent D'Arby does out-there sci-fi concept on latest LP but this chiming, jazzy soul single is less baffling. (sanandamaitreya.com)

Tame Impala
Let It Happen (Soulwax remix)
Epic remodelling of *Current*'s grand musical drama drags the blissed-out original onto the dancefloor, daubs Vicks on its temples for fervid rave frugging. (YouTube)

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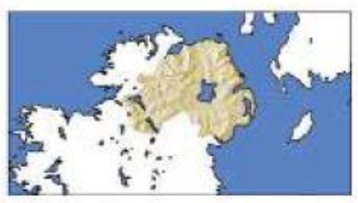

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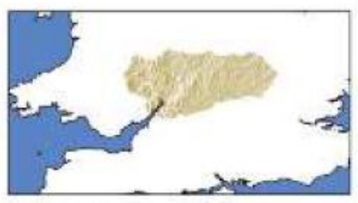

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NEW FROM PROPER MUSIC

LOS LOBOS
GATES OF GOLD

Los Lobos leap headfirst into their fifth decade of existence with 'Gates Of Gold', their first full length studio album since 2010's acclaimed 'Tin Can Trust'.
The dynamic song writing, deeply poetic lyrics and eclectic blend of rock, Tex-Mex, country and blues has resulted in an American saga in the rich literary tradition of John Steinbeck and William Faulkner.
Proper Records

ALBERT LEE
HIGHWAYMAN

Legendary guitarist Albert Lee's brand new solo album 'Highwayman' is an intimate and heart-wrenching collection of classic acoustic covers. It features 12 honest and unapologetic renditions of some of Albert's all-time favourite tracks, and truly represents, to quote the man himself, "the album I'd always wanted to record".
Also available: Just A Country Boy At Heart – 70th Birthday Celebration 2 DVD Set
Palm Bridge Productions

CATTLE & CANE
HOME

Cattle & Cane release their debut album 'Home'. It includes new single 'Skies' which is a slice of perfect harmonic pop from the Middlesbrough five-piece replete with a chorus set to earworm its way into the national consciousness. Catch them on tour in the UK this autumn. Recommended to fans of Fleet Foxes, Half Moon Run and Fleetwood Mac.
Quiet Crown Recordings

LINDA HOYLE
THE FETCH

Linda Hoyle released her debut album 'Pieces Of Me' in 1971 on the famous Vertigo label having fronted previously the band Afinity. Now, some 44 years later, she has recorded as a follow up a fresh stunning new album with a stellar cast of musicians produced by her long time friend and former band mate Mo Foster.
Angel Air

For more music news visit www.properdistribution.com
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We three kings

It began as an idea to expand Neu!'s live sound and ended too soon, but Harmonia made some of the best experimental music of the '70s, says Andrew Male.

Harmonia

★★★★

Complete Works

GRÖNLAND. LP

When Neu!'s Michael Rother first visited Cluster's Dieter Moebius and Hans-Joachim Roedelius at their idyllic Forst commune – three grand, crumbling houses on the Weser in Lower Saxony – over Easter 1973, he was hoping to convince them to join himself and drummer Klaus Dinger in Neu!'s expanded live line-up. Says Roedelius: "He came to find out whether Cluster would be part of a supergroup called Europe: two synth players, two percussionists, two guitarists. But this didn't work out. It worked out that he founded Harmonia."

"There was no supergroup," says Rother. "As a live duo Neu! didn't work. I introduced a tape recorder and people hated that. We were different, on our own mission."

In November 1972 United Artists invited Neu! to tour the UK. "We needed other musicians," says Rother. "Then I remembered Cluster, from a double concert in Hamburg in '71 [and] one track Im Süden, [on 1972's *Cluster II*], with a kind of melodiousness guitar that could go with mine. So I took my guitar and visited the Cluster guys in Forst. That really changed everything."

Of the three, Rother, 22, was the one with musical training. His mother played classical piano and, as a 1960s teenager, "totally fascinated by Jimi Hendrix", he taught himself radio pop tunes. By contrast Roedelius, 39, was a trained physiotherapist, and Moebius a graphic designer. But all three were keen to find a new sound language.

It's that exploration you hear on their 1974 debut. Recorded between June and November 1973, *Musik Von Harmonia* is the sound of three men building new rhythmic structures of delicately wrought beauty from guitar, piano, organ, keyboards and synthesizer. The beat-driven tracks, Watussi and Dino, squeak and hum like perpetual motion machines, while the shimmering patterns of Sehr Kosmisch and Ohrwurm capture the pastoral light in the room at Forst. Bounced through three Revoxes and a cheap mixer, the degraded thinness bathes everything in a fine lambent haze.

Divested of blues, pop and rock clichés, Harmonia tapped into a sense-memory of Central European folk and classical music, as well as their surroundings; new machines in old lands that twitter and trickle like mechanical birds by metallic streams.

The Forst backdrop is integral to the design of this 5-LP box. The cover shows the group gambolling on a green hill, and the records are packaged with a pop-up artwork of the Forst mansions and a 36-page scrapbook of the trio's seemingly idyllic lifestyle. But, insists Rother,

"Harmonia can't be *explained* by beautiful landscape. I'm sure the life we led had a strong effect but it was not all in one peaceful hippy cloud. In a nice way, everything was struggle."

You hear that struggle on *Live 1974*, as the trio create exploratory music for uncomprehending audiences on unyielding equipment. "It was analogue times," says Rother. "Nothing was in sync. If you'd asked, 'Do you want everything in sync?' I would probably have said, 'Oh, that would be great', but the effect was amazing and still is today." *Live 1974* has the effect of floating inside boundless synesthetic patterns of imperfect repetition. But audiences were bored by the infinite. "Sometimes it took ages to find a lead to something that made sense," says Rother. "That fascinated us [but] the audience were walking out."

KEY TRACKS

- Ohrwurm
- Deluxe
- Monza

As a result, Rother fought for adding more structure to the next Harmonia LP. Recorded in producer Conny Plank's 16-track mobile studio, with Guru Guru drummer Mani Neumeier, and a good mixing desk, *Deluxe* is Harmonia's masterpiece and Rother's vindication. "Michael's influence was growing," admits Roedelius. "I didn't appreciate pre-structures, I always wanted to do it live with my hands, [but] *Deluxe* is the sound of Michael's guitar and his ability to structure pieces." Of the opening title track, the fizzing joyride Monza, and their shared hypnotic refrain "Immer wieder rauf und runter/Einmal drauf und einmal drunter" ("Up and down again and again/Once on top and once underneath"), Rother says, "It's comical, but underneath there's truth. That was the life we led. Driving miles to a concert, three people showing up, driving home with no money…" Out of such hardships came bliss. "I remember recording it in a trance state," says Rother, and all of *Deluxe* has a buoyant, rapturous continuity, the organic experiments of '74 held aloft by Rother's driving self-belief.

The new tracks here, collected as *Documents 1975*, offer more evidence of peak Harmonia: two epic live Hamburg pieces (recorded by Moebius for German electronic composer Asmus Tietchens), plus Proto-Deluxe and Tika-Taka, two tracks recorded for a German radio station that travel a thrilling line between order and collapse, defining the struggle and solidarity of this perfect-imperfect union.

As such, Harmonia's final recording is a mild anti-climax. Initially released in 1997, and in expanded form in 2009, *Tracks And Traces* was recorded in Forst in September 1976 with Brian Eno, two months after the original trio had split. "Dieter and I were more or less about the laziness, working on music not so structured, to be always open to new territories," says Roedelius, "But Michael wanted to rehearse all the time. That was the reason why we split."

"I didn't want to stop," says Rother, "but Joachim and Dieter didn't want to continue. Then suddenly Brian was on the line saying, 'Could I come over?'" The most 'complete' sounding of Harmonia's albums – the trio's fuzzy rhythms and warped melodies rounded out by Eno's dark, thrubbing basslines, *Tracks And Traces* is a lesser LP, where every strange detour becomes a point of certain destination. Whatever Harmonia were building at Forst ends with *Tracks And Traces*. "It was a way we were able to live for a while and the music reflected that," says Roedelius. "How happy we were."

"When I first arrived at Forst," concludes Rother, "there was one cold water socket, no toilet, bricked-up windows, nothing but this process of building a structure, of removing walls, letting in light – of so much freedom."

BACK STORY: WHAT'S IN A NAME?

● "It's important to know the name 'Harmonia' was also a joke," says Michael Rother. "In Germany, choirs used to be called 'Harmonia something' so people considered Harmonia to be a very old-fashioned out-of-date sort of name. We were of course harmonious, but we were always aware of the contradictions. It was like a motto, maybe. People don't get that. We were very opposing personalities, right up to the end, but also we were in solidarity. A great solidarity."

"NEW MACHINES IN OLD LANDS THAT TWITTER AND TRICKLE LIKE MECHANICAL BIRDS BY METALLIC STREAMS."

WorldMags.net

Machine heads: Harmonia (from left) Hans-Joachim Roedelius, Michael Rother, Dieter Moebius.

WorldMags.net

FILTER REISSUES

Various
Reaching Out – Chess Records At Fame Studios

★★★★

KENT. CD/DL

Outstanding Southern soul cut at Muscle Shoals for the Chicago label, 1967-69.

Chess and Fame first did business in 1959, but after Aretha Franklin hit big at Muscle Shoals for Atlantic in '67, the Chicago label's artists began arriving at Rick Hall's studio as if on a conveyor belt. The results, as this 24-tracker proves, were always spectacular, although only Etta James and Laura Lee came close to replicating Aretha's success. Lee's It's How You Make It Good, rooted in gospel and blues, captures the singer at her most bold and brassy, while James's explosive cover of Otis Redding's Security hit the US R&B Top 20 – it's probably the best-known track here. Irma Thomas also covered Otis during her Chess/Muscle Shoals period; her passionate take on Good To Me yielded her last hit. The Chess boys came up trumps too; see Maurice & Mac's effusive So Much Love.

Lois Wilson

Various
★★★★

Turtle Records – Pioneering British Jazz 1970-1971

CHERRY RED. CD/DL

Rare and collectable home-grown jazz resurrected.

Producer Peter Eden – whose credits range from The Nice and Donovan in the '60s to Norma Winstone and Jona Lewie in the '70s – launched Turtle Records in 1968 and during its five-year lifespan issued 20 albums. The three most coveted titles in the catalogue are saxophonist Mike Osborne's eerie free jazz manifesto *Outback*, pianist Howard Riley's ethereal avant-garde opus *Flight*, and John Taylor's more orthodox pianoled *Pause And Think Again*, all of which are reissued in this 3-CD set. Taylor's John Surman-produced album is the most accessible and satisfying of the three – there are palpable shades of Herbie Hancock's Maiden Voyage on the lovely title track – and it also features arresting cameos from the late Kenny Wheeler (trumpet), and saxophonist Stan Sulzmann. Colin Harper's massive 17,000-word essay eloquently etches the label's background story.

Charles Waring

Georgie Fame
★★★★

The Whole World's Shaking

UNIVERSAL. CD/DL/LP

Organ groover's early R&B, jazz and soul work on 5-CDs.

Subtitled *The Complete Recordings 1963-66*, this box collects four albums, singles, outtakes, live and radio extras, many of which have appeared before, on Ace compilations for instance, but gathered in one place they underline what a terrific singer/bandleader Fame is, and what a great proving ground the '60s clubs, ballroom and theatre circuits were for young musicians. His live *At The Flamingo* and big band *Sound Venture* are reviewed on page 51. CD2 has 1964's *Fame At Last* (solid jazz, R&B, soul covers of Ray Charles, Marvin Gaye and The M.G.'s et al) with that year's Rhythm & Blue-Beat EP (Madness, Humpty Dumpty etc), while on CD3 1966's *Sweet Thing* leaned heavily on soul (See Saw, Ride Your Pony, Sitting In The Park), was his biggest-selling LP, and included a lovely Funny How Time Slips Away. Great groovin'.

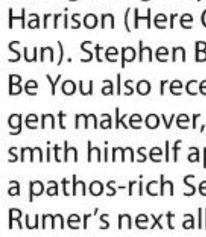
Geoff Brown

Rumer
★★★

B Sides & Rarities

ATLANTIC/NIGHT OWL. CD/DL

Rumer rummages through the archives.



Originally available via her website on the singer's Night Owl imprint, this odds and sods compendium – assembled by Rumer herself – now receives a general release via Atlantic. Containing 17 collectable songs, it's a mixture of original material and covers in the form of studio outtakes, the flipsides of singles, and live performances. Rumer's melancholic soulfulness is best illustrated by her honey-coated renditions of material from Christopher Cross (Sailing and Arthur's Theme), Paul Simon (Long Long Day) and George Harrison (Here Comes The Sun). Stephen Bishop's It Might Be You also receives a plangent makeover, with the tunesmith himself appearing on a pathos-rich Separate Lives. Rumer's next album will focus exclusively on the Bacharach-David songbook and this collection, with its accomplished covers of the duo's Alfie and Hasbrook Heights, indicates that it should be something for her devotees to savour.

Charles Waring

Rose McDowall
★★★★

Cut With The Cake Knife

NIGHT SCHOOL/SACRED BONES. CD/DL/LP

Lost gems, '86-88, of Glasgow's post-punk Emma Peel.

As one half of Strawberry Switchblade, Rose McDowall's legacy lies in the subversive pop of Since Yesterday – a surprise Top 5 hit in January 1985 – and the duo's self-titled debut LP. Known collectively as the Sunshine Demos, these songs were conceived as Strawberry Switchblade's second album, but the band split in 1986 and the tracks didn't see issue until 2004 as a 500 CD-only release. The songs are beautifully crafted updates of the girl group death disc, with sorrowful lyrics about love, loss and loneliness pinned to sweet synth melodies and framed by McDowall's dreamy vocals. Tibet, a simple but effective rewrite of Since Yesterday, and the poignant Sixty Cowboys are the picks but the rest, from the Genesis P-Orridge-inspired On The Sun to the ebullient Crystal Nights, are transcendental pure pop too.

Lois Wilson

Switchblade sister Rose McDowall: love, loss and loneliness.

Paul McCartney
★★★★

Tug Of War

CONCORD/MPL. CD

A peak in Macca's solo rollercoaster career.

Paul's first album following John Lennon's murder was also the first after Denny Laine's resignation formally ended Wings. Stevie Wonder came on board for a few weeks, yielding the global smash Ebony And Ivory as well as the joyously funky What's That You're Doing. Craving a more permanent foil, McCartney chose former Mindbender and 10cc hit-smith Eric Stewart. For a while, the pair were on a songwriting roll, the cream pouring into 1982's *Tug Of War*, produced by George Martin and a commercial and critical smash. Turning 40, Paul basked in his craftsmanship and love of variety, embracing light entertainment (Ballroom Dancing) as well as the touching tribute to the unnamed John, Here Today – amid Paul's usual word-spinning, a lyric with heart. A genuine bonus, the second CD's half-hour of demos and discards is a repeat-play joy.

Mat Snow

McAlmont & Butler
★★★★

The Sound Of McAlmont & Butler

EDSEL. CD/DL/LP

Lavish, remastered 20th anniversary box celebrates taut tandem's debut.

Ex-Suede guitarist Bernard Butler is a songwriter of impressive scope, but he's named Yes as his favourite self-composition – the 1995 hit that heralded this album. Written mindful of The Walker Brothers, Yes features here in nine incarnations, including demo versions and the TV appearances on the DVD – the latter including a rampagingly exciting performance on the Jools Holland show. You Do, the album's other hit, is particularly impressive live as recorded for Radio 1, alongside a cover or Neil Young's Walk On. McAlmont's thrillingly expansive voice is a remarkable thing – his range too conjoined to be simply falsetto. It's an instrument as exciting as Butler's guitar – a tightly-wound pop odd couple who here intertwine compellingly.

Roy Wilkinson

Truly fine citizen: Carole King still had more to say.

Urban sprawl

Carole King's mislaid link between Tin Pan Alley and *Tapestry*. By Jim Irvin.

The City

★★★★

Now That Everything's Been Said

LIGHT IN THE ATTIC. CD/DL/LP

AFTER HER early '60s golden era as a staff writer in a Broadway hit factory, and before her early '70s golden era as the doyenne of singer-songwriterdom, Carole King tasted failure.

When her marriage to chief collaborator Gerry Goffin collapsed, she left New York for Los Angeles. "I was unsure about virtually everything," she wrote in her recent memoir. Being a divorced, 25-year-old mother of two young children was disorientating enough, but she'd landed in Laurel Canyon in 1967. "I didn't know what my scene was, but this wasn't it… no rules, no boundaries, and no blueprint."

Bonding with some homies helped her deal with the culture shock – her current squeeze, bassist Charles Larkey, late of The Myddle Class, who'd followed her to LA, and guitarist and singer Danny 'Kootch' Kortchmar of The Fugs, in town ostensibly to join new Elektra signings Clear Light (it didn't work out). The three migrants began jamming together in King's house on Wonderland Avenue. She had started working with a new lyricist Toni Stern, a 20-year-old writer recommended by Screen Gems executive Bert Schneider (who'd recently broken Stern's heart). King tried out one of their new songs with the boys. It sounded great. They were enthusiastic about the combination, but while King enjoyed playing with them at home she was reluctant to appear in public. She contacted old friend Lou Adler, who suggested he produce an album with them for his Ode label. Thus The City was born.

Opening with the confident, swinging, jazz-flavoured Snow Queen (a pre-echo of Crosby, Stills & Nash?), then the strident pastoral I Wasn't Born To Follow (both Goffin/King songs) and the soulful title track, the album bowls along through country, gospel and folksy rock, no two tracks sounding alike, sometimes delicate, sometimes brash and ambitious, but with King's distinctive delivery holding it all together.

It felt bang on-message for the time. The band were convinced they'd be Number 1 within weeks. But it wasn't to be. Perhaps it was actually too ahead of the curve; perhaps the variety was confusing; perhaps the material wasn't as emotionally engaging as her finest work could and would be. King's reluctance to play live and a change of distributor for Ode certainly stalled promotion. The album fell between every crack going. But King had been inspired, and the albums *Writer*, *Tapestry* and *Music* soon followed, with Adler, Kootch and Larkey all involved.

The City's sole album was an adventurous, experimental step towards King's extraordinary solo success. That forgotten stepping stone still sounds terrific. Welcome it back.

Wynton Kelly

★★★

Four Classic Albums

AVID. CD/DL

A Miles Davis pianist's overlooked solo *oeuvre*.

In January 1959, a 27-year-old Kelly – whose living relatives include bassist/producer Marcus Miller and rapper Foxy Brown – deputised for an absent Red Garland in Miles Davis's band and ended up staying with the trumpeter's group for a fertile two-year period in which they cut the classic *Kind Of Blue* album. After he left Miles, Kelly teamed up with guitarist Wes Montgomery but eventually his own career fizzled out and by 1971 he was a penniless alcoholic whose life was cut short by a fatal epileptic seizure. His largely forgotten solo work deserves more recognition and this quartet of albums spanning 1951-1961 (recorded for Blue Note, Riverside and Vee-Jay), with their blend of free-flowing, hard-swinging bebop, funky soul-jazz and occasional dreamy romanticism, shows why Miles rated the versatile pianist so highly.

Charles Waring

John Renbourn

★★★

The Attic Tapes

RIVERBOAT. CD/DL

A 20-track collection of previously unreleased early recordings by the great acoustic guitar innovator.

Lost since the early 1960s, these remastered recordings of one of the grand masters of folk guitar offer a fascinating insight into time, place and attitude. Restored to decent quality, we get a tantalising glimpse of those halcyon days when the acoustic guitar developed mysterious tentacles and the all-night London Soho coffee bar Les Cousins was the centre of the universe for all those who played one. The godfather of them all, Davy Graham, pops up on a spellbinding Nobody Knows You When You're Down And Out, Beverley Martyn pitches in with a couple of rugged vocals and there are contributions from Mac MacLeod, while old staples like Anji, Blues Run The Game and Cocaine are featured along with a number of live recordings to add to the joyous atmosphere of carefree jumble. In the light of Renbourn's recent passing, it's desperately poignant, yet still oddly uplifting.

Colin Irwin

Miriam Makeba

★★★

Mama Africa

MILAN. CD/DL

There's more to this than meets the eye.

With its unimaginative title and sleeve, and the promise of Makeba's "greatest recordings drawn from across her career", this is marketed as yet another compilation of South Africa's greatest breakout success, but is nothing of the sort. With the exception of the first track (Phata Phata, a 1959 version of her 1967 hit Pata Pata), this comprises her first two American albums, recorded after she was exiled in 1959. So negative points for the packaging; what about the music? Her eponymous debut was recorded under the aegis of Harry Belafonte and is folky African pop at its simplest and frothiest; the second – the dark, complex and adventurously expansive *Many Voices* – sounds as if she had wrested control from the A&R men, surrounding herself with Hugh Masekela and like-minded jazz musicians, setting the tone for the budding legend's career.

David Hutcheon

Various

Ork Records: New York, New York

★★★★

NUMERO GROUP. CD/DL/LP

Box set history of '70s indie pioneer.

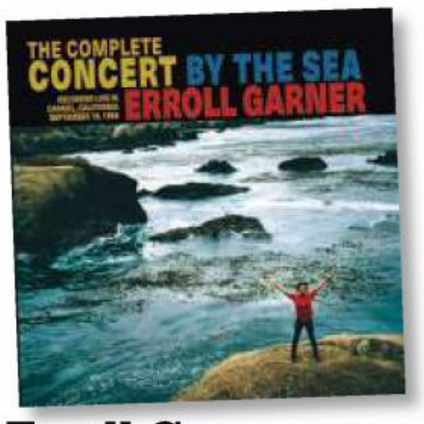
Given Ork's pivotal role in capturing "damaged, literate" CBGB's punk, it is shocking to realise how belated this compilation is. But then Terry Ork was no businessman – he didn't last long as Television's manager – and who knows what business tangles needed unknotting? His label only lasted 13 releases and five years, beginning in 1975 with the fractious heat of Television's Little Johnny Jewel, then Richard Hell's similarly jittery Another World EP and a scoop in Alex Chilton's first solo release, The Singer Not The Song. Talking of Big Star, Chris Bell co-produced Prix's five tracks (two unreleased) – and they favourably resemble Bell's own work. Chris Stamey's (I Thought) You Wanted To Know is one of the all-time powerpop greats, featuring co-writer Richard Lloyd (Television), whose own version is one of a handful of unreleased jewels (he sings, the guitar coda is louder, crazier). As well two more Lloyd outtakes, there's The Feelies' original Fa Ce La, and the Patti Smith-alike Erasers.

Martin Aston

Getty Images

WorldMags.net

Small Faces, big 'eads: McLagan, Jones, Lane and Marriott, sorted for hat sizes.



Erroll Garner

★★★★★

The Complete Concert By The Sea

LEGACY. CD/DL

Jazz piano giant Erroll Garner caught in the act of defining virtuosity.

That *Concert By The Sea* is long considered one of the finest live jazz albums – and is also one of the best selling – speaks to the deep respect Erroll Garner earned from fellow musicians as well as wild adoration from fans. He was a pianist of unequalled exuberance, sailing through ragtime, stride, blues, swing, bop and majestic concert-hall classical with no sonic walls demarcating whatever he was mastering in the moment. He was a natural live performer, inviting the audience to drive him and conversely he played *with* them – not just *for* them. His facility with full-range dynamics in, say, Juan Tizol's Caravan – from a polyrhythmic boogie to dexterous blue notes to raindrop tinkling – elicits thrilling roars from the crowd. This 60th anniversary of the famed 1955 concert in Carmel, California is spread across three discs and includes 11 unreleased tracks. When it comes to pure virtuosity, even peers maintain Garner was paramount and this set presents the proof in the proverbial pudding.

Michael Simmons

Various

★★★★

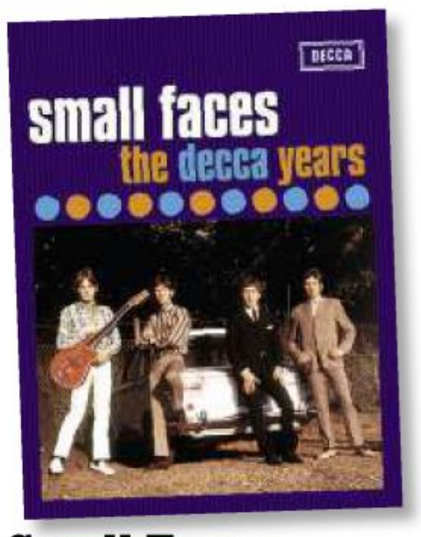
Planet Mu 20th Anniversary

PLANET MU. CD/DL/LP

Two decades of the visionary, experimental electronic music label.

He's too demure to say so himself, but Mike Paradinas is one of the most important figures in electronic music. Firstly as an artist in his own right, µ-Ziq, but more significantly as the man behind label Planet Mu. Since 1995, Mu has built a reputation for offering an early base camp to the electronica scene's many splinter genres and musical movements, from glitch to footwork, grime to dubstep. A typical case study is their championing of skweee, a short-lived Nordic sub-genre that mixed frenetic R&B rhythms with 8-bit computer game tropes. Commercial heft is no concern. That said, it's a testimony to Paradinas's stewardship that this 3-CD box set bursts with names that Planet Mu has helped establish on a wider scale, including footwork pioneer RP Boo, Machinedrum and his hi-energy juke/jungle mash-ups, the emotive, futuristic sound tapestries of Ital Tek and John Wizards, who give thrilling voice to the complex sounds of South African dance music. All owe a debt to Mu.

Stephen Worthy



Small Faces

★★★★

The Decca Years 1965-1967

UNIVERSAL. CD

Everything the East End Mods recorded during their 18 months with Decca.

Not as lavishly packaged as 2014's *Here Come The Nice* which collated the Small Faces' Immediate material, but these five CDs, housed in a lift-off lid box with a 72-page book penned by MOJO's Mark Paytress, are, nevertheless, essential. The first disc collects A- and B-sides plus French EP tracks; disc two contains their perky self-titled debut; disc three has *From The Beginning*, their second for the label and issued after they'd left, most notable for the psychedelic leanings of That Man; then the draw – two discs of rarities and the Saturday Club and Joe Loss Pop Show sessions capturing the group at their most raw, gritty and fired-up. Whatcha Gonna Do About It and Baby Don't You Do It from August 23, 1965 are particularly fine.

Lois Wilson

Bikini Kill

★★★

Revolution Girl Style Now

BIKINI KILL. CD/DL/LP/CS

The demo that birthed Riot Grrrl, reissued with three new songs.

As an artefact of Riot Grrrl – the '90s rock movement that to many felt more real, more dangerous, and more invigorating than any other – this demo warrants a broader release. In hindsight, the demo also confirms that Bikini Kill made the right calls on which songs to include on their 'official' debut in 1992. Versions of six songs here – stone classics, all – were issued on their first two EPs. The three unreleased songs plumb ideas and emotions the band explore more compellingly elsewhere. "I tend to your wounds while I bleed," from Ocean Size, for instance, calls to mind the considerably more artful Feels Blind. Daddy's Li'l Girl is Suck My Left One, minus the fight. What the rarities really miss, though, is the combination of fun and fearlessness that was so attractive for enlisting people in the revolution.

Chris Nelson

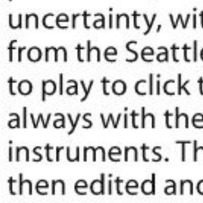
Savant

★★★

Artificial Dance

RVNG INTL. CD/DL/LP

US electronic musician Kerry Leimer's 1983 LP *The Neo-Realist (At Risk)* plus extras.



Kerry Leimer's loop-based music was grounded partly in chance procedures, or at least uncertainty, with musicians from the Seattle area invited to play to click tracks, and not always with their first choice instruments. The results were then edited and processed and looped in a similar way to Brian Eno & David Byrne's *My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts*. There's great detail on tracks like The Neo-Realist, with myriad short percussive and instrumental motifs deployed to sound like a virtual group. It certainly feels like Leimer was constructing it with the mind-set of a musician, rather than just a producer; but while it's meticulously constructed, it can also be rather fidgety. The most successful tracks work better with space, like the walking-pace percussion, cries and wails of Sensible Music, and the drum figures dramatically punctuating the eerie sonic currents of Falling At Two Speeds.

Mike Barnes

Bettye Swann

★★★★

The Very Best Of

KENT. CD

A comprehensive career overview of the sassy soul singer spanning 1964 to '75.

Ace first anthologised Bettye Swann in 2001 on *The Money Recordings*, which gathered the LA-based singer's material for John Dolphin's Money label during 1965-68. Almost half of this career-spanning compilation covers that same catalogue. We get her exceptional singles, such as 1964 debut Don't Wait Too Long, 1965's The Heartache Is Gone, 1967's Make Me Yours – each defined by a soulful elegance. The remainder, culled from her Capitol, Fame and Atlantic tenures, captures a singer stretching out, introducing country on 1969's poignant cover of Angel Of The Morning, embracing Philly disco on 1974's When The Game Is Played On You and, at Fame, adopting the classic Muscle Shoals sound on 1971's I'm Just Living A Lie. Terrific.

Lois Wilson

Peter Gabriel

★★★★★

Peter Gabriel

CAROLINE. LP

Aka 'Melt', Gabriel's masterpiece now sounds better than ever.

Reaching Number 1 in May 1980, Peter Gabriel's third album is the undisputed highlight of the deluxe half-speed mastered vinyl issues of his first four LPs. Recorded in London with a line-up of the old guard (Robert Fripp, Larry Fast and Phil Collins) and new friends (producer Steve Lillywhite, Paul Weller and Kate Bush), Gabriel made an album that made his US label boss, Ahmet Ertegun, wonder if he had had some sort of breakdown. Angry and angular, its rumination on the fringes of the human condition sounds as fresh and disturbing as it did 35 years ago. Anthemic album closer Biko set Gabriel on his next horizons of world music and civil rights; the cymbal-free drum sound of Intruder helped shape '80s pop; and Games Without Frontiers gave him his first UK Top 10 singles chart entry.

Daryl Easlea

Getty Images

WorldMags.net

Mogwai

★★★★

Central Belters

ROCK ACTION. CD/DL/LP

Twentieth anniversary compilation from Glasgow's now-slightly-older team.

They called their second album *Come On Die Young*, but Mogwai have survived and thrived over 20 years, becoming unlikely elder statesman of widescreen noise. Distributed over three CDs or six vinyl LPs, this birthday collection is a fittingly weighty document of their emotional heft: a grand sweep that starts with the sunshine-and-storms of Summer and crashes out with the devotional blood-letting of My Father My King. *Central Belters* underlines how their longevity has partly depended on their gift for subtle shifts and changes, whether deploying the gloomy lowing of The Cowdenbeath Brass Band on 1999 EP track Burn Girl Prom Queen or Roky Erickson on 2008's Devil Rides. It's significant, too, how great Remurdered from last year's *Rave Tapes* sounds, evidence that Mogwai, thanks to constant thoughtful redefining of their parameters, are still a work in thrilling progress.

Victoria Segal

Bert Jansch

★★★★

Jack Orion

TRANSATLANTIC. CD/DL

Jansch's third album remains a wild, unpredictable, maverick beast.

Bert Jansch's role in the whole business of folk guitar accompaniment in the 1960s becomes ever more extraordinary as the years pass. Davy Graham had already fired imaginations and kindred spirit John Renbourn egged him on, but Jansch's nonchalant vision remains a towering landmark. Part of a new tranche of reissues, *Jack Orion* is perhaps the most exceptional of those early recordings. His guitar bewitchingly dazzles around the melody and you never quite know where it's heading. The title track is especially daring, an epic 10-minute ballad assembled by Bert Lloyd, on whose idiosyncratic style Jansch seems to base his own vocals. His inventive adaptations of the other great ballads Nottamun Town and Blackwater Side had enduring influence on the wider music world, and Roberta Flack (perhaps not even Ewan MacColl) probably wouldn't recognise his ingenious instrumental variant of First Time Ever I Saw Your Face.

Colin Irwin

Supergrass

★★★★★

I Should Coco

PARLOPHONE. CD/LP

Deluxe 20th anniversary celebration of the Oxford trio's bombastic debut.

From the urgent opener I'd Like To Know through to the blissed-out comedown psychedelia of closing songs Sofa (Of My Lethargy) and the sauntering Kinksesque Time To Go, Supergrass's debut is the perfectly realised sound of youth. Written when frontman Gaz Coombes was 17 and recorded only a year after their former group The Jennifers disbanded, *I Should Coco* surpasses all other Britpop albums in its charm, energy and lack of contrivance. Caught By The Fuzz, Mansize Rooster and Alright offer a string of era-defining singles that effortlessly merged the best of melodic British (primarily early Pink Floyd/Buzzcocks /Madness) while the thudding one-note riff of Lenny and the gonzo Strange Ones ensured Supergrass offered more wanton fun than the posturing of Blur, Oasis, et al. A multitude of early demos, outtakes and two live shows remind you that youth isn't always wasted on the young. Even when they themselves are gloriously wasted.

Ben Myers

VINYL PACKAGE OF THE MONTH

Ace Records 40th Anniversary

ACE

These seven 7-inch singles, housed in beautiful replica sleeves and a binder in a nod to the original 78rpm 'albums' packaging, celebrate 40 years of UK reissue label Ace. Initially funded by Rock On, Ted Carroll's second-hand record stall on London's Golborne Road, the label took its name from Johnny Vincent's US label of the same legend and specialised first in '50s blues, then branched into '60s soul, then expanded every which way. A real treasure trove, with an acute attention to detail in keeping with the label's ethos, this set covers pretty much everything, beginning with B.B. King's signature track Confessin' The Blues flipped with Etta James's gutbucket Tough Lover and ending with the first-time-on-vinyl British beat of Don't Cry For Me by The Zombies and The 101ers' exhilarating proto-punk of Keys To Your Heart. In between is girl group (The Shirelles), acid jazz (Eddie Jefferson), deep funk (Johnny King & The Fatback Band) and much more. *Lois Wilson*

Link Wray

★★★★

3-Track Shack

ACE. CD

Three albums, released 1971-73, recorded on Link's brother Vernon's farm.

A pioneer of defining instrumentals such as 1958's Rumble, guitarist/singer Link Wray coped with the genre's post-Beatles withering by essentially turning his back on the 'business' of music. By 1971 he was making gloriously low-tech albums, three of them recorded in brother Vernon's studio/shack. Like a more animated JJ Cale and less structured Band, *Link Wray* swarms across Fats Domino (La De Da), gospel (Take Me Home Jesus), loose rock (Black River Swamp), classic instrumental moves (Tail Dragger) and a great free-pickin' pentecostal rocker in Fire And Brimstone. Link ceded lead vocals on *Mordicai Jones* to Gene Johnson's more generic white rock voice (Rodgers, Plant, Rod etc) which predominantly destroys the music's distinction. That complete misstep is corrected on *Beans And Fatback*, essentially outtakes from the first LP and a return to rough'n'ready rockin' mayhem, Link back on lead vocals and sparkling guitar, that old Shack magic fully intact.

Geoff Brown

Julian Cope

★★★★

Fried

CAROLINE. CD

The one with the turtle shell on the sleeve.

Holed up in Tamworth after The Teardrop Explodes' messy end, ex-pop star Julian Cope's hobbies included watching Madness videos, listening to Skip Spence's *Oar* and thinking of ways to contain the evil he felt was lurking inside him. But if *Fried* is an exorcism, it can only have been a successful one: a remarkably unforced, strangely glowing piece of art, it reports back from the abyss of Syd-like lysergic calamity (Search Party), hopes for a newly informed clarity (Laughing Boy), throws in superb pop moments (Sunspots) and even has a go at Cope's ex-manager (Bill Drummond Said would be answered two years later, when Drummond retorted with the biting Julian Cope Is Dead). This edition comes with a righteous second disc of B-sides and radio sessions, as does Cope's also-reissued, less obviously whimsical *World Shut Your Mouth* LP, a Number 40 hit earlier in '84.

Ian Harrison

Second Layer

★★★

World Of Rubber

DARK ENTRIES. CD/DL

Expanded pre-millennial angst of The Sound's Adrian Borland and Graham Bailey.

Dashed off in the studio time left over from The Sound's 1980 debut *Jeopardy*, Second Layer's unheralded debut more than matched up to the main event. An outlet for the more experimental musings of Adrian Borland and mutant homemade electronics of Graham Bailey, the pair excelled at conjuring dark subterranean atmospheres on a par with Cabaret Voltaire or Joy Division, with the spectre of impending military doom never far off. This timely reissue also gathers together unnerving early demos and EPs Flesh As Property and State Of Emergency for a panoramic picture of their wares, the slashing, metallic McGeoch-like guitars and punchy, staccato wordplay of Germany ("Production/Satisfaction/Production/Religion/A nation/In division/Production/Makes it one") epitomising the playfulness behind furrowed brows.

Andy Cowan

Link Wray: that old Shack magic has him in its spell.

WorldMags.net

FILEUNDER

Mission accomplished

The perfect melody that launched a thousand tricky acts. By Jim Irvin

Spies like us: TV's Mission Impossible team (from left) Greg Morris, Leonard Nimoy, Peter Graves and Peter Lupus; (below) theme writer extraordinaire Lalo Schifrin.

Lalo Schifrin's slinky Mission: Impossible theme in 5/4 time may be the most famous, most enduring TV theme ever written. Yet he wrote it in the time it took to jot it down on some manuscript, around three minutes, he reckons.

He was commissioned by the show's producer, Bruce Geller. "He said, 'I want you to write something exciting, something that when people are in the living room and go into the kitchen to have a drink, and they hear it, they will know what it is. I want it to be identifiable, recognisable and a signature'," Schifrin, now 83, recently told the New York Post.

And he nailed it. The opening bars of pounding piano and congas, given edge by the unusual time signature, set up the flute melody, played with plenty of attack (it really does call you from the kitchen) that screams "SPIES!" and marries perfectly with the title sequence graphic of a snaking, lit fuse. A blaring, sassy brass section adds a sense of jeopardy before a chilled, but funky, clavinet solo takes us back undercover. It's so distinctive it's practically the only component of the TV series retained for the movie franchise; and has become synonymous with the title phrase – it is practically compulsory to play a burst whenever somebody is doing something challenging on TV.

"THE FLUTE MELODY, PLAYED WITH PLENTY OF ATTACK, SCREAMS 'SPIES!'."

Argentinian Schifrin grew up in a family of classical musicians. His father was concert master of the Buenos Aires Philharmonic and his youthful interest in post-war jazz went against the grain, not only at home but in his country – under president Juan Peron, the importing of American records was outlawed. Lalo befriended an American merchant marine who brought him illicit Charlie Parker albums, and he taught himself jazz from them.

You can hear that schooling all over *Mission: Impossible – The Television Scores Box* (Lalaland) ★★★★, a generous six CDs of all the music written for the original series by Schifrin and colleague Jerry Fielding, who'd go on to score The Wild Bunch and Demon Seed among others. Recurring themes like The Plot, with its military drumming and unnerving cellos, and its chilled cousin Ready, a duet for double bass and guiro with a beautiful vibraphone resolution, take you on a ride of tension and release. These evocative, memorable bursts of motion and intrigue – there are variants with harpsichords, tablas and funk guitar too – made the improbable action seem cool, smart and serious, and are surprisingly gripping even without the visuals.

In 1967, this mildly daring sound had the right kind of currency to attract the kids, and its big band blare made mom and pop feel hip too. But that theme is the kicker. As soon as it aired, everyone was whistling Schifrin's instant composition. It won a Grammy and made his name.

Abyssinians

★★★★

Arise

UMC. **CD/DL**

Classic roots reggae and harmony album from 1978 that captures the tough Jamaican three-piece in strident voice backed by the Revolutionaries; expanded with accompanying dub parts, plus the group's singles on own label Clinch. *LW*

Acid

★★★

Acid

HNE RECORDINGS/CHERRY RED. **CD**

Female-fronted Belgian garage metal five-piece Acid released three spirited albums between 1982 and '85. All three are reissued, the pick of them being this Motörhead-inspired debut which has lost none of its naïve charm. *PA*

Marvin Gaye

★★★★

Volume One 1961-1965

UNIVERSAL. **CD**

Gaye's first seven LPs in a box, out on vinyl earlier in 2015 (see MOJO 259, p108). 1963's *That Stubborn Kinda Fellow* collects early hits; 1965's *How Sweet It Is To Be Loved By You* is five-stars; between he pursues balladeer's dreams with variable success. *GB*

Jimi Hendrix Experience

★★★★

Freedom: Atlanta Pop Festival

LEGACY/SONY MUSIC. **CD/LP**

Ten weeks prior to his passing, Jimi played to his biggest US audience. From Fire to Straight Ahead, his 16-song set proved he'd lost none of his genius. *PA*

Various

★★★

Out Of This World!

EL. **CD/DL**

Would be space-age music from The Spotnicks, reverb-happy, twang-pop guitarists in space suits, plus orchestral fare by Ron Goodwin, and Russ Garcia's 1958 experimental starship sounds. Titles include Goofy Peepl Of Phobos. *FD*

Rod Stewart

★★★★★

Classic Album Selection

UNIVERSAL. **CD**

His first five solo albums, all for Mercury, spanning 1969's *An Old Raincoat* to 1974's *Smiler*; each one excellent capturing Rod the soul man, with expressive vocals and unbeatable songwriting. *LW*

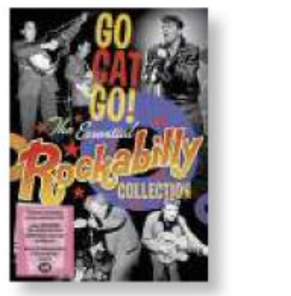
Various

★★★★

All Aboard!

ACE. **CD**

The train as metaphor in music from 1937's Pan American Man, a country blues by Cliff Carlisle, to 2012's garage rocker Death Train Blues by Daddy Long Legs with halts on the way to take gospel, folk, reggae and soul on board. *LW*



Various

★★★★★

Go Cat Go! The Essential Rockabilly Collection

SALVO. **CD**

No quiff is left un-combed on this 4-CD box of twangin' '50s magic, from big-hitters Buddy, Jerry, Gene, Carl, to cult acts 'Groovey' Joe Poovey and Johnny Dollar. Never flags. *PG*

Alamy, Getty Images, Shamil Tanna

WorldMags.net

Ed Askew

★★★★

Ask The Unicorn

TIN ANGEL. CD/DL/LP

New York-based painter and singer-songwriter's 1968 ESP-Disk debut best described as psychedelic noir. Askew's nasal sneer and steel-string Martin Tiple chart twisted paths into the dark winter that followed the Summer of Love. *AM*

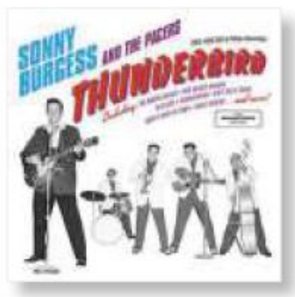
B.B. King

★★★

Completely Well

BEAR FAMILY. LP

Produced by Bill Szymczyk – then still a producer on the rise – B.B. King's 1969 album sees him trying to curry favour with the blues rock crowd. The sweeping The Thrill Is Gone became a landmark tune on a welcomed vinyl reissue. *PA*



Sonny Burgess And The Pacers

★★★

Thunderbird

HOODOO. CD

1956-59 trawl of the vaults of the Arkansas bandleader who Elvis sent to Sam Phillips. With that rare rockabilly instrument the trumpet, it doesn't much deviate from R&B influenced bar-band rock'n'rolling. *IH*

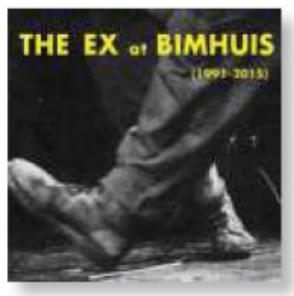
Commander Cody And His Lost Planet Airmen

★★★

Live In San Francisco 1971

SUNDAZED. CD/LP

Detroit's oddball country-boogie band live on the radio on a 14-track set packed with honking bonhomie. *PA*



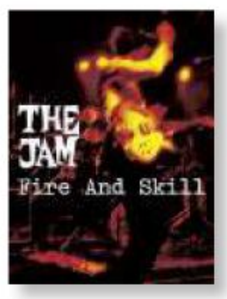
The Ex

★★★★

At Bimhuis

EX. CD

Dutch post-punk institution presents the pick of eight improvised shows recorded live from 1991 to 2015 at the Amsterdam jazz venue, with brass guests including Addis Ababa sax magus Gatatchew Mekuria. Spontaneous music fans will salivate. *IH*



The Jam

★★★★

Fire And Skill

UNIVERSAL. CD

Box set of six live shows (one from each year 1977-'82) as early new wave bristle moves into pop art/psych poeticism then politico Mod-soul. Ripping renditions nestle with power-trio assaults; early '78's 'transitional' set's enthralling. *CP*

Monty Norman

★★★

Ian Fleming's Dr. No

SOUNDTRACK FACTORY. CD

The first Bond original soundtrack, in full. Byron Lee appears, and his 1962 album *Come Fly With Lee* is also included. Variable audio quality, however, suggests a definitive edition is still some way off. *IH*

Queen

★★★★

The Studio Collection

UMC. LP

Available as a box set of collectors' coloured vinyl editions (RRP: £300), or individually on standard black issue (£19.99 per LP), Queen's 15-album studio output is sparklingly remastered by Bob Ludwig from the masters. *PA*

Labi Siffre

★★★

Crying Laughing Loving Lying

EDSEL. CD

1972's third and pick of the bunch of five albums reissued separately. A mesh of soul, folk and singer-songwriter lyrical depth, the title track and It Must Be Love provided the hits. *LW*

Status Quo

★★★★

The Vinyl Collection 1972-1980

UMC. LP

Quo's journey from heads-down boogie to a more considered outfit told via their 10-LP core. Remastered on 180gm vinyl with downloads included, the £150 price tag makes it one for completists. *PA*

Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee

★★★★

Sing/Get On Board/At Sugar Hill

SOUL JAM. CD/DL

Three timeless albums 1957-61, plus bonuses. Terry's whoops and mouth harp with McGhee's more laidback vocals and guitar on near-telepathic folk and blues. *FD*

Royal Trux

★★

Hand Of Glory

DOMINO. CD/LP

'Lost treasure' from Trux's extra-messy early days. Two '89 tracks – Domo Des Burros' interwoven astro-funk, and The Boxing Story – intended to be played simultaneously, here presented sequentially, and still unlistenable. *AP*

Various

★★★

Second Helpings

ACE. CD

Subtitled *Sequels To The Songs That Left 'Em Hungry For More*, this themed comp features the pre-psych likes of Slim Harpo, Wanda Jackson and other lesser known talents' follow-ups to their famous hits. Good fun, mostly. *IH*

Various

★★★★

Small Town Country

ORION READ. CD/DL

Compiled by Austin-based musician and record collector, Jason Chronis, 14 private-press country, honk-tonk and gospel tragedies, minor-key tales of broken dreams and romantic loss. Failure never sounded so good. *AM*

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COMING NEXT MONTH

Otis Redding, Van Morrison, Bill Ryder-Jones, Roots Manuva (pictured), Martha Wainwright, Brad Mehldau, Natalie Merchant, Marc Bolan and more…

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Frisky ambience

This month's returnee from the cosmic supervoid: an abyssal marinade in the electronic celestial ether.

Global Communication

76:14

DEDICATED, 1994

Still reverberating from acid house's big bang, the UK's dance milieu continued to mutate at a satisfying rate in the first half of the '90s, with jungle, techno and gabber variants keeping the bpms and heart rates high. One thing that stayed unaltered, though, was the need for soothing sounds to calm the crazed, the coming down and the velocity-jaded. Joining beanbag-and-Rizlas classics like The KLF's night-tripping *Chill Out* and The Orb's otherworldly Blue Room, was Global Communications' ambient masterwork *76:14*, out in summer 1994.

The group was formed at the turn of the '90s after design student and nascent producer Tom Middleton – Richard 'Aphex Twin' James was his studio mentor back in Cornwall – moved to Taunton, and saw Mark Pritchard DJing. "I came up with the concept of Global Communication around my birthday in [August] '92," recalled Middleton, who called his partner a "maestro" in a 2013 interview. "Mark was open to the suggestion of a new conceptual direction. Mark mostly engineering and programming, then we would arrange, produce and mix together."

With its pristine swathes of near beat-less ambient harmony, punctuated by an international array of sampled voices and ticking clocks, *76:14* proved an immersive, pacifying brain travelogue ideal for time and space distortion. Opener 4 02 is an arresting, sci-fi scene-setter – imagine the sun hitting the Tyrell Building on the Bladerunner movie – before 14 31 takes the listener into more distant interstellar zones, where *76:14* stays until 7 39 brings a (comparatively) heavy landing. Thereafter 8 07 and 5 23 riff on Tangerine Dream's Love On A Real Train from the Risky Business soundtrack, before a final two songs of exquisite, near devotional sonic levitation. Suitably, the sleevenote asked, "Where does your mind take you?",and again suggested "paintings, photographs, sculpture, recipes and aromas" be sent to GC's label office.

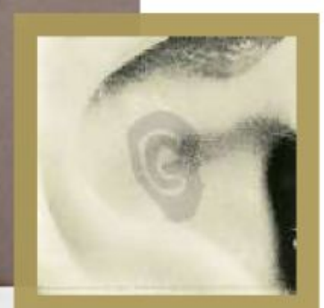
But, as Middleton points out, the duo weren't wholly in sync with certain new age/fruit bowl chill-out room norms of the era – in early '92, for example, Pritchard was on Top Of The Pops as part of Shaft, who went Top 10 with the kids' TV-sampling rave driller Roobarb And Custard. GC's broad tastes – which took in funk, hip hop, Chicago house, Detroit techno and jungle – were more obviously manifest on the beat-driven tracks on 1993's album *A Collection Of Short Stories*, released under their alter ego Reload. "We didn't really connect our sound with the ambient movement. It just fell into it by accident," Middleton reflected, calling it "a departure from the raving scene… beautiful listening music without agenda."

Consequently, the group would not continue in the unbounded cosmic style of *76:14*, though 1995's remix collection *Remotion* makes a fine companion album. Instead, they'd move into electro-funk territory as Jedi Knights, with 1996's *May The Funk Be With You*. Ensuing releases as Global Communication would explore house and jazz funk. Through the '90s they'd work independently of each other: Pritchard's credits include productions for Kirsty Hawkshaw and Crispian Mills as well as solo and collaborative records; Middleton DJ'd and recorded as The Mod Wheel, Cosmos and himself (he considers his 2007 album *Lifetracks* "a direct solo continuation of the GC manifesto").

In summer 2011 they reunited to play *76:14* live. Audio technology enabled them reanimate the original 2-track masters and performances included shows at the British Library, the Sónar Festival in Barcelona and at SónarSound Tokyo.

"Tokyo had the most profound emotional reactions," Middleton said. "Tears galore." He added he was "very fond and proud" of *76:14*: "The positive reactions and feedback speaks for itself… I think it has succeeded to deliver what was intended." Which was? "To allow people to reconnect with themselves, on an emotional level."

Ian Harrison



CREDITS

Tracks: 4 02 / 14 31 (aka ob-selon-mi-nos) / 9 25 / 9 39 / 7 39 / 0 54 / 8 07 / 5 23 / 4 14 / 12 18
Produced: Tom Middleton, Mark Pritchard
Recorded: Evolution Studios, Crewkerne, Somerset, between 1992 and 1994
Released: June 1994
Chart Peak: n/a
Personnel: Tom Middleton, Mark Pritchard
Currently available: Sony BMG import

Epoch soundtracks: "Where does your mind take you?" wonder Tom Middleton (left) and Mark Pritchard, aka Global Communication.

Photoshot

"IT WAS A DEPARTURE FROM THE RAVING SCENE… BEAUTIFUL LISTENING MUSIC WITHOUT AGENDA."

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HARDCOREUPROAR

Dischord Records

US punk cornerstone.
By Chris Nelson.

In 35 years, Dischord Records has released fewer than 200 records; none has sold 500,000 copies. But those relatively meagre figures belie the outfit's outsize influence. The label has served as the feeder club for Black Flag, Nirvana, Girls Against Boys, Bad Religion and Helium. It launched entire genres in American hardcore punk and emo, and played a supporting role with Riot Grrrl. It's given legs up to other labels such as K Records, Kill Rock Stars and Simple Machines.

More than any other American punk label (Sub Pop, SST, Touch & Go, Epitaph), Dischord was driven by a singular, specific mission: documenting the rock sounds being made in Washington, DC. The seat of American government was never a music capital, though by the early '80s, Bad Brains' punk-and-reggae and go-go's improvised live funk had followings among the local punk kids.

Future label founders Ian MacKaye and Jeff Nelson were determined that their own band, the Teen Idles, would represent an authentic kids' perspective (from Too Young To Rock: "You're not 18 and that's what counts"). They took $600 saved from gig earnings and ploughed it into a posthumous single. Dischord was born.

Washington bulletins: Minor Threat (above, from left) Jeff Nelson, Brian Baker, canine consigliere, Ian MacKaye, Lyle Preslar; (opposite) MacKaye in Fugazi.

Dozens of bands have passed through the label's ranks, but Dischord will always be best known as home to Minor Threat and Fugazi (both of which featured MacKaye). Even as releases have slowed, Dischord has launched other new projects, like the downloadable, pay-what-you-want *Fugazi Live Series* concert archive. MacKaye's reputation as an archivist is so renowned that he was invited to address the United States Library of Congress.

"Everyone told us we could not exist because we were too idealistic and unrealistic," he told MOJO on the occasion of Dischord's 20th birthday. As it turns out, everyone was wrong.

"EVERYONE TOLD US WE COULD NOT EXIST."
Ian MacKaye

CAST YOUR VOTES!

This month you chose your Top 10 Dischord label LPs. Next month we want your Jack White And Bands Top 10. Send your selections to www.mojo4music.com or e-mail your Top 10 to mojo@bauermedia.co.uk with the subject 'How To Buy Jack White' and we'll print the best comments.

10 Scream
Fumble

DISCHORD 1993, DOWNLOAD £7.99

You Say: "A group that should have been much more successful." Steve Knight, via e-mail

More of a straight rock prospect than most of Dischord's catalogue, *Fumble* is also noteworthy for showcasing the still-developing drum talents of one Dave Grohl, who had joined the group aged just 17. Within, the band accents metal-like riffs with heavy rhythms, common for kids who'd grown up idolising Bad Brains: less familiar is the slide guitar solo Robert Lee Davidson drops into Sunmaker. The album had actually been recorded at Inner Ear Studios in Arlington, Virginia in 1989, but Scream split soon after, leaving Grohl free to join Nirvana. The drummer writes and sings Gods Look Down, a track which intriguingly sounds quite of a piece with Seattle grunge.

4 Various
Dischord 1981: The Year In Seven Inches

DISCHORD 1995, CD £6.14

You Say: "Raw and superfast... Dischord at its most invigorating." Derek Leitner, via e-mail

Where it all began: the first six Dischord releases, together on one CD. The propulsive indignation of Teen Idles appeals across generations: "You keep talking about talent/Talent? What do you know?/Instead of studying theory, we're going to get up and go!" Four perfect lines, six short seconds. State Of Alert's No Policy EP marks the debut of Henry Garfield, who would soon join Black Flag and adopt the surname Rollins. His authoritative growl nearly fully formed, he hammers his rock predecessors in staccato bursts: "You wanna die before you get old?/Your red hot temper has grown cold."

Rebecca Hammel, Photoshot

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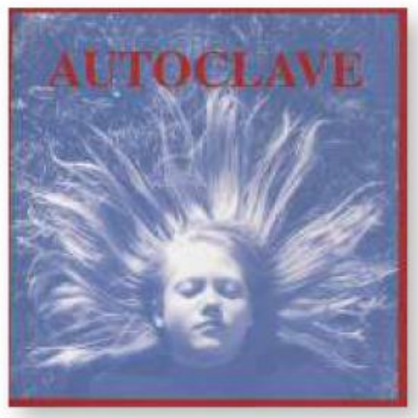


9 Autoclave
Combined

DISCHORD 1997, DOWNLOAD £7.99

You Say: "Is this garage math-rock? Whatever, it's great..." Greg Hart, via e-mail

Dischord and Riot Grrrl were natural allies in part because the DC punk scene had a solid reputation for equality. Autoclave was Dischord's second all-women band (the first was Fire Party). Their unique concoction takes disorientating rhythms, adds Mary Timony's skewed guitar sound, and completes the picture with bassist Christina Billotte's intriguing vocals. As the album's title suggests, *Combined* assembles Autoclave's full output, recorded in 1991: Dr Seuss is utterly infectious, all crisp guitars. Hot Spurr packs enough ideas for three songs into three minutes. After a year, Timony would go on to lead Helium, and then later Wild Flag, while Billotte started Slant 6.

8 Soul Side
Soon-Come-Happy

DISCHORD 1990, 2001 REMASTER £17.04

You Say: "This was hardcore in experimental mode, and all the better for it." Paul W, via e-mail

None of the early Dischord bands was as overt in exploring new influences as Soul Side. *Soon-Come-Happy* – a compilation nearly their entire catalogue – includes a thundering groove named for Coltrane's A Love Supreme, a twisted goof on Willie Nelson's evergreen Crazy, and lyrics from Haile Selassie I in War. Three-quarters of the band would later form the more bass-heavy Girls Against Boys with frequent Dischord producer Eli Janney. There are hints of that direction on Soul Side's final album, *Hot Bodi-Gram*, on which the music pummels behind oblique lyrics with titles like New Slow Fucky and its partner, New Fast Fucky.

7 Void
The Faith/Void Split

DISCHORD 1982/ 2002 REMASTER £17.77

You Say: "Void is paint-stripper powerful... how could The Faith compete?" Michael O'Neill, via e-mail

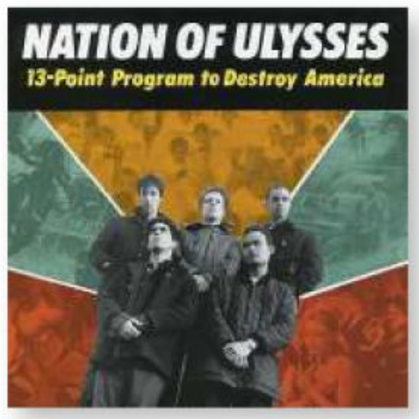
Back before punk and metal realised they had so much in common, Void had an affinity for both. Singer John Weiffenbach voiced pent up teenage frustrations in an acidic snarl. Guitarist Bubba Dupree careened on songs that only rarely cracked the two-minute mark. Dupree's intensity would influence numerous followers, including Kim Thayil, who invited him to play on Soundgarden's 2012 album *King Animal*. The band's Dischord set was actually a split LP with The Faith (which included Ian MacKaye's younger brother, Alec). That album is still available on CD with a second Faith record included (NB: they're split for the download format).

6 Gray Matter
Food For Thought/Take It Back

DISCHORD 1985, DOWNLOAD £5.74

You Say: "Like a DC skate-punk Dead Boys." Brian LaManna, MOJO Facebook

1985 was a pivotal year for DC punk. Hardcore had reached its creative limits but what made matters worse still was that the music's sonic aggression had begun to attract actual aggression from interlopers at shows. Folks proclaimed 1985 'Revolution Summer' and looked for a new direction. It arrived fairly soon thanks to Gray Matter, whose members were over-caffeinated scene veterans unafraid both to embrace melody and confess they had few answers. "Kill confusion by killing options/Burn no bridges to stay warm," singer Geoff Turner shouts on the Take It Back EP. Another sign of ambition was their cover of The Beatles' I Am The Walrus.



5 Nation Of Ulysses
13-Point Program To Destroy America

DISCHORD 1991, DOWNLOAD £7.99

You Say: "High concept revolutionary craziness... great fun." Peter Brock, via e-mail

Detractors who said Dischord bands were too serious never listened to Nation Of Ulysses. Presenting itself as a revolutionary front, complete with propaganda, the band threatened The Man with songs such as Look Out! Soul Is Back and A Kid Who Tells On Another Kid Is A Dead Kid. The music was breakneck rock'n'roll, rife with nods to artists including The Shangri-Las and Parliament. In later groups The Make-Up and Chain & The Gang, frontman Ian Svenonius would go so over the top as to lose track of the conceit he started. But *13-Point Program*... is hilarious, and better yet, an addictive adrenalin rush.

3 Rites Of Spring
Rites Of Spring

DISCHORD 1985, CD £12.39

You Say: "It may have been one of the first 'emo' records and it still sounds amazing." Niall MacDougall, MOJO Facebook

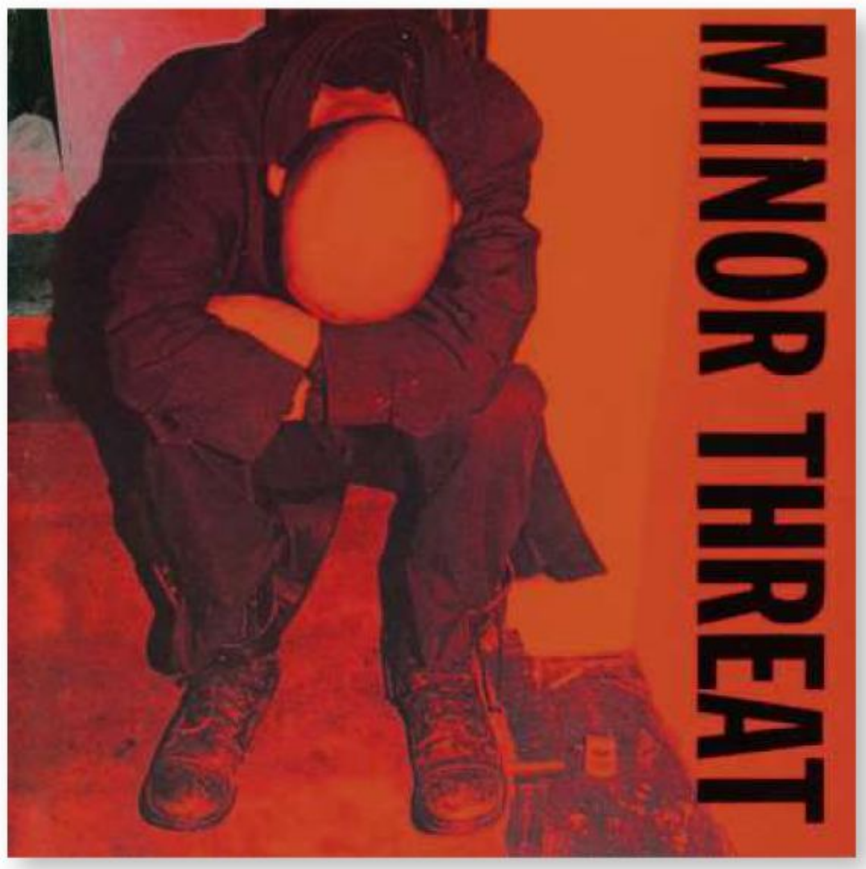
All emo (aka emocore, née emotional hardcore) can trace its roots back to this record, and there's a solid argument that nothing in the subgenre ever topped it. The heart of Rites Of Spring's genius lies with singer, lyricist and guitarist Guy Picciotto, whose ragged vocals and unyielding urgency sometimes hide the sophistication at play in the tracks. "I've learned that if it's in the corner of my eye, I can't always turn," Picciotto offers by way of self-protection. *Rights Of Spring* is unrelenting in its energy, and triumphant for admitting to what many feel. Note especially how drummer Brendan Canty, a paragon of precision with Fugazi, flails wildly throughout.

2 Fugazi
13 Songs

DISCHORD 1989, CD £9.16

You Say: "Nothing beats kicking off the album with the intro bass-line in Waiting Room." Ian Story, MOJO Facebook

When MacKaye teamed up with Canty, Picciotto and bassist Joe Lally, they uncovered something unmistakably their own. Enhanced by dub elements, the hardcore heritage was clear and their ire righteous: Picciotto promised to expose and excoriate tormentors of all shapes and sizes in Bulldog Front, while MacKaye wrote from an objectified woman's perspective in Suggestion (he also invited women to sing the song on-stage). Deft in its guitars, singing and lyrics, *13 Songs* appends the lesser Margin Walker EP to Fugazi's powerhouse debut *7 Songs*. The band would continue making excellent records until the 2003 start of an ongoing hiatus, but this is the doorway to it all.



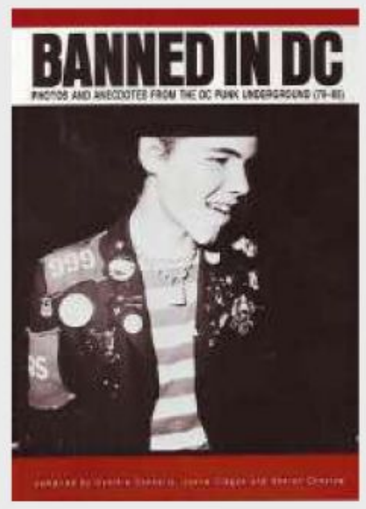
1 Minor Threat
Complete Discography

DISCHORD 1988, CD. £11.27

You Say: "The hardcore album everyone needs. Total conviction, total anger, total energy." Marc Birch, via e-mail

Minor Threat fused the unapologetically youthful view of Dischord predecessors with a faster, harder, but still catchy sound, which Rollins attributed to Ian MacKaye writing songs on piano. This 26-track CD collects three EPs, the *Out Of Step* album, plus two compilation cuts (including their version of Wire's 12XU). Yes, this is the band whose song Straight Edge sparked an anti-drink and anti-drug subculture. But really it's the first line of that song – "I'm a person, just like you" – that exemplifies the whole of MacKaye's and Dischord's legacy. Start a band, a label, a movement. But just *start*.

NOWDIG THIS



Students of Dischord should head first to Dischord.com, which houses history, the Fugazi *Live Series*, and a full store with releases like the *Flex Your Head* compilation (Dischord CD, £6.39), of which both Sonic Youth and the Beastie Boys were fans. Want a page-turner? Check out Banned In DC: Photos And Anecdotes From The DC Punk Underground (Sun Dog Propaganda, £15.40), now in its seventh printing. Within, lead author Cynthia Connolly reminisces sweetly about Dischord's early days.

Also out this autumn is the home release of the acclaimed documentary, Salad Days: A Decade Of Punk In Washington, DC (1980-1990) (New Rose DVD, £9.59).

WorldMags.net

The nation's saving grace

Mammoth history of John Peel's radio career does a great man justice. By Keith Cameron.

Good Night And Good Riddance

★★★★★

David Cavanagh

FABER & FABER. £20

John Peel's death in October 2004 was the cue for some shameless attempts to co-opt his legacy. Prime Minister Tony Blair paid glowing tribute, though didn't mention Peel's 1998 public repudiation of the government, while the BBC renamed a wing of Broadcasting House in his memory. The irony would not have been lost on Peel, who for most of his career was scorned by colleagues and shunted around the schedules like an embarrassing relative; as late as 1996, his weekly Radio 1 airtime was cut to just four hours. Yet as David Cavanagh notes, John Peel embodied the BBC's Reithian principles no less than establishment icons Richard Dimbleby or John Arlott. "The last of an old breed… [Peel] was the kind of broadcaster a nation grows up to treasure."

Beginning its chronological journey through 265 Peel programmes in 1967 with the pirate radio Summer of Love musings of The Perfumed Garden, Good Night And Good Riddance asserts that without shy, chameleonic, endearingly clumsy DJ John Ravenscroft, Britain today would be a very different place. The author realised as much during the 2012 London Olympics opening ceremony, which incorporated the music of Pink Floyd, David Bowie, Mike Oldfield, the Sex Pistols, New Order, Frankie Goes To Hollywood and more, right up to Dizzee Rascal, all stars who had benefited from Peel's advocacy when they needed it most – before anybody else cared. Cumulatively, over 37 years of favouring the obscure and obtuse, typically late at night, John Peel infected successive generations. "He did more than anyone in the British media," Cavanagh argues, "to get a nation of young minds interested in mistrusting the mainstream."

With the same punctilious detail and wry understatement that decorated his history of Creation Records, Cavanagh recreates John Peel's domain, a place where musical opposites are flung together, Brian Eno albums are unwittingly played backwards and Ivor Cutler or The Fall are always in session. Each entry is prefaced with a story from the day's news – sometimes banal, often grim; the Irish Troubles are a recurring theme – a format that helps contextualise his evolution from hippy idealist into the disillusioned, irascible but no less passionate supporter of the underdog who blossomed during punk and beyond. Although Cavanagh clearly admires Peel, and writes especially well where their passions intersect – the elemental appeal of The Undertones' Teenage Kicks, for example – he is critical of his inconsistencies and failings, trivial or otherwise, be it chastising listeners for clogging the Festive 50 with the same wan-faced indie bands he's afforded hours of airtime, or occasionally acquiescing to the careless sexism of a less enlightened era.

Despite its forbidding 600-page length, this is a fabulously readable and deeply rewarding book: a musical travelogue, a cultural history of Britain, a radio diary, even a personal drama – by the mid-'90s, Peel's hounding by BBC management was seriously damaging his health. Good Night And Good Riddance is like reuniting with an old friend, and realising you miss them more than ever. It also definitively proves that nowadays we all live in a John Peel world.

On yer bike: John Peel "did more than anyone in British media to get young minds interested in mistrusting the mainstream."

"PEEL EMBODIED THE BBC'S REITHIAN PRINCIPLES NO LESS THAN DIMBLEBY OR ARLOTT."

WHAT WE'VE LEARNT

- In 1969, guardian of the nation's morals Mary Whitehouse demanded Peel be fired by the BBC for joking on air about having contracted VD. He kept his job, but his show Son Of Night Ride was dropped.
- On October 16, 1979 Peel was thwarted in his attempt to air the debut EP by a young Dublin band. "If anyone from U2 is listening, both copies were far too warped for me to play," he explained.
- The vote for Peel's year-ending Festive 50 chart was subject to rigging on at least two occasions.
- In 2000, Peel and his wife Sheila enjoyed a QE2 cruise from New York to London, in the heady company of Barry Norman, Delia Smith and Alan Hansen. "A good time was had by all," he informed his listeners. "We ate and drank prodigiously."

Rex

WorldMags.net

A Gathering Of Promises

★★★

Ben Graham

ZERO. £17.99

Comprehensive narrative of '60s psychedelia from the Lone Star state.

Subtitled The Battle For Texas's Psychedelic Music, From The 13th Floor Elevators To The Black Angels And Beyond, A Gathering Of Promises wisely focuses mostly on the 1960s – for, as Graham notes, a broader scope would prove fatally unwieldy. There are sufficient stories to tell from that era anyway, and Graham insightfully explores how some unique social conditions – a prohibitively conservative culture, cops fond of brutalising young hippies – bred a tougher, punkier strain of psychedelia than flourished on the West Coast. The tale's principals – the Elevators' troubled visionaries Roky Erickson and Tommy Hall, a pre-success Janis Joplin – are vividly brought to life, along with an armada of lower-rung garage scamps and acid-eaters, and while Graham's analyses of the music run long, they often deliver a deeper understanding of the din contained within. An almost forensic focus on line-up changes bogs down later chapters, but this tome is an authoritative history that will make you want to search out every last obscure nugget.

Stevie Chick

Don't Suck, Don't Die: Giving Up Vic Chesnutt

★★★★

Kristin Hersh

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS PRESS. £15.99

As Michael Stipe's blurb says, "Stunning, difficult, beautiful – the true Vic comes alive."

This pocket-sized book is a curious mix of memoir, letter, and shattered elegy. Yet in under 200 little pages, it paints a more honest, insightful picture of the late singer-songwriter than any biography could. Chesnutt and Hersh, co-founder of Throwing Muses and author of the fine memoir Rat Girl, were best friends and toured together for 10 years on and off. She'd seen him before the drunken crash that paralysed him at 18; she knew his demons, cruelty and anger as well as his sweetness, courage and charms. Her descriptions ("his little pointy sneakered goat feet") and remembered conversations, the intimacies and the road tales – some happy (the Robin Hood hat), some not (the methadone on the airport toilet floor) – are beautifully, poetically told. And the ending is haunting – for him *and* for her.

Sylvie Simmons

Ringo: With A Little Help

★★★★

Michael Seth Starr

BACKBEAT BOOKS. £19.99

First in-depth biog of the once Richey Starkey, without the drummer's participation.

Ringo Starr has always been faced with being loved because he was a Beatle and being criticised for not being a virtuoso drummer, even called "mediocre" and "useless" by critics unable to recognise his undoubted talent. Who would they rather have had? Ginger Baker? But, characteristically, he has dealt with this give-and-take with equanimity and good humour. Through assiduous research, the author (no relation) paints a nuanced picture of Ringo as a charismatic, likeable character, whose flaws were opened by success. In Los Angeles in the mid-'70s, a combination of a drifting career and lack of motivation resulted in a serious drink and drug problem. This lifestyle claimed his partying pals Harry Nilsson and Keith Moon, but ultimately Ringo was strong enough to overcome it. His witticisms are a constant pleasure. In the '80s he voiced-over the Thomas The Tank Engine & Friends children's TV show (adapted in the US on the Shining Time Station show) and summed up his Beatles role thus: "John had the intellectuals; Paul the teenies; and George, the mystics. I always got the mothers and babies."

Mike Barnes

Lion Songs: Thomas Mapfumo And The Music That Made Zimbabwe

★★★★

Banning Eyre

DUKE UNIVERSITY PRESS. £23.99

Definitive biography of pioneering Zimbabwean protest singer.

After struggling as a rock'n'roll singer, Thomas Mapfumo created a new genre by tapping into traditional Shona spirit rituals. The resulting *chimurenga* style became the greatest artistic expression of Rhodesia's anti-colonial movement, and in the years following Zimbabwe's independence, overseas music fans increasingly fell under Mapfumo's spell. Since Banning Eyre has been a long-standing sometime member of Black Spirits, Mapfumo's band, he is well placed to offer a balanced portrait of this enigmatic man, whose life, career and motivations are as complex and contradictory as *chimurenga* itself. The novelistic text has an appropriately hefty level of historical context, and the attention to detail means that Eyre never gives the tale less than it deserves, ultimately enlightening the reader about the evolution of an entire nation, as well as its most famous musical son. The gripping read is thus highly recommended.

David Katz

Ohio Playa

Pre-punk misadventures regaled, but the artist herself remains elusive. By Danny Eccleston.

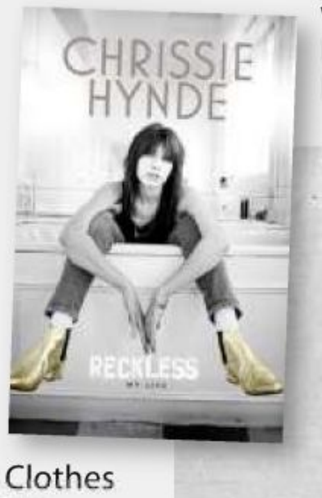
Reckless: My Life

★★★

Chrissie Hynde

EBURY. £20

CHRISSIE HYNDE is a tough cookie – that much is clear. Close calls with sex-crazed biker gangs, narcissistic junkie rock scribes and mescaline-deranged maybe murderers seem barely to dent her self-possession. And while she describes these scrapes with vivid recall and hair-raising gusto in this always-entertaining collection of pre-punk and new wave misadventures, there's not a whole lot of hand-wringing.

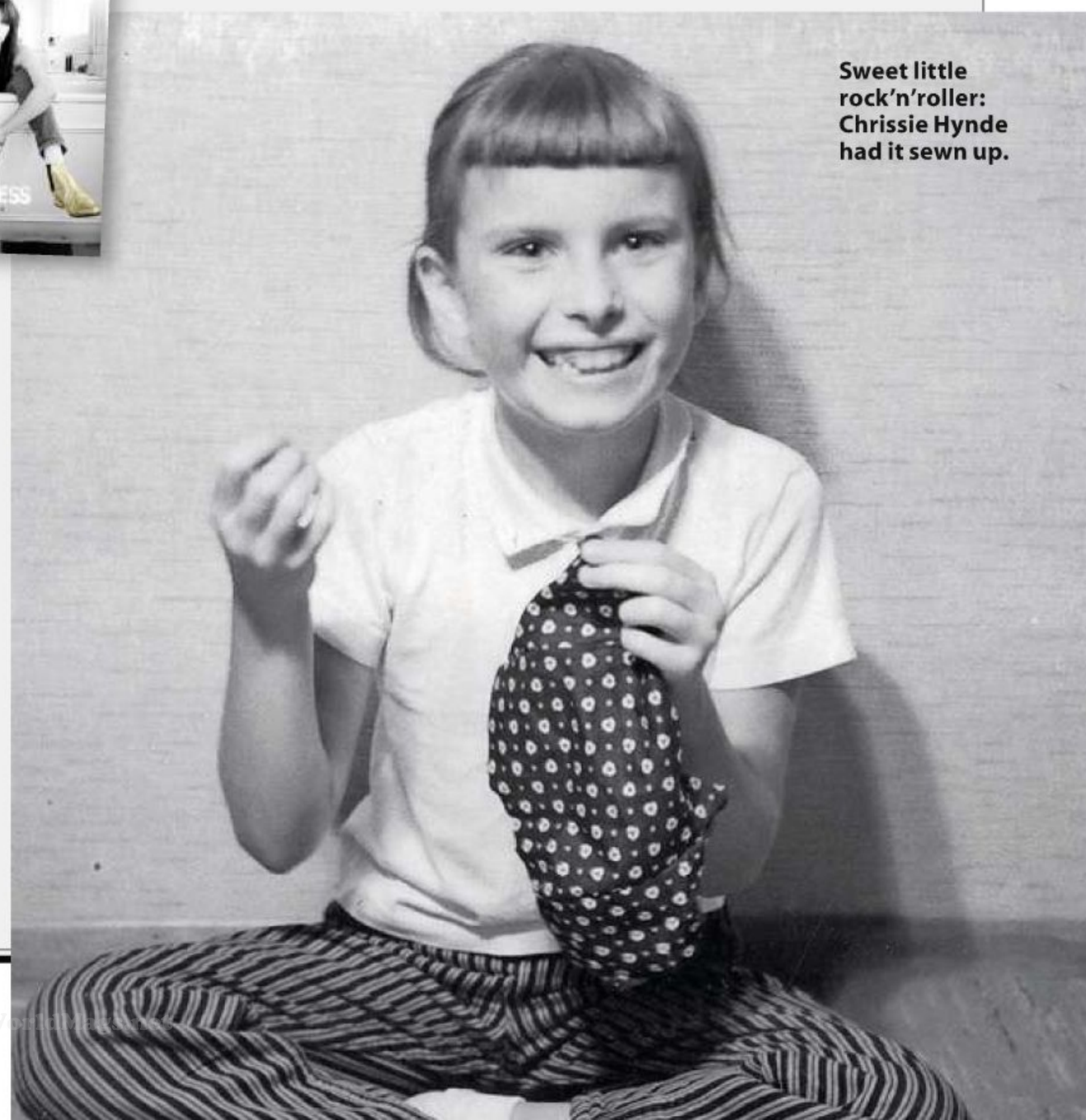


In this respect, it's hard not to contrast Reckless with Clothes Music Boys, last year's rivetingly emotional memoir by Slits guitarist Viv Albertine (Viv has a brief cameo here, cast as a meek yet "buxom blonde schoolgirl-type" – there goes the sisterhood). Hynde's version of the punk revolution is more fun than Albertine's, but her pen-portraits of Sid Vicious et al won't make you rethink the era and its *antagonistas* in the way Albertine's did.

Hynde's 'journey' from scrappy Akron, Ohio to global rock stardom via the Kent State shootings, pre-punk Paris, Talcy Malcy's Sex shop and shock-rock supergroup The Moors Murderers (see What Goes On, page 28) rollicks by. You're constantly agog at her fearlessness as she strides on with barely a backward glance, and she uses her then-exotic transatlantic perspective to contrast the eccentricities of Brits and Yanks in thoughtful fashion. London's '70s grot is well rendered, while Hynde astutely marvels at a social setup, enabled by squatting, free healthcare and the dole, that made British punk rock viable.

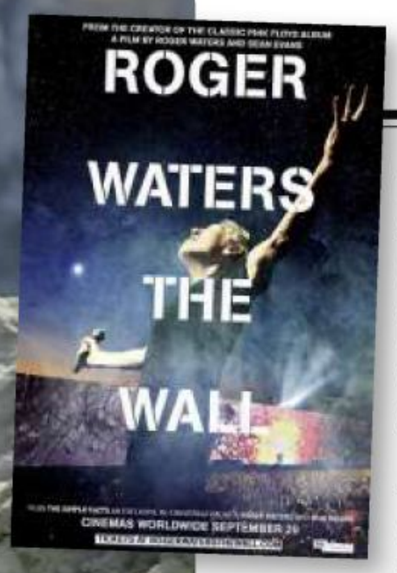
The emotional journey, however, is less richly textured. Her brief, bemused tenure as an NME freelance is handled with no illusions as to her aptitude. But even her genuine métier seems under-valued. There's not enough about her discovery of herself as a singer or exploration of what drove her early Pretenders songs. Equally, her recollections of the events around the overdose deaths of bandmates James Honeyman-Scott and Pete Farndon, which bring this volume (merely the first?) to a climax, are candid and detailed, but you want to know more about the interior impact on the singer. Meanwhile, anyone hoping for the skinny on her romance with The Kinks' Ray Davies – the father of her eldest daughter – can whistle. It's somewhat conveniently out of the time frame – or just about.

Last year, Hynde related to MOJO's Tom Doyle how closely she guards her privacy. To strangers in the street who ask if she's Chrissie Hynde she'll say, "I get that all the time." It's a healthy, sanity-preserving approach, but a *memoiriste* with no strong urge to unburden or self-validate lacks qualifications for the job. Little wonder the Christine Ellen Hynde you seek in Reckless is so oddly elusive.



Sweet little rock'n'roller: Chrissie Hynde had it sewn up.

Peace summit: Roger Waters philosophises with friend Andrew 'Willa' Rawlinson .



This time it's personal

Floyd man repurposes his concept piece for an even more emotional trip. By James McNair.

Roger Waters The Wall

★★★★

Dir Roger Waters and Sean Evans

PICTUREHOUSE ENTERTAINMENT. C/DVD

NO MATTER how often he has built and razed The Wall – on his 2010-13 world tour he did so 219 times – Roger Waters has refused to retire its blueprint. After 1979's landmark double LP, the 1982 film dramatisation/animation Pink Floyd The Wall, and the timely document that was 1990's *The Wall: Live in Berlin*, Roger Waters The Wall, the mother of all re-fits, removes any last hint of co-authorship.

This feature, which premiered at last year's Toronto Film Festival, is in part a visually stunning ego-fest, Waters and his ever-resonant masterwork holding centre-stage alongside a cast of able, but mostly faceless musicians. The all-star guestlist that so enlivened the Berlin 1990 model of *The Wall* has been shrunk to just one star: Roger.

The emotional core here, though, is the intimate documentary footage which punctuates concert scenes. Shortly after the camera has zoomed in on the Certificate Of Service for Waters' father, Eric Fletcher Waters, a Royal Fusiliers Lieutenant who died in the Battle Of Anzio, Italy in 1944, we see his son pack a bugle into a leather holdall. Later, when Waters plays the said bugle in Monte Cassino War Cemetery, where his father is buried, it's astonishingly powerful.

Waters' personal stake in war-sustained grief – as nailed by exquisite loss-of-innocence elegy Goodbye Blue Sky – is well documented, but here he makes the political personal as never before. The most moving scene, perhaps, sees the singer and his three children visit the grave of his grand- father, George Henry Waters, a First World War casualty in 1916, near Arras, France. Waters reads from Gabriel Chevallier's haunting First World War novel Fear, and his daughter India scatters rose petals. Chatting with his kids on the car-ride home, there's a softness in curmudgeonly old Roger's eye that counters his bilious image.

Concert footage upholds the Floydian bent for luxuriant sound and state-of-the-art visuals: Comfortably Numb is elegantly blissed-out, choreographed projections animating the wall's surface; on Mother, Waters duets with "that poor, miserable fucked up little Roger from all those years ago", as he syncs with 1980 Floyd footage.

Waters seems happier these days, and while *The Wall* is inescapably his story, this incarnation underlines how easily its remarkable suite of songs and accompanying live show can be repurposed. During an acoustic reprise of Another Brick In The Wall (Part 2), Waters refers to Jean Charles de Menezes, the Brazilian shot dead in error by the Metropolitan Police at Stockwell tube station, London, in 2005. "I would like to dedicate this concert to him, and all other victims of state terror everywhere," the singer adds.

Still, if *The Wall's* anti-war message remains, in some quarters there's no détente: David Gilmour's guest slot at the London O2 in 2011 is omitted.

The Reflektor Tapes

★★★

PULSE FILMS /ARTS ALLIANCE, DIR KAHLIL JOSEPH. C

Canada's alt-rock carnival trundles through tour film.

Lightness of touch has never been Arcade Fire's strongest point – see their controversial attempt to enforce fun by requesting audiences follow a "formal attire or costume" dress code on their last tour. It's no surprise, then, that Kahlil Joseph's film about the making and touring of 2013's *Reflektor* should land with such a heavy thump on the screen, weighed down with references to existentialist philosopher Kierkegaard and lots of black-and-white portentousness. Voiceovers from the band promise insight into their operating systems yet reveal little ("All these influences are layers on top of each other… It's like a diamond with a million cuts in it"), while the concert footage ramps up the intensity as the band perform at carnival in Haiti or Win Butler sticks his head inside a drum. The promised epiphany never arrives, though, and for all its earnest grasping at significance, The Reflektor Tapes feels like one of the band's huge papier-mâché heads: impressive, but strangely unmoving.

Victoria Segal

Revenge Of The Mekons

★★★★

MUSIC BOX FILMS. DVD

Warning: naked Mekons at the end of the credits!

"The most revolutionary group in rock" (Lester Bangs) are in the UK rehearsing for a tour, whose footage, on-stage and off-, permeates this movie. They have no roadie – "He got too successful to work for us," quips Jon Langford – and in a telling shot, where the audience informs them mid-show that their next gig has been cancelled, Sally Timms borrows a mobile to call the venue. "Success," she says, "is what kills bands." Perpetual idealists – or in music-biz terms, deadbeats – after 30 years The Mekons are still going. Revenge Of… shows how and why – a story that includes Leeds Uni Fine Arts, punk, striking miners, right-wing violence, Gang Of Four, America and their brushes with major labels. Among the interviewees are band members past and present and Will Oldham, who wrote them a song. A Kickstarter-funded labour of love, this is a warm, triumphant, very human celebration of a band Timms calls "a very human endeavour".

Sylvie Simmons

Lee 'Scratch' Perry's Vision Of Paradise

★★★★

MUSIC FILM NETWORK, DIR VOLKER SCHANER. C

At last, a serviceable Upsetter documentary.

"Before I was a human being, I was a fish," prattles Perry in the opening moments of German auteur Volker Schaner's movie, piquing fears that this is to be another indulgence of Scratch's septuagenarian eccentricities, thus failing to reveal his deeper genius. When a whistle-stop overview of his rise/fall in '70s reggae winds up after 27 minutes, you do wonder what's going to fill the remaining 70. Remarkably, we duly get behind the nutty façade: on a JA beach, Perry generously muses on his pupil Bob Marley's success, but can't help railing at Bob for thieving his rhythm section. At his side, we visit the Black Ark, and even his childhood home, where Perry's 94-year-old mother sits, wracked in pain. "We'll get you a lovely coffin," he says, stroking her neck. Given such insights, his playfulness, free-flowing creativity and orations on musical transcendence finally feel as inspirational as they should be, and are.

Andrew Perry

They Will Have To Kill Us First

★★★

TOGETHER FILMS, DIR JOHANNA SCHWARTZ. C

Sharif don't like it: what would you do if music was proscribed?

"There are more dreams than realities," is one of the most prescient quotes from this frequently angry yet defiantly optimistic study of the upheavals in Malian society during the past three years. As the country splintered, Islamists took control of the north, brutally enforcing a ban on music. Johanna Schwartz's documentary follows four strands as diverse artists try to survive the clampdown: Songhoy Blues flee, hoping to succeed in the south; realising their homeland is no place for women, established singers Disco and Khaira Arby become refugees; and Moussa (below), an apolitical guitarist, learns that dedicating your life to music is a mistake when there is no music. There is hope at the end, with Arby promoting a concert in Timbuktu and the Songhoys touring abroad, though the peace's shaky foundations raise unresolved questions.

David Hutcheon

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17 PORTSMOUTH WEDGEWOOD ROOMS
18 LONDON KOKO
20 LEEDS STYLUS
21 LIVERPOOL O2 ACADEMY 1
22 SOLD OUT GLASGOW KING TUTS
25 NEWCASTLE RIVERSIDE
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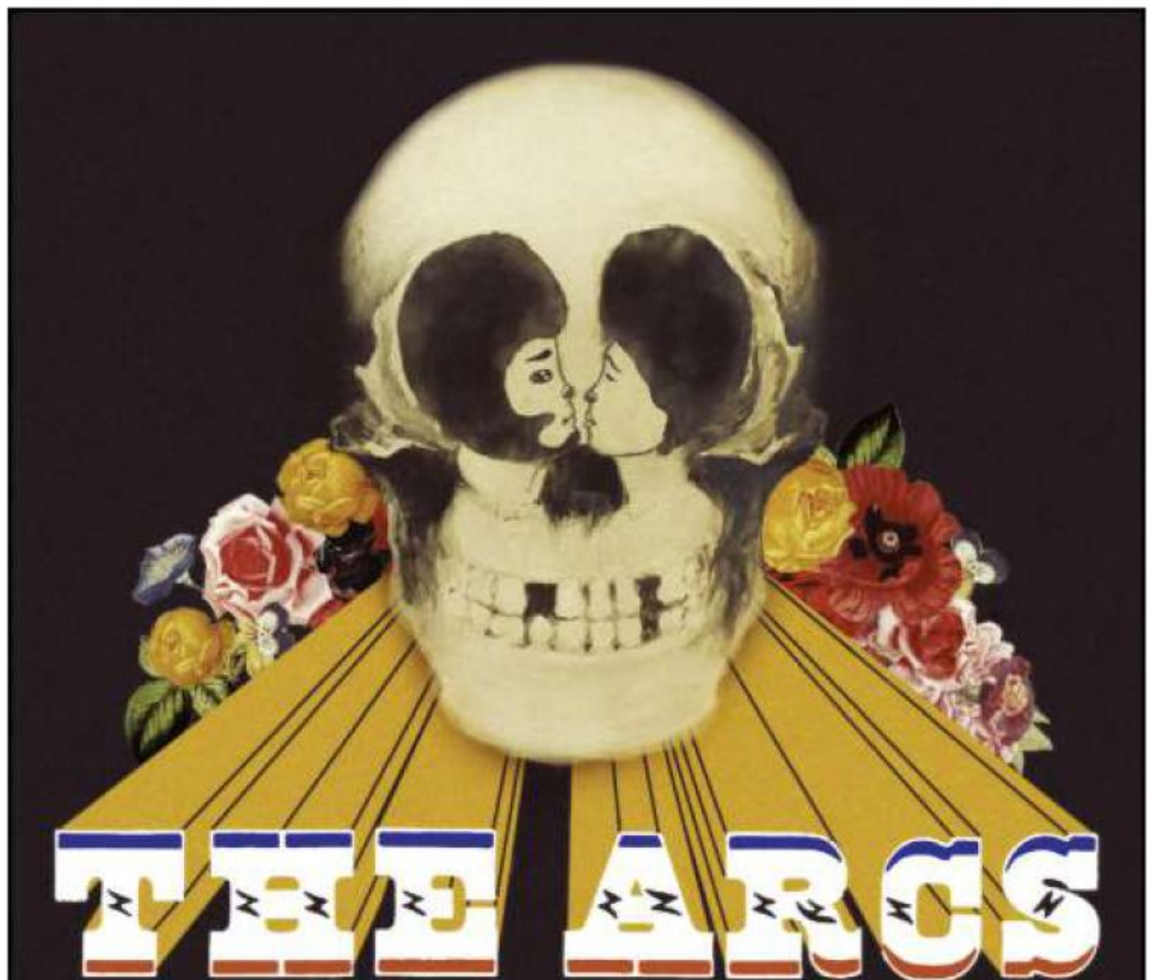

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SATURDAY 7 NOVEMBER
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(ACADEMY LAYOUT)
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SUNDAY 8 NOVEMBER
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THURSDAY 26 NOVEMBER
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FRIDAY 27 NOVEMBER
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What's the big idea?

Bruised by the hostile response to their Apple free delivery, derailed by Bono's bike injury, U2 return with much to prove. By Keith Cameron.

U2
Ziggo Dome, Amsterdam

First there was Queen's We Will Rock You, and now The Kinks are London's hottest ticket thanks to Sunny Afternoon. The jukebox musical continues to tempt rockers seeking to diversify, prolong or revive their brands. But U2 arguably beat them to it: starting with the landmark Zoo TV, every U2 tour in the past 20 years has been an elaborate piece of musical theatre. Sometimes the plot was subservient to the staging, most infamously during Popmart, the epic folly that would be U2's last stadium trek until the two-year marathon of 360°, the highest grossing concert tour ever by the time it ended in 2011 but which lacked thematic focus; much like *No Line On The Horizon*, the album it was initially tasked with promoting. This latest production, Innocence + Experience, now arrived in Europe following six weeks in the US, at least is solidly grounded in the autobiographical accents of last year's *Songs Of Innocence*. It's U2's specialist subject after all: themselves.

The show begins in deceptively low-key fashion, Bono entering from the back of the arena and climbing onto a small circular dais embossed with an 'e' (for 'Experience') that's linked to the main stage by a long walkway. From here he dives into The Miracle (Of Joey Ramone), eventually reuniting with his bandmates in time to lead the audience in mass sing-along. The 17,000-capacity Ziggo Dome's utilitarian specifications are well suited to the I+E concept, yet another masterstroke from U2's longtime production designer Willie Williams whereby the massive video screen is suspended down the middle of the arena and above the walkway, instead of behind the main stage. Opaque, double-sided LED, the screen is also wide enough (just) to accommodate a gantry onto which the band members can climb and play from. Thus, a solo promenade through the middle of the screen by The Edge during Until The End Of The World sees him 'held' in Bono's hand, as the singer's image is projected across the length of the venue. The scope for such shadow puppetry is adroitly exploited throughout: indeed, the show's second half opens with all four members delivering the 21st century motorik of Invisible from within the screen itself.

It helps that the source material lends itself to such melodramatic treatment, especially a first act leaning heavily on the 'Innocence' themes. The death of Bono's mother Iris opens a segment where the singer walks along an animated recreation of the '70s Dublin of his youth, building the lifelong friendships that sustained him through that trauma. "Can Edge come out to play?" he says, amid Cedarwood Road, before Raised By Wolves evokes the horror of the 1974 Talbot Street bombing. "Ireland needs peace and reconciliation" the screen declares amid images of the victims. Undoubtedly the staging enhances the resonance of these new songs, hitherto ill-served by their pallid demeanour on record.

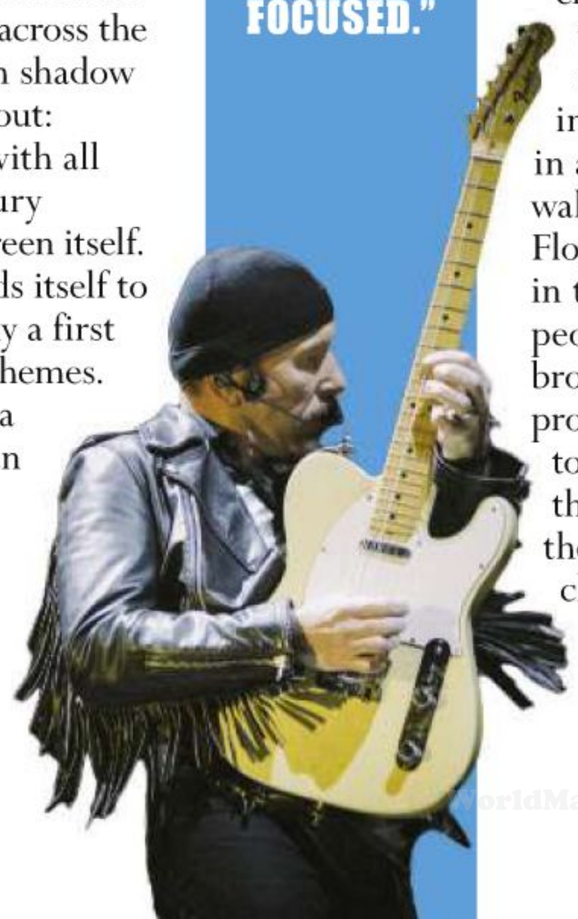
Following a short intermission where The Fly soundtracks the screen morphing into the Berlin Wall, the second half – 'Experience' – attempts to make sense of the complex world the Cedarwood Road gang inhabit today, where the gauche certainties of I Will Follow don't necessarily apply. Amid ample scope for soapboxing on the global village's parlous state, the rage is powerfully focused, although you don't have to be allergic to Bono's best-dressed-chugger-in-town routine to wince at his clumsily amended Pride lyric – "One boy washed up on the beach/One boy betrayed by all of this". For a while the entire band relocates to the 'E' stage, where they fumble through a request for Two Hearts Beat As One, clearly not the most punctiliously choreographed performance of the evening and a champagne moment for that very reason, right down to the look of relief shared by Bono and Edge as it ends. The intimacy afforded by the screen permits such indulgence. There's impromptu moments of candour too: was it coincidence or did Larry Mullen forget he was in HD close up when laughing just as Bono blurts "Blessed are the peacemakers"?

Amid the encore, Bono announces it's Willie Williams' birthday and leads the crowd in song. Later there's at low-key party in the band's hotel bar, where Edge acknowledges to MOJO they ought to be toasting the designer every night. "He's given us a new canvas to work with," he says. "The screen is a very simple form, very pure. There's a 250-foot front-of-stage rather than the usual 60 feet, and it means we can get physically very close to people. There's something more intense about this indoor experience. It's sort of back to basics, I love it."

Innocence + Experience isn't perfect, but by locating the human touch within such technological chutzpah it presents its principal characters in a very forgiving light. Thanks to this ingenious staging, U2 have infused the sterile arena rock experience with the immediacy of theatre and found extra mileage in a familiar metaphor. The U2/Willie Williams wall is a more malleable adaptation of Pink Floyd's, a conduit for the band's perennial faith in the communal gathering to impact upon people: symbolically and physically divided but brought together by the power of song. As if to prove the point, when Bono invites the crowd to take the opening verse of the finale One, the response is so flawless he lets them take the second verse too, thereby leaving his band closing out the show as spectators. Just as Joey Ramone believed in miracles – because he was one – you can trust U2 to generate their own happy ending.

Who's pulling the strings?: (main) Bono has The Edge in the palm of his hand; (bottom, from left) The Edge, are you Experienced?; the band come full circle; Adam Clayton and Edge lose their Innocence.

"AMID AMPLE SCOPE FOR SOAPBOXING, THE RAGE IS POWERFULLY FOCUSED."



Danny North (3), Samy Mosher

SETLIST

The Miracle (Of Joey Ramone) / Out Of Control / Vertigo / I Will Follow / Iris (Hold Me Close) / Cedarwood Road / Song For Someone / Sunday Bloody Sunday / Raised By Wolves / Until The End Of The World / Invisible / Even Better Than The Real Thing / Mysterious Ways / Elevation / Two Hearts Beat As One / Every Breaking Wave / October / Bullet The Blue Sky / Where The Streets Have No Name / Pride / With Or Without You / City Of Blinding Lights / Beautiful Day / One

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Restoration comedy

Fripp's new line-up reaches the UK with military precision and three drummers.
By Ben Thompson.

King Crimson
Waterside Theatre, Aylesbury

At the doorway of the Waterside Theatre, representatives of Friars Aylesbury (more a secret society than a rock club: think of them as the prog Knights Templar) hand out typed information sheets recounting key details of King Crimson's earlier appearances there. Apparently, local boy Jakko Jakszyk – tonight contributing vocals and auxiliary guitar to the latest configuration of Robert Fripp's famously intimidating 47-year outreach project – almost didn't make it to 1971's Watford show, having sustained a badly cut knee on a piece of glass in the school playground.

The prevailing atmosphere of communal warmth is very much at odds with King Crimson's austere reputation, and the pre-show recorded message from Fripp and co promising us "a good time" turns out to be no idle boast. This first UK appearance by last year's acclaimed US tour line-up is one of the most thrillingly – and hilariously – disciplined rock shows I have ever seen.

None of the three essays about the group in 2013's illustrious prog fans' anthology Yes Is The Answer dared to address their *oeuvre* directly, but Robert Fripp has given his daunting back catalogue a serious spruce-up. With a front-line of three drummers (yes three, though the middle one, Bill Rieflin, moonlights on mellotron emulation software) and a back-line of sax/flute virtuoso Mel Collins, former John Lennon bass-player Tony Levin, the apparently nerveless Jakszyk, and Fripp (perched atop his high chair like the world's most erudite baby), the stage positively bristles with urbane virtuosity and the setlist exhibits the same welcome willingness to rearrange the furniture.

By punctuating a roll call of rarely heard fan favourites (the first UK Epitaph since 1969!) with pummelling new percussive interludes, King Crimson maintain an intoxicating balance of stark newness and startling familiarity. It's like watching Ornette Coleman's Prime Time play The Moody Blues' greatest hits. Jakszyk's contributions are especially well-judged, as while the character of a King Crimson song does not reside any more in the vocal than any other individual instrument, the singer not telegraphing his acceptance of that fact is the key to the whole endeavour.

I hadn't seen King Crimson play live before, due to a hereditary terror of long-time frontman Adrian Belew (all my family share it – it's like the Mallens' streak) and there is no other incarnation I would prefer to have belatedly lost my Crimson cherry to than this one. It's a wild ride from the opening gamelan shimmer of Larks' Tongues In Aspic, Part One to the climactic celestial melodrama of Starless. But the encore of The Court Of The Crimson King into 21st Century Schizoid Man attains a degree of unison which would be frightening if it wasn't so much fun. Roll over Kanye West and tell the Kodo Drummers the news; King Crimson have taken the power back.

SETLIST
Larks' Tongues In Aspic, Part One / Pictures Of A City / Suitable Grounds For The Blues / One More Red Nightmare / Radical Action To Unseat The Hold Of Monkey Mind / Meltdown / Hell Hounds Of Krim / Easy Money / The ConstruKction Of Light / Epitaph / Banshee Legs Bells Hassle / The Letters / Sailor's Tale / Red Starless / Encores: Devil Dogs / The Court Of The Crimson King / 21st Century Schizoid Man

Courtesy of Tony Levin (2), courtesy of David Sinc

Court in the act (main, back row, from left) Tony Levin, Jakko Jakszyk, Robert Fripp, (front row, from left) Pat Mastelotto, Bill Rieflin, Gavin Harrison; (top) backstage rituals; Fripp sits comfortably; (below) Fripp soundchecks; Levin with Chapman stick.

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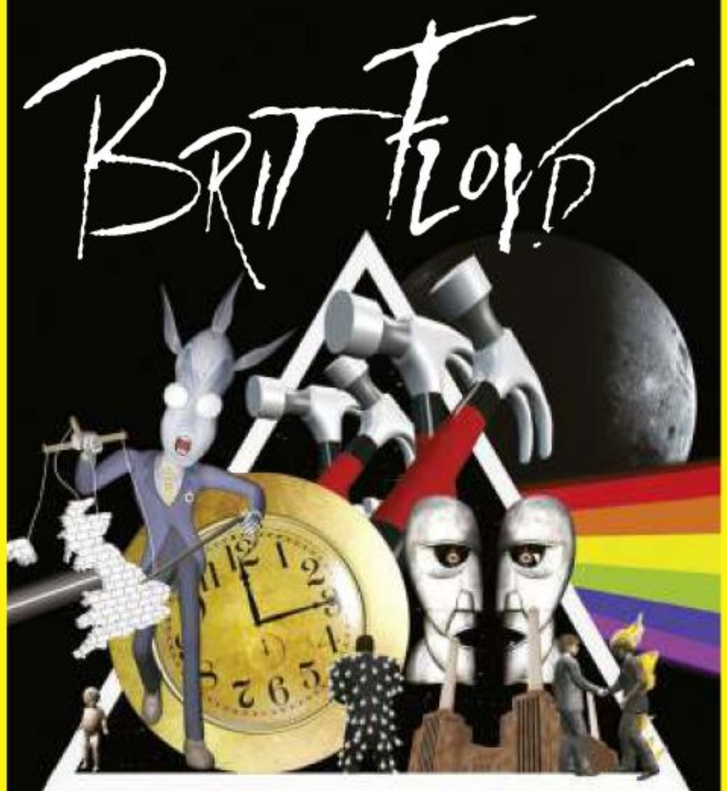

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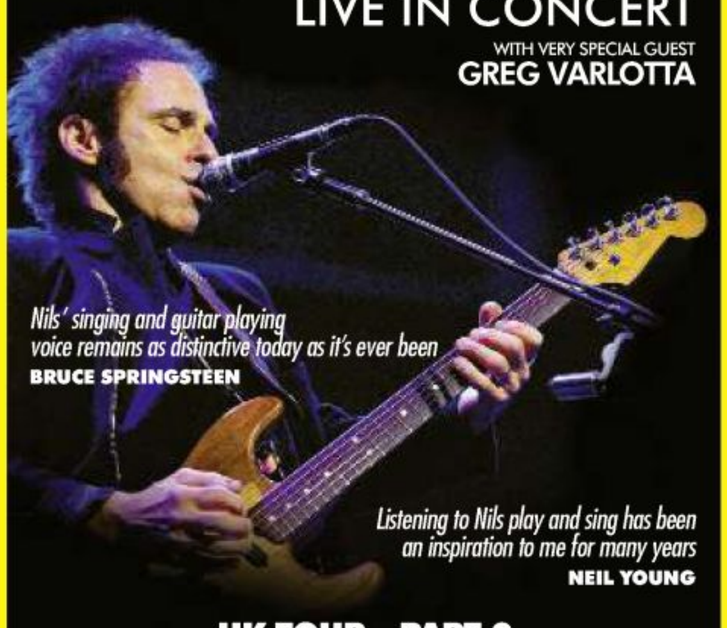

Nils' singing and guitar playing voice remains as distinctive today as it's ever been
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Listening to Nils play and sing has been an inspiration to me for many years
NEIL YOUNG

UK TOUR - PART 2

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Tues	27	**BEXHILL** De La Warr Pavilion	01424 229 111
Wed	28	**MILTON KEYNES** The Stables	01908 280 800
Thu	29	**LONDON** Cadogan Hall	020 7730 4500
Fri	30	**CROYDON** Fairfield Halls	020 8688 9291

NOVEMBER 2015

Sun	01	**BELFAST** Ulster Hall	028 9033 4455
Mon	02	**DUBLIN** Vicar Street	0818 719 300
Wed	04	**HARROGATE** Royal Hall	01423 502 116
Thu	05	**SHEFFIELD** City Hall	0114 2789 789
Fri	06	**LLANDUDNO** Venue Cymru	01492 872 000
Sat	07	**MALVERN** Forum	01684 892 277
Mon	09	**PRESTON** Charter Theatre	01772 804 444
Tue	10	**AYLESBURY** Waterside Theatre	0844 871 7607
Thu	12	**LEICESTER** De Montfort Hall	0116 233 3111
Fri	13	**SCARBOROUGH** Grand Hall	01723 821 888
Sat	14	**EDINBURGH** Queens Hall	0131 668 2019
Mon	16	**INVERNESS** Eden Court	01463 234 234
Tue	17	**ABERDEEN** Music Hall	01224 641 122
Thu	19	**WHITLEY BAY** Playhouse	0844 248 1588
Fri	20	**BUXTON** Opera House	0845 127 2190
Sat	21	**NEW BRIGHTON** Floral Pavilion	0151 666 0000
Sun	22	**WATFORD** Colosseum	0845 075 3993

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NOVEMBER 2015

Mon	02	**CHATHAM** Central Theatre	01634 338 338
Tue	03	**ST ALBANS** Arena	01727 844 488
Fri	06	**SKEGNESS** Embassy Theatre	01507 613 100
Sat	07	**BURNLEY** Mechanics	01282 664 400
Tue	10	**CHELTENHAM** Town Hall	0844 576 2210
Wed	11	**SOUTHPORT** Theatre	0844 871 3021
Sat	14	**MARGATE** Winter Gardens	01843 292 795
Sun	15	**MILTON KEYNES** Theatre	0844 871 7652
Mon	16	**WIMBLEDON** New Theatre	0844 871 7646
Tue	17	**HAYES** Beck Theatre	0208 561 8371
Wed	18	**EASTBOURNE** Congress Theatre	01323 412 000
Fri	20	**GUILDFORD** G Live	01483 369 350
Sat	21	**IPSWICH** Regent	01473 433 100
Sun	22	**NEW BRIGHTON** Floral Pavilion	0151 666 0000
Wed	25	**FOLKESTONE** Leas Cliff Hall	01303 228 600
Thu	26	**POOLE** Lighthouse	0844 406 8666
Sat	28	**ISLE OF MAN** Villa Marina	01624 694 555

DECEMBER 2015

Tue	01	**LLANDUDNO** Venue Cymru	01492 872 000
Wed	02	**SUNDERLAND** Empire	0844 871 3022
Thu	03	**BRADFORD** St George's Hall	01274 432 000
Fri	04	**MALVERN** Forum	01684 892 277
Tue	08	**HARROGATE** Royal Hall	01423 502 116
Wed	09	**STOKE** Victoria Hall	0844 871 7649

JANUARY 2016

Wed	13	**PLYMOUTH** Pavilions	0845 146 1460
Thu	14	**TRURO** Hall for Cornwall	01872 262 466
Fri	15	**YEOVIL** Octagon	01935 422 884
Sat	16	**BRISTOL** Colston Hall	0844 887 1500
Thu	21	**SHEFFIELD** City Hall	0114 278 9789
Fri	22	**CREWE** Lyceum	01270 368 242
Sat	23	**LIVERPOOL** Philharmonic Hall	0151 709 3789
Tue	26	**BUXTON** Opera House	01298 72 190
Wed	27	**LEICESTER** De Montfort Hall	0116 233 3111
Sat	30	**BELFAST** Ulster Hall	028 9033 4455
Sun	31	**DUBLIN** Bord Gais Energy Theatre	0818 719 377

FEBRUARY 2016

Wed	03	**AYLESBURY** Waterside Theatre	0844 871 7607
Thu	04	**LONDON** Cadogan Hall	020 7730 4500
Fri	05	**HIGH WYCOMBE** Swan	01494 512 000
Sat	06	**NORWICH** Theatre Royal	01603 630 000
Tue	09	**BASINGSTOKE** The Anvil	01256 844 244
Wed	10	**SOUTHEND** Cliffs Pavilion	01702 351 135
Thu	11	**DORKING** Halls	01306 881 717
Fri	12	**CROYDON** Fairfield Hall	020 8688 9291
Mon	15	**CARDIFF** St. David's Hall	029 2087 8444
Tue	16	**PORTSMOUTH** Guildhall	0844 847 2362
Fri	19	**ABERYSTWYTH** Arts Centre	01970 623 232
Sat	20	**NORTHAMPTON** Derngate	01604 624 811
Tue	23	**GLASGOW** Pavilion	0141 332 1846
Wed	24	**ABERDEEN** Music Hall	01224 641 122
Fri	26	**INVERNESS** Eden Court	01463 234 234
Sat	27	**DUNDEE** Caird Hall	01382 434 940
Sun	28	**EDINBURGH** Queen's Hall	0131 668 2019
Mon	29	**GATESHEAD** The Sage	0191 443 4661

MARCH 2016

Fri	04	**NEWARK** Palace Theatre	01636 655 755
Sat	05	**BLACKPOOL** Opera House	0844 856 1111
Sun	06	**SALFORD** The Lowry	0843 208 6000
Wed	09	**KINGS LYNN** Corn Exchange	01553 764 864
Fri	11	**BIRMINGHAM** Town Hall	0121 345 0600
Sat	12	**DARTFORD** Orchard Theatre	01322 220 000
Sun	13	**SWINDON** Wyvern Theatre	01793 524 481
Wed	16	**CRAWLEY** The Hawth	01293 553 636
Thu	17	**TUNBRIDGE WELLS** Assembly	01892 530 613
Wed	23	**SCUNTHORPE** Baths Hall	0844 854 2776
Thu	24	**SHREWSBURY** Theatre Severn	01743 281 281
Sat	26	**DARLINGTON** Civic Theatre	01325 486 555
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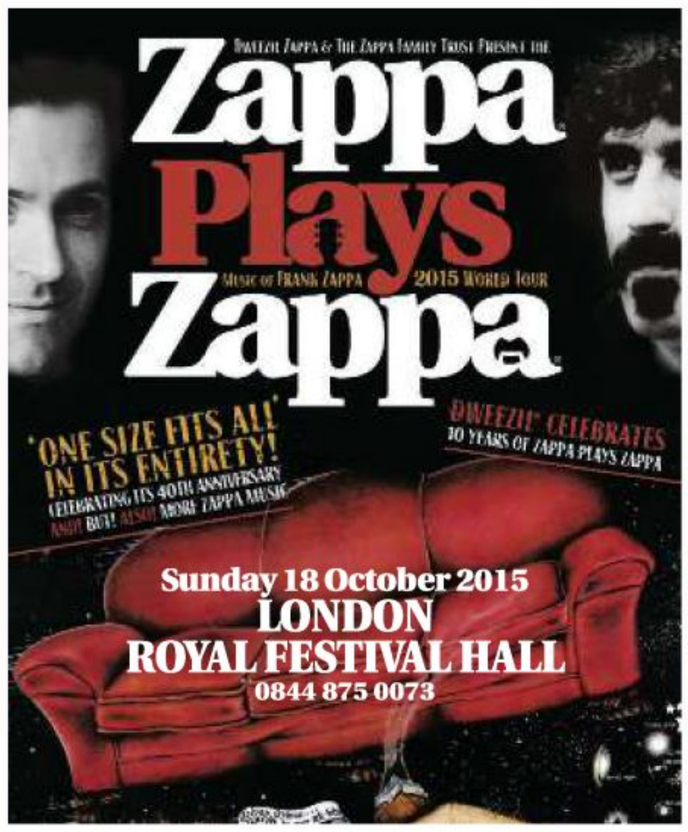

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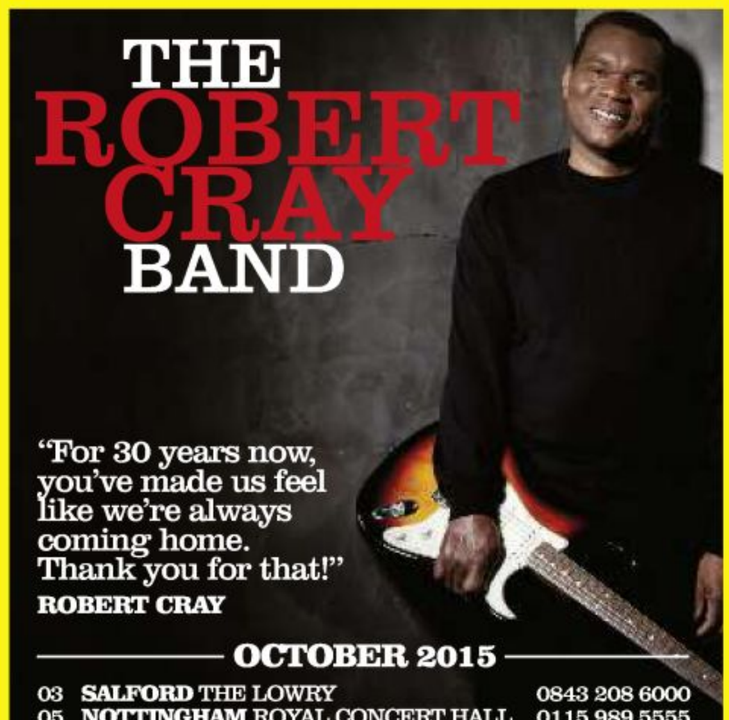

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Sun	17	**LLANDUDNO** Venue Cymru		01492 872 000
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Sun	31	**OXFORD** New Theatre		0844 871 3020

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Tue	16	**LEICESTER** De Montfort Hall	0116 233 3111
Fri	19	**STOKE** Victoria Hall	0844 871 7649
Sat	20	**BIRMINGHAM** Symphony Hall	0121 345 0600
Sun	21	**SALFORD** The Lowry	0843 208 6000
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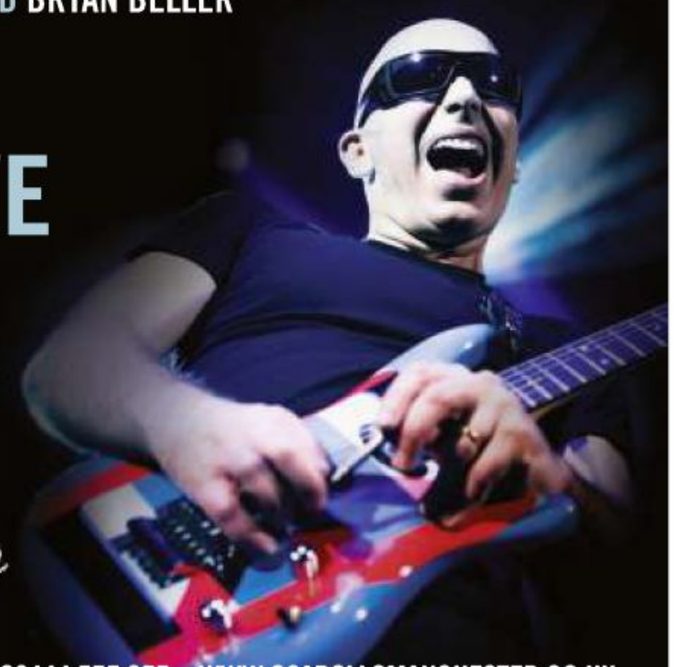

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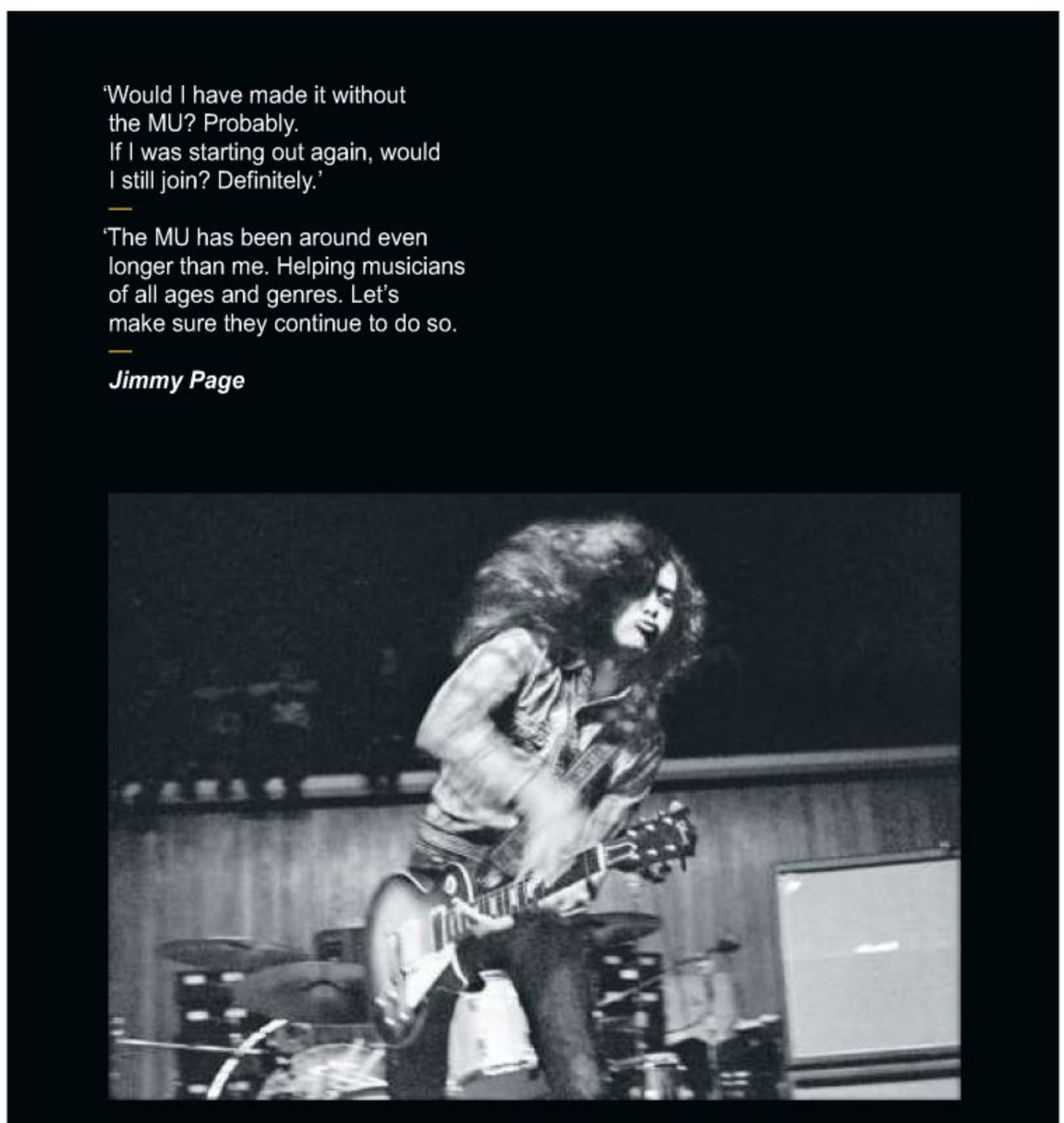
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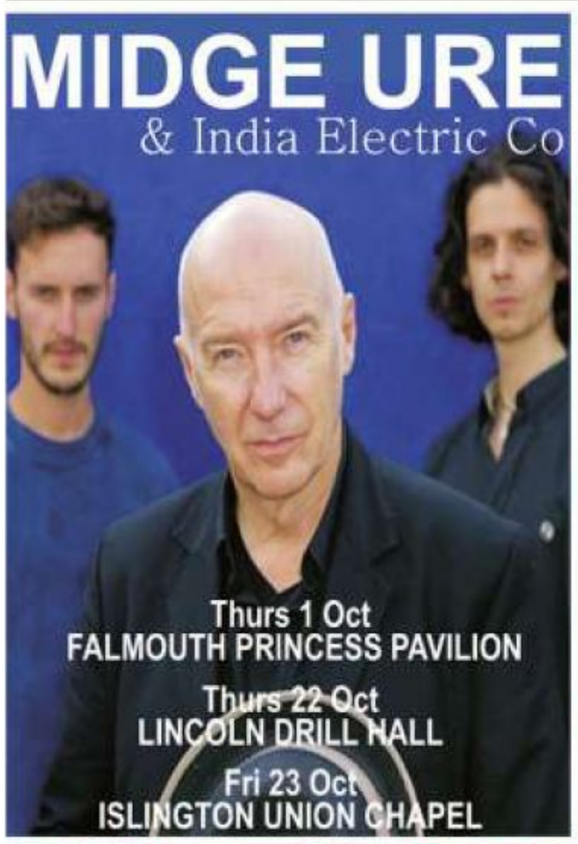
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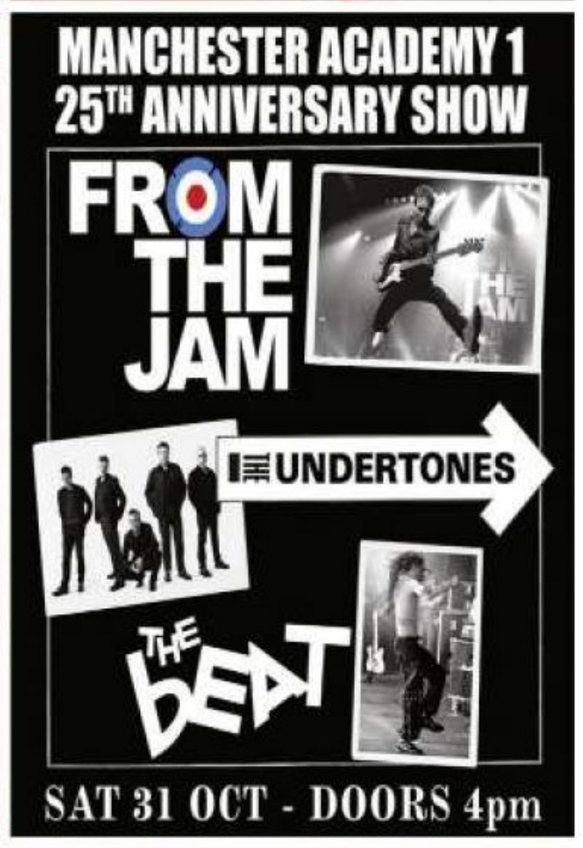
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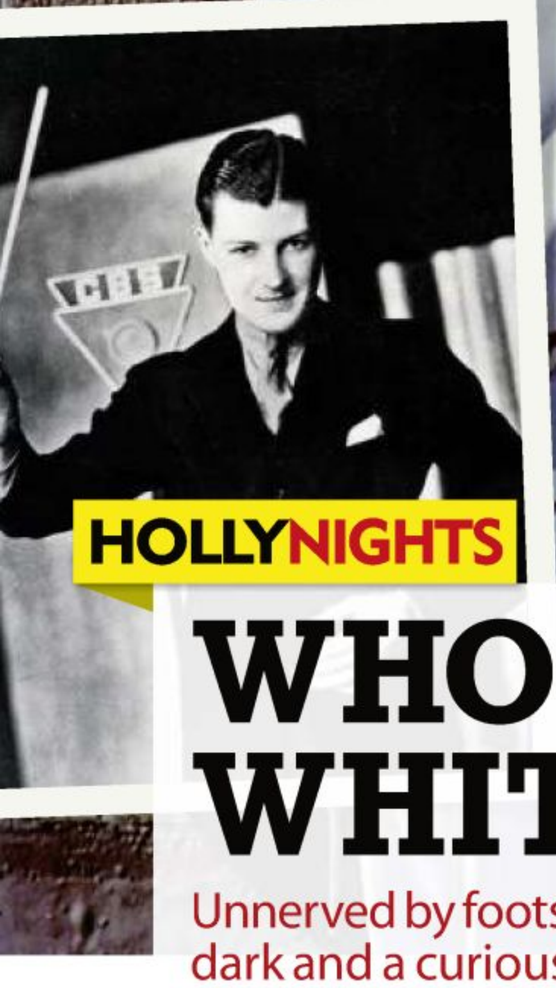

WHO WAS THE FIRST WHITE APOLLO ACT?

Unnerved by footsteps in the dark and a curious flapping? Time for OST £££ QEDS, studio chat and Ike's bassist.

It has always been claimed that Buddy Holly was the first white act to play Harlem's Apollo Theatre and they only got the gig because it was assumed that he and The Crickets were black. Is this a fallacy and, if so, who was the first white performer (or performers) to appear at the theatre?

Jason Courtney, via e-mail

Fred says: According to Ralph Cooper, who was emcee at the Apollo for many years, the tale regarding Buddy Holly was pure fiction, probably dreamt up by someone promoting the film The Buddy Holly Story. Cooper reckons that big band leader Charlie Barnet, "a rich boy who dashed his parents' hopes of becoming a corporate lawyer by heading up his own band on an ocean liner at age 16," was probably the first white act to headline at the Apollo, which he did in 1934. In fact, many white big bands topped the Apollo bill during the 1930s and '40s, the list including Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Gene Krupa and Buddy Rich. Holly wasn't even the first white rocker to appear on-stage at the Harlem venue – Jimmy Cavallo And The Houserockers appeared there several months before Holly, as did Louisiana-born Dale Hawkins of Suzie-Q fame. My only smidgen of disbelief concerns previously-mentioned wild boy saxophonist Charlie Barnet – married no less that 11 times, it's amazing that he even found the time to visit!

DID SCOTT LIKE IKE?

Is true that Scott Walker was bassist with The Ike Turner Revue?

Stan Miles, via e-mail

Fred says: Via a press handout from an earlier era, Scott revealed: "I was a player long before I was a singer. I was playing behind a lot of people in those days. If there was an artist booked into the Whisky A Go-Go for a week, say Gene McDaniels, they'd put together a band to back him. I did a couple of gigs with Ike And Tina Turner – I'd never do it again."

NAME THOSE BIG CITY BLUES

I watched the first part of the BBC4 television series All Or Nothing At All, regarding the career of Frank Sinatra. When dealing with the section during which Sinatra first sang in New York, the visuals were supported by a big city orchestral theme I've heard a couple of times before. But what's really annoying me is that I can't think what the piece is called or where it came from. Can you help?

J. Wallis, via e-mail

Fred says: I've checked and the music you heard was Street Scene, an orchestral theme that Alfred Newman, Randy's uncle, wrote for director King Vidor's film of that title in 1931. The theme was used again in several subsequent movies set in big city locations, including The Naked City, Where The Sidewalk Ends and Cry Of The City. Additionally, it was famously used as a kind of overture to the Marilyn Monroe feature How To Marry A Millionaire, when the 20th Century Fox Orchestra, conducted by Alfred Newman, appeared on-screen to perform the theme prior to the credits in order to highlight Cinemascope's stereo sound system and widescreen visuals.

Harlem shuffflers: (clockwise from above left) Charlie Barnet; Buddy Holly & The Crickets; Guern-sey studio; Valley Girls stars; bass-man Scott; Street Scene.

WAS BARRY GRAY'S STUDIO JERRY BUILT?

Re the 'strange studios' piece in Ask Fred. In the '60s and early '90s, we, The Risk, recorded all our releases in an old underground World War II German naval command bunker in Guernsey, one complete with bomb-proof doors and metal wheel clamps. It comprised three rooms, one of which served as a control room and the others as studio spaces. I remember that it was very surreal at night. The studio was run by producer Tim Bran, and it was previously owned by Barry Gray, who did all his Gerry Anderson demos there. My grandfather used to work for Barry, who had a huge house on the island. Unfortunately, all of Barry's equipment was 'skipped' except for one tape machine which was left under the stairs. I tried to buy this machine for Liam Watson but the current owner was having none of it.

Mark Le Galle, Guernsey

HOW MUCH GREEN STUFF IS IN MY VALLEY?

I recently found a vinyl copy of the Valley Girl soundtrack. I remember reading, at one point, that this was something of a rarity – is it?

Trevor Thorn, via e-mail

Fred says: It depends which version of Valley Girl you've discovered. The film, starring Nicolas Cage and Deborah Foreman, emerged in early 1983 and its OST contained very little screen action of note but did feature a hefty musical backdrop featuring Sparks, Plimsouls, Culture Club, Modern English, The Clash, Bananarama with Fun Boy Three, Felony, The Flirts, Eddy Grant, The Jam, Josie Cotton, Men At Work and others. Legend has it that Epic released a version of the soundtrack but immediately recalled it, and it's this edition that is worth a few thousand dollars – if it really exists! Editions featuring differing tracklists followed on the Avatar and Roadshow labels, both only reap very moderate rewards now, due probably to the release of Rhino CDs in 1994 and 1995, and a 25-track double-album on Japan's Nippon label in 2014.

CONTACTFRED

Write to: Ask Fred, MOJO, Endeavour House, 189 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2H 8JG.

OR e-mail Fred Dellar direct at fred.dellar@bauermedia.co.uk

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MERCURY ON RECORDS PLAYED

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We have the turntable and box set as this month's crossword prize! So knock Ogre Battle Fight-Commentator Dellar's crossword for six and send the results to Mercury On Records Played, MOJO, 3rd Floor, Endeavour House, 189 Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2 8JG. Please include email address.

The closing date is **November 2**. For the rules of the quiz, send an SAE to that same address.

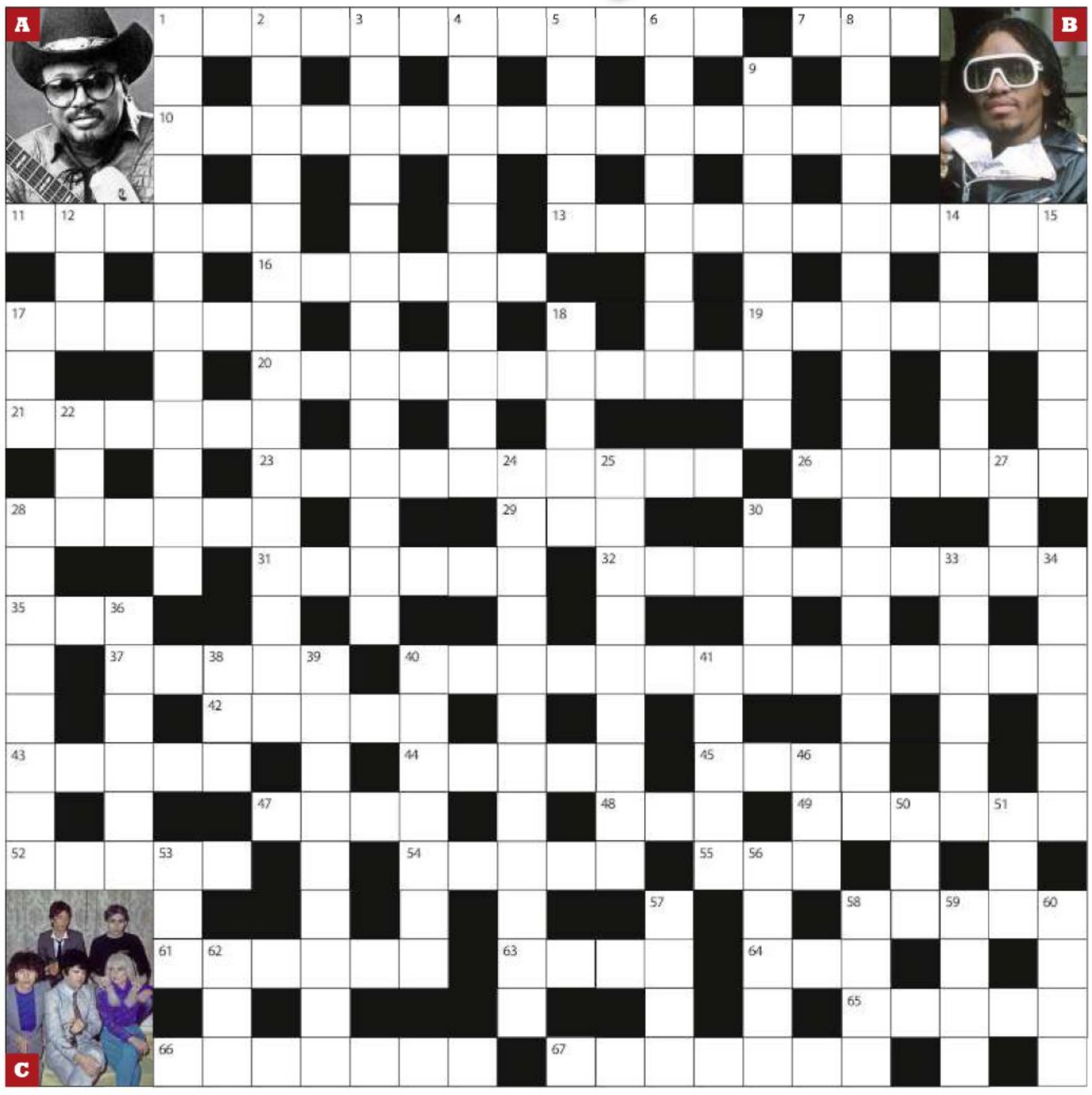
ANSWERS

MOJO 262

Across: 1 Julian Cope, 7 Sam, 9 Mona, 10 Hotel Yorba, 11 Len, 12 S.S.T., 14 Penny Lane, 15 Cocteau Twins, 18 *Slow Train Coming*, 21 *Abacab*, 22 Vee, 23 The Nice, 24 *Smile*, 27 Gaz Coombes, 28 Eureka, 29 Toto, 30 *Reach*, 31 Techno, 33 K.W.S., 36 *Deep*, 37 HMV, 39 How Do U Want It, 40/35 All Mod Cons, 41 Ice, 42 Cher, 43 Attic, 45 Murder, 46 Einar, 47 Ora, 48 *Acid*, 49 Yep, 50 Nobody, 52 Kanye West, 54 Ross, 55 Embrace, 57 Shirelles, 58 *Coda*, 59 Tag Team.

Down: 1 Johnny Winter, 2 Little Richard, 3 Atlantic, 4 Cool, 5 Pablo, 6 House, 7 Sal, 8 Menswear, 12 Stone, 13 Tad, 14 *Push The Sky Away*, 16 Sabres Of Paradise, 17 O.C.Smith, 19 I've Got A Woman, 20 Getz, 21 Art Of Noise, 25 Above The Clouds, 26 Piano, 32 Conor Oberst, 34 *Shleep*, 38 Vienna, 39 *Hear My Cry*, 44 The Wall, 51 Doc, 52 Kiss, 53 Test, 56 E.C.M.

Winner: Lewis Stewart from **Bristol** wins a Naim Audio Mu-so music system.



Alamy, Rex, Photoshot

ACROSS

1 Country's senior reefer man (6,6)
7/14d Heavy-handed action suggested by Judas Priest (3,2,4)
10 Kanye West's overdue sign-in (4,12)
11 The Big Easy's purveyor of Gumbo and Remedies (2.4)
13 A hot one from Stevie Nicks (5,2,4)
16 Mike Oldfield's 1979 judgement (6)
17 Meet Her At The Love Parade, suggested this German DJ (2,4)
19 -- ---- -- *Only* (Charlatans album) (2,3,2)
20 Van Morrison's influential time (6,5)
21 Wailers' album that contains I Shot The Sheriff (6)
23 Their first single was Planet Earth (5,5)
26 Trent who helped nail the Gone Girl score (6)
28 Jon Langford's cow-punk heroes (6)
29 Laura Nyro and Three Dog Night announced his coming (3)
31 Mississippi bluesman John Lee (6)
32 He produced the *From Elvis In Memphis* album (5,5)
35 War's preferred kind of rider (3)
37 I'm Wide ---- It's Morning (Bright Eyes) (5)
40 A fair offering from Dylan – one of rock's first double albums (6,2,6)
42 Chicago venue for B.B. King's live classic release (5)
43 Their first UK Top 10, with General Levy, really was Incredible (1,4)
44 What Kind -- --- (Florence & The Machine) (2,3)
45 Columbia Records' offshoot label, launched in 1953 (4)
47 Steeleye's hand measurement (4)
48 *Powder* --- (Guana Batz album) (3)
49 Part of the eye to which Nektar once journeyed (6)
52/62d Funky Town one hit wonders (5,3)
54 Ottawan's genre spelling (1.1.1.1.)
55 Might be Speace… or Winehouse? (3)
58 ------ *Song* (Turin Brakes album) (5)
61 Fleetwood Mac LP – did it exist? (6)
63 u.r. in the middle of a Lady Gaga hit (4)
64 Nirvana producer Butch (3)
65 A song from the past (5)
66/67 They successfully covered Pink Floyd's Comfortably Numb (7,7)

DOWN

1 The affirmative king of machine gun estuary R&B (5,7)
2 Did Polly Harvey order an Albion earthquake with this? (3,7,5)
3 Kaiser Chiefs unruly forecast (1,7,1,4)
4 James Brown's nocturnal form of transport (5,5,)
5 T.Rex's beam of love (5)
6 In the middle of Madness' street (3,5)
8 Acclimated Noel Law provides a title for The Jam (1,4,6,6)
9 See photoclue A (4,4)
12 Chris who took the Road To Hell (3)
14 See 7 Across
15 Producer Mitch or Patti Smith album (6)
17 Genre that grew out of reggae (3)
18 Hole single but not a review (5)
22 Midge located at Erasure's end (3)
24 Falco hit covered by After The Fire (3,9)
25 Bassist and founder-member of The Band (4,5)
27 Rita hidden amid Colorado (3)
28 See photoclue B (5,3)
30 It's an album by Boo Hewerdine or maybe The Cowboy Junkies (4)
33 EMI nut creates old-time dance (6)
34 Elliott Smith left it in the hay (6)
36 The Boo Radleys' morning call (4,2)
38 They told *Supernatural Fairy Tales* (3)
39 Robyn Hitchcock's band members? (9)
40 See photoclue C (7)
41 Asia album is the final letter in Greek (5)
46 --- Cold As Winter (Swing Out Sister) (3)
50 *Nerve* --- (Brian Eno album) (3)
51 Tommy introduced Sheila in 1962 (3)
53 Italian prog-rockers who signed to ELP's Manticore label (1.1.1.)
56 Laura Marling's short film (5)
57 Those Boomtown rodents (4)
58 *Big Battle Of* ---- (Army Of Lovers album) (4)
59 ---- Away (Freddie King) (4)
60 Jimmy, Chicago's blues' Big Boss Man (4)
62 See 52 Across

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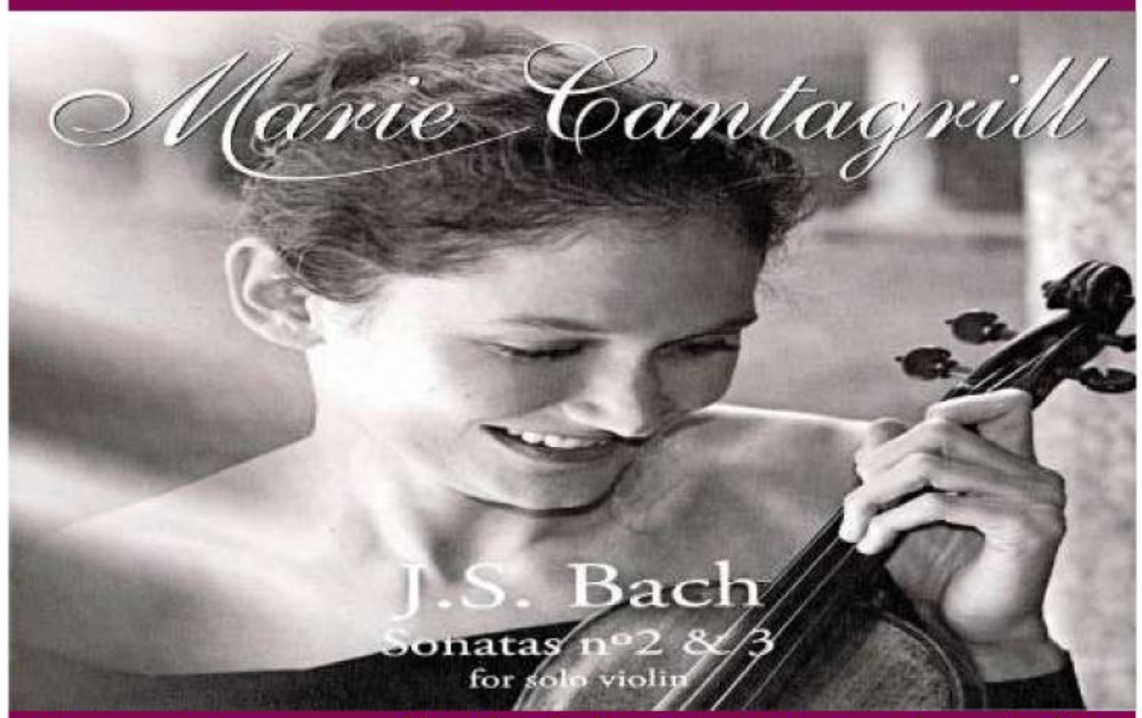

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THISMONTH

RHODA DAKAR & THE BODYSNATCHERS

They started as a gang riding the 2 Tone wave. But incompatibility and a bust-up saw them hit a wall.

HELLO SEPTEMBER 1979

I was working in a dole office, and at the weekends I'd work in my neighbour's clothes shop on the King's Road, just to kind of stand in the window in my best Mod gear. I'd gone to see Sta-Press and I started chatting to Shane MacGowan. Nicky [Summers] knew him as well, and asked him to introduce us. She said, "I'm Nicky, can you sing and do you wanna be in a band?" I said yes, she gave me a phone number and I went to a rehearsal, to a basement in Camden. I was the last one in: it was all a bit make-do and mend, but they could all play to a reasonable standard. I think it was Do Rocksteady that I had to sing, and that was it, I was in!

They were all big personalities, quite posh a lot of them, not that that fazed me because in the punk world all kinds of people mixed. Because we were all so different we had to have a common identity, things were agreed on – like we'd only wear red, white and black on-stage. The Bodysnatchers was the name everybody hated the least. It was nearly Pussy Galore, but I said, "I will leave if we're called Pussy Galore." Bodysnatchers was bad enough.

The first gigs were quite shambolic, but we were pretty excited and we got through them. At our second gig, supporting The Nips, [Selecter singer] Pauline [Black], Juliette [Wills, Selecter manager] and Jerry [Dammers, 2 Tone chief] turned up. I know Jerry said the thing that impressed him most was me saying, "I am the rudest of all the rude girls because I've got the tallest hair", which I don't remember. After we signed we went from playing little pubs to massive gigs on the 2 Tone tour. It was top entertainment, early on.

The rock steady crew: The Bodysnatchers in 1980 (from left) Rhoda Dakar, Penny Leyton, Sarah Jane Owen, Miranda Joyce, Stella Barker, Nicky Summers; (below, right) in '79 with drummer Jane Summers (front centre); (below) Rhoda today.

"I AM THE RUDEST OF ALL THE RUDE GIRLS BECAUSE I'VE GOT THE TALLEST HAIR'."

Steve Funkyfeet Photography, Jill Furmanovsky, Photofest

GOODBYE OCTOBER 1980

We'd got a stupid number of offers from other labels, but thought 2 Tone would do more for us. Maybe that was a mistake. But we had no manager, no structure, we were shambling along.

We had a two-single contract with 2 Tone, and we hit the crest of the wave with the first one [Let's Do Rocksteady, March '80]. By the second one [Easy Life, July '80], the real craziness of 2 Tone had passed. And, in the band, there were class faultlines, feminist faultlines… the pressure to succeed. To start we were a gang, but once you start travelling around in a van all together it becomes apparent people had different value systems.

The end came when we were having an argument at a gig. Somebody was going out with this guy who was roadieing for us, we were arguing, he got in between us and started arguing with me, and my brother Clive fronted up this guy and said, "You don't get to talk to my sister like that." It ended up in a big row, not a fight, but I think that was it, they all refused to work with me any more, except Nicky. Which I didn't mind – by that time I'd already done some recording with The Specials and I was thinking, I could do better.

We weren't speaking, but we had one last gig at the Music Machine. We went out in style: on-stage, we were all one. The others went off to do The Belle Stars, and I'm glad the work we'd done didn't get wasted.

If people saw me at gigs they were always asking, "When are you going to get the band back and do an album?" I said no for years, but something clicked about doing a crowdfunded album [of unrecorded Bodysnatchers material]. I honestly hadn't listened to those songs for 30 years, and I was surprised by the cleverness and how funny the lyrics were. We played all the time, and by the end, we were good at what we did.

Ian Harrison

Rhoda Dakar Sings The Bodysnatchers is out on November 6 on Cherry Red.

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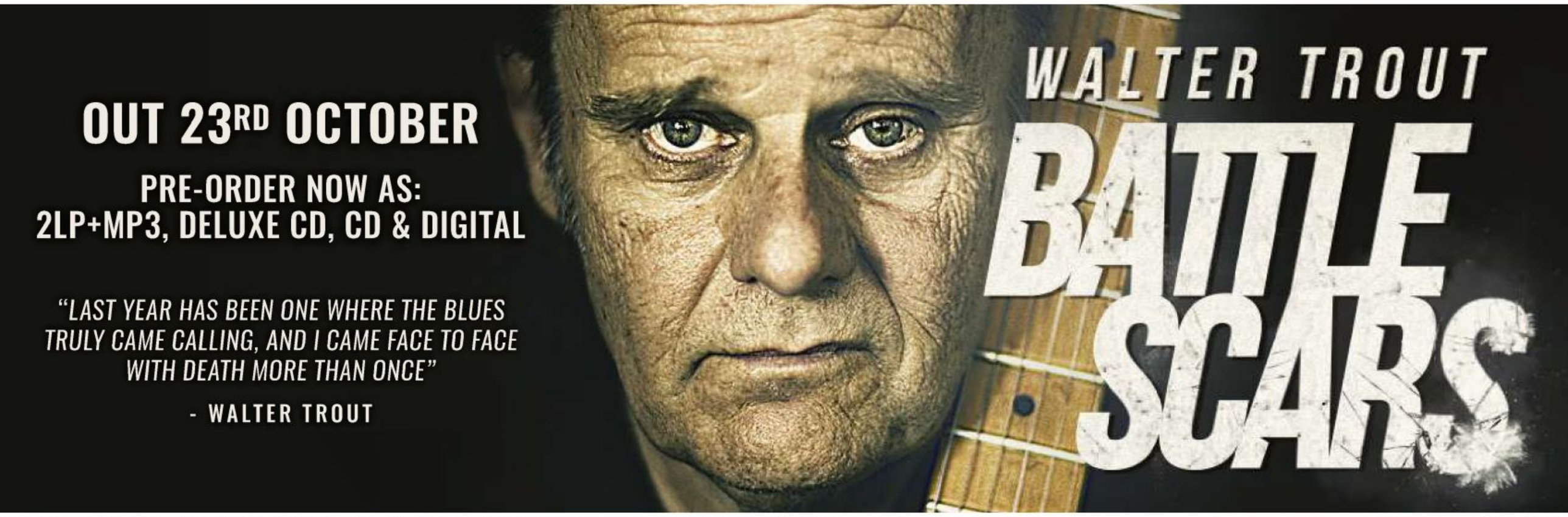

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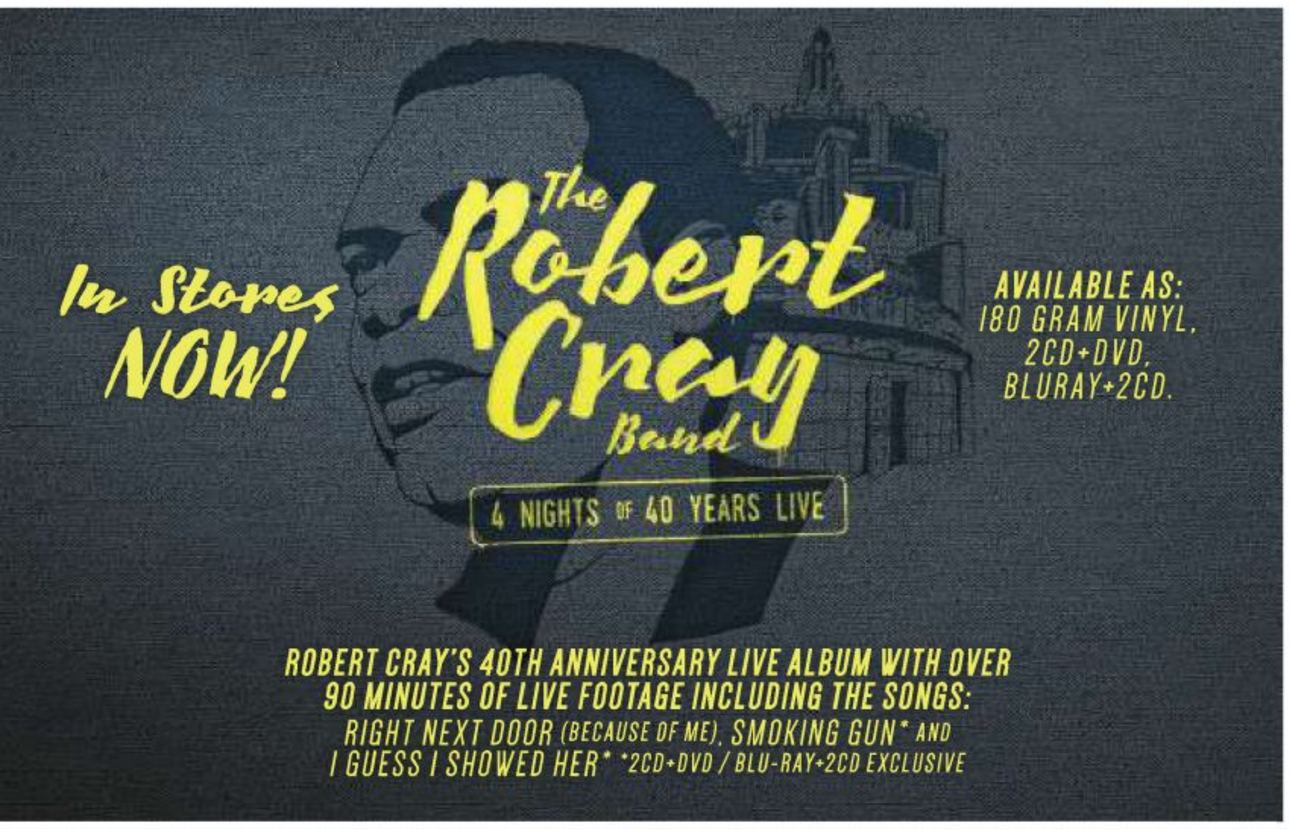

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